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CENTENARY EDITION

THE WORKS OF
THOMAS CARLYLE
IN THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. XVIII

HISTORY OF
FREDERICK THE GREAT
VII

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

THOMAS CARLYLE

HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA

CALLED

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IN EIGHT VOLUMES

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BOOK XIX

FRIEDRICH LIKE TO BE OVERWHELMED IN THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR

1759—1760

CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARIES TO A FOURTH CAMPAIGN

THE posting of the Five Armies this Winter,—Five of them in Germany, not counting the Russians, who have vanished to Cimmeria over the horizon, for their months of rest,—is something wonderful, and strikes the picturesque imagination. Such a Chain of Posts, for length, if for nothing else! From the centre of Bohemia eastward, Daun's Austrians are spread all round the western Silesian Border and the south-eastern Saxon; waited-on by Prussians, in more or less proximity. Next are the Reichsfolk; scattered over Thüringen and the Franconian Countries; fronting partly into Hessen and Duke Ferdinand's outskirts:—the main body of Duke Ferdinand is far to westward, in Münster Country, vigilant upon Contades, with the Rhine between. Contades and Soubise,—adjoining on the Reichsfolk are these Two French Armies: Soubise's, some 25,000, in Frankfurt-Ems Country, between the Mayn and the Lahn, with its back to the Rhine; then Contades, onward to Maes River and the Dutch Borders, with his face to the Rhine,—and Duke Ferdinand observant of him on the other side. That is the '*Cordon* of Posts' or winter-quarters

this Year. 'From the Giant Mountains and the Metal Mountains, to the Ocean;—to the mouth of Rhine,' may we not say; 'and back again to the Swiss Alps or springs of Rhine, that Upper-Rhine Country being all either French or Austrian, and a basis for Soubise?'[1] Not to speak of Ocean itself, and its winged War-Fleets, lonesomely hovering and patrolling; or of the Americas and Indies beyond!

'This is such a Chain of mutually vigilant Winter-quarters,' says Archenholtz, 'as was never drawn in Germany, or in Europe, before.' Chain of about 300,000 fighting men, poured out in that lengthy manner. Taking their winter siesta there, asleep with one eye open, till reinforced for new business of death and destruction against Spring. Pathetic surely, as well as picturesque. 'Three Campaigns there have already been,' sighs the peaceable observer: 'Three Campaigns, surely furious enough; Eleven battles in them,[2] a Prag, a Kolin, Leuthen, Rossbach;—must there still be others, then, to the misery of poor mankind?' thus sigh many peaceful persons. Not considering what are, and have been, the rages, the iniquities, the loud and silent deliriums, the mad blindnesses and sins of mankind; and what amount of *calcining* these may reasonably take. Not calcinable in three Campaigns at all, it would appear! Four more Campaigns are needed: then there will be innocuous ashes in quantity; and a result unexpected, and worth marking in World-History.

It is notably one of Friedrich's fond hopes,—of which he keeps-up several, as bright cloud-hangings in the haggard inner world he now has,—that Peace is just at hand; one right struggle more, and Peace must come! And on the part of Britannic George and him, repeated attempts were made,—one in the end of this Year 1759;—but one and all

[1] Archenholtz, i. 306.

[2] Stenzel, v. 185. This, I suppose, would be his enumeration: *Lobositz* (1756); *Prag*, *Kolin*, Hastenbeck, Gross-Jägersdorf, *Rossbach*, Breslau, *Leuthen* (1757); *Crefeld*, *Zorndorf*, *Hochkirch* (1758): 'eleven hitherto in all.'

of them proved futile, and, unless for accidental reasons, need not be mentioned here. Many men, in all nations, long for Peace; but there are Three Women at the top of the world who do not; their wrath, various in quality, is great in quantity, and disasters do the reverse of appeasing it.

The French people, as is natural, are weary of a War which yields them mere losses and disgraces; 'War carried on for Austrian whims, which likewise seem to be impracticable!' think they. And their Bernis himself, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who began this sad French-Austrian Adventure, has already been remonstrating with Kaunitz, and grumbling anxiously, 'Could not the Swedes, or somebody, be got to mediate? Such a War is too ruinous!' Hearing which, the Pompadour is shocked at the favourite creature of her hands; hastens to dismiss him ('Be Cardinal, then, you ingrate of a Bernis; disappear under that Red Hat!')—and appoints, in his stead, one Choiseul (known hitherto as *Stainville*, Comte de Stainville, French Excellency at Vienna, but now made Duke on this promotion), Duc de Choiseul;[1] who is a Lorrainer, or Semi-Austrian, by very birth; and probably much fitter for the place. A swift, impetuous kind of man, this Choiseul, who is still rather young than otherwise; plenty of proud spirit in him, of shifts, talent of the reckless sort; who proved very notable in France for the next twenty years.

French trade being ruined withal, money is running dreadfully low: but they appoint a new Controller-General; a M. de Silhouette, who is thought to have an extraordinary creative genius in Finance. Had he but a Fortunatus-Purse, how lucky were it! With Fortunatus Silhouette as purse-holder, with a fiery young Choiseul on this hand, and a fiery old Belleisle on that, Pompadour meditates great things this Year,—Invasions of England; stronger German Armies; better German Plans, and slashings home upon Hanover itself, or the vital point;—and flatters herself, and her poor

[1] Minister of Foreign Affairs, '11th November 1758' (Barbier, iv. 294).

Louis, that there is on the anvil, for 1759, such a French Campaign as will perhaps astonish Pitt and another insolent King. Very fixed, fell and feminine is the Pompadour's humour in this matter. Nor is the Czarina's less so; but more, if possible; unappeasable except by death. Imperial Maria Theresa has masculine reasons withal; great hopes, too, of late. Of the War's ending till flat impossibility stop it, there is no likelihood.

To Pitt this Campaign 1759, in spite of bad omens at the outset, proved altogether splendid: but greatly the reverse on Friedrich's side; to whom it was the most disastrous and unfortunate he had yet made, or did ever make. Pitt at his zenith in public reputation; Friedrich never so low before, nothing seemingly but extinction near ahead, when this Year ended. The truth is, apart from his specific pieces of ill-luck, there had now begun for Friedrich a new rule of procedure, which much altered his appearance in the world. Thrice over had he tried by the aggressive or invasive method; thrice over made a plunge at the enemy's heart, hoping so to disarm or lame him: but that, with resources spent to such a degree, is what he cannot do a fourth time; he is too weak henceforth to think of that.

Prussia has always its King, and his unrivalled talent; but that is pretty much the only fixed item. Prussia *versus* France, Austria, Russia, Sweden and the German Reich, what is it as a field of supplies for war! Except its King, these are failing, year by year; and at a rate fatally *swift* in comparison. Friedrich cannot now do Leuthens, Rossbachs; far-shining feats of victory, which astonish all the world. His fine Prussian veterans have mostly perished; and have been replaced by new levies and recruits; who are inferior both in discipline and native quality;—though they have still, people say, a noteworthy taste of the old Prussian sort in them; and do, in fact, fight well to the last. But 'it is observable,' says Retzow somewhere, and indeed it

follows from the nature of the case, 'that while the Prussian Army presents always its best kind of soldiers at the beginning of a war, Austria, such are its resources in population, always improves in that particular, and its best troops appear in the last campaigns.' In a word, Friedrich stands on the defensive henceforth; disputing his ground inch by inch: and is reduced, more and more, to battle obscurely with a hydra-coil of enemies and impediments; and to do heroisms which make no noise in the Gazettes. And, alas, which cannot figure in History either,—what is more a sorrow to me here!

Friedrich, say all judges of soldiership and human character who have studied Friedrich sufficiently, 'is greater than ever,' in these four Years now coming.[1] And this, I have found more and more to be a true thing; verifiable and demonstrable in time and place,—though, unluckily for us, hardly in this time or this place at all! A thing which cannot, by any method, be made manifest to the general reader; who delights in shining summary feats, and is impatient of tedious preliminaries and investigations,—especially of *maps*, which are the indispensablest requisite of all. A thing, in short, that belongs peculiarly to soldier-students; who can undergo the dull preliminaries, most dull but most inexorably needed; and can follow out, with watchful intelligence, and with a patience not to be wearied, the multifarious topographies, details of movements and manœuvrings year after year, on such a Theatre of War. What is to be done with it here! If we could, by significant strokes, indicate, under features true so far as they went, the great wide fireflood that was raging round the world; if we could, carefully omitting very many things, omit of the things intelligible and decipherable that concern Friedrich himself, nothing that had meaning: *if* indeed—! But it is idle preluding. Forward again, brave reader, under such conditions as there are!

Friedrich's Winter in Breslau was of secluded, silent,

[1] Berenhorst, in *Kriegskunst*; Retzow; etc.

sombre character, this time; nothing of stir in it but from work only: in marked contrast with the last, and its kindly visitors and gaieties. A Friedrich given-up to his manifold businesses, to his silent sorrows. 'I have passed my winter like a Carthusian monk,' he writes to D'Argens: 'I dine alone; I spend my life in reading and writing; and I do not sup. When one is sad, it becomes at last too burdensome to hide one's grief continually; and it is better to give way to it by oneself, than to carry one's gloom into society. Nothing solaces me but the vigorous application required in steady and continuous labour. This distraction does force one to put away painful ideas, while it lasts: but, alas, no sooner is the work done, than these fatal companions present themselves again, as if livelier than ever. M..upertuis was right: the sum of evil does certainly surpass that of good:—but to me it is all one; I have almost nothing more to lose; and my few remaining days, what matters it much of what complexion they be?'[1]

The loss of his Wilhelmina, had there been no other grief, has darkened all his life to Friedrich. Readers are not prepared for the details of grief we could give, and the settled gloom of mind they indicate. A loss irreparable and immeasurable; the light of life, the one loved heart that loved him, gone. His passionate appeals to Voltaire to celebrate for him in verse his lost treasure, and at least make her virtues immortal, are perhaps known to readers:[2] alas, this is a very feeble kind of immortality, and Friedrich too well feels it such. All Winter he dwells internally on the sad matter, though soon falling silent on it to others.

The War is ever more dark and dismal to him; a wearing, harassing, nearly disgusting task; on which, however, depends

[1] 'Breslau, 1st March 1759,' To D'Argens (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 56).

[2] *Ode sur la mort de S. A. S. Madame la Princesse de Bareith* (in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 79-86): see Friedrich's Letter to him (6th November 1758); with Voltaire's *Verses* in Answer (next month); Friedrich's new Letter (Breslau, 23d January 1759), demanding something more,—followed by the *Ode* just cited (*Ib.* lxxii. 402; lxxviii. 82, 92; or *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 20-24; etc.).

life or death. This Year, he 'expects to have 300,000 enemies upon him'; and 'is, with his utmost effort, getting-up 150,000 to set against them.' Of business, in its many kinds, there can be no lack! In the intervals he also wrote considerably: one of his Pieces is a *Sermon on The last Judgment*; handed to Reader De Catt, one evening:—to De Catt's surprise, and to ours; the Voiceless in a dark Friedrich trying to give itself some voice in this way![1] Another Piece, altogether practical, and done with excellent insight, brevity, modesty, is *On Tactics*;[2]—properly it might be called, 'Serious very Private Thoughts,' thrown on paper, and communicated only to two or three, 'On the new kind of Tactics necessary with those Austrians and their Allies,' who are in such overwhelming strength. 'To whose continual sluggishness, and strange want of concert, to whose incoherency of movements, languor of execution, and other enormous faults, we have owed, with some excuse for our own faults, our escaping of destruction hitherto,'—but had better *not* trust that way any longer! Fouquet is one of the highly select, to whom he communicates this Piece; adding along with it, in Fouquet's case, an affectionate little Note, and, in spite of poverty, some Newyear's Gift, as usual,—the 'Widow's Mite' (300*l.*, we find); 'receive it with the same heart with which it was set apart for you; a small help, which you may well have need of, in these calamitous times.'[3] Fouquet much admires the new Tactical Suggestions;—seems to think, however, that the certainly practicable one is, in particular, the last, That of 'improving our Artillery to some equality with theirs.' For which, as may appear, the King has already been taking thought, in more ways than one.

Finance is naturally a heavy part of Friedrich's Problem;

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 1-10 (see Preuss's *Preface* there; Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 37; etc. etc.).

[2] *Réflexions sur la Tactique*: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. 153-166.

[3] 'Breslau, 23d December 1758'; with Fouquet's Answer, 2d January 1759: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 114-117.

the part which looks especially impossible, from our point of vision! In Friedrich's Country, the War Budget does not differ from the Peace one. Neither is any borrowing possible; that sublime Art, of rolling-over on you know not whom the expenditure, needful or needless, of your heavy-laden self, had not yet,—though England is busy at it,—been invented among Nations. Once, or perhaps twice, from the *Stände* of some willing Province, Friedrich negotiated some small Loan; which was punctually repaid when Peace came, and was always gratefully remembered. But these are as nothing, in face of such expenses; and the thought how he did contrive on the Finance side, is and was not a little wonderful. An ingenious Predecessor, whom I sometimes quote, has expressed himself in these words:

'Such modicum of Subsidy' (he is speaking of the English Subsidy in 1758), 'how useful will it prove in a Country bred everywhere to Spartan thrift, accustomed to regard waste as sin, and which will lay-out no penny except to purpose! I guess the Prussian Exchequer is, by this time, much on the ebb; idle precious metals tending everywhere towards the melting-pot. At what precise date the Friedrich-Wilhelm balustrades, and enormous silver furnitures, were first gone into, Dryasdust has not informed me: but we know they all went; as they well might. To me nothing is so wonderful as Friedrich's Budget during this War. One day it will be carefully investigated, elucidated and made conceivable and certain to mankind: but that as yet is far from being the case. We walk about in it with astonishment; almost, were it possible, with incredulity. Expenditure on this side, work done on that: human nature, especially British human nature, refuses to conceive it. Never in this world, before or since, was the like. The Friedrich miracles in War are great; but those in Finance are almost greater. Let Dryasdust bethink him; and gird his flabby loins to this Enterprise; which is very behoveful in these Californian times!'—

The general Secret of Prussian Thrift, I do fear, is lost

from the world. And how an Army of about 200,000, in field and garrison, could be kept on foot, and in some ability to front combined Europe, on about Three Million Sterling annually ('25 million *thalers*' = 3,150,000*l.*, that is the steady War-Budget of those years), remains to us inconceivable enough;—mournfully miraculous, as it were; and growing ever more so in the Nugget-generations that now run. Meanwhile, here are what hints I could find, on the Origins of that modest Sum, which also are a wonder:[1]

'The Hoarded Prussian Moneys, or "*Treasures*"' (two of them, *Kleine Schatz, Grosse Schatz*, which are rigidly saved in Peace years, for incidence of War), 'being nearly run-out, there had come the English Subsidy: this, with Saxony, and the Home revenues and remnants of *Schatz*, had sufficed for 1758; but will no longer suffice. Next to Saxony, the English Subsidy (670,000*l.* due the second time this year) was always Friedrich's principal resource: and in the latter years of the War, I observe, it was nearly twice the amount of what all his Prussian Countries together, in their ravaged and worn-out state, could yield him. In and after 1759, besides Home Income, which is gradually diminishing, and English Subsidy, which is a steady quantity, Friedrich's sources of revenue are mainly Two:

'*First*, there is that of wringing money from your Enemies, from those that have deserved ill of you,—such of them as you can come at. Enemies, open or secret, even Ill-wishers, we are not particular, provided only they lie within arm's-length. Under this head fall principally three Countries (and their three poor Populations, in lieu of their Governments): Saxony, Mecklenburg (or the main part of it, Mecklenburg-*Schwerin*), and Anhalt; from these three there is a continual forced supply of money and furnishings. Their demerits to Friedrich differ much in intensity; nor is his wringing of them,—which in the cases of Mecklenburg and Saxony increases year by year to the nearly intolerable pitch,—quite in the simple ratio of their demerits; but in a compound ratio of that and of his indignation and of his wants.

'Saxony, as Prime Author of this War, was from the first laid-hold of, collared tightly: "Pay the shot, then, what you can" (in the end it was almost what you cannot)! As to Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the grudge against Prussia was of very old standing, some generations now; and the present Duke, not a very wise Sovereign more than his Ancestors, had always been ill with Friedrich; willing to spite and hurt

[1] Preuss, ii. 388-392; Stenzel, v. 137-141.

him when possible: in Reichs Diet he, of all German Princes, was the first that voted for Friedrich's being put to Ban of the Reich,—he; and his poor People know since whether that was a wise step! The little Anhalt Princes, too, all the Anhalts, Dessau, Bernburg, Cöthen, Zerbst' (perhaps the latter partially excepted, for a certain Russian Lady's sake), 'had voted, or at least had ambiguously half-voted, in favour of the Ban, and done other unfriendly things; and had now to pay dear for their bits of enmities. Poor souls, they had but One Vote among them all Four;—and they only half gave it, tremulously pulling it back again. I should guess it was their terrors mainly, and over-readiness to reckon Friedrich a sinking ship; and to leap from the deck of him,—with a spurn which he took for insolent! The Anhalt-Dessauers particularly, who were once of his very Army, half Prussians for generations back, he reckoned to have used him scandalously ill.

'This Year the requisition on the Four Anhalts,—which they submit to patiently, as people who have leapt into the wrong ship,—is, in precise tale: of money, 330,000 thalers (about 50,000*l.*); recruits, 2,200; horses, 1800. In Saxony, besides the fixed Taxes, strict confiscation of Meissen Potteries and every Royalty, there were exacted heavy "Contributions," more and more heavy, from the few opulent Towns, chiefly from Leipzig; which were wrung-out, latterly, under great severities,—"chief merchants of Leipzig all clapt in prison, kept on bread-and-water till they yielded,"—*as* great severities as would suffice, but *not* greater; which also was noted. Unfortunate chief merchants of Leipzig,—with Brühl and Polish Majesty little likely to indemnify them! Unfortunate Country altogether. An intelligent Saxon, who is vouched-for as impartial, bears witness as follows: "And this I know, that the oppressions and plunderings of the Austrians and Reichsfolk, in Saxony, turned all hearts away from them; and it was publicly said, We had rather bear the steady burden of the Prussians than such help as these our pretended Deliverers bring."[1] Whereby, on the whole, the poor Country got its back broken, and could never look-up in the world since. Resource *First* was abundantly severe.

'Resource *Second* is strangest of all;—and has given rise to criticism enough! It is no other than that of issuing base money; mixing your gold and silver coin with copper,—this, one grieves to say, is the Second and extreme resource. "A rude method,—would we had a better,—of suspending Cash-payments, and paying by bank-notes instead!" thinks Friedrich, I suppose. From his Prussian Mints, from his Saxon' (which are his for the present), 'and from the little Anhalt-Bernburg Mint' (of which he expressly purchased the sad privilege,—for *we* are not a Coiner, we are a King reduced to suspend Cash-payments, for the time being), 'Friedrich poured-out over all Germany, in all manner of

[1] Stenzel (citing from *Kriegskanzlei*, which I have not) v. 137 *n.*

kinds, huge quantities of bad Coin. This, so long as it would last, is more and more a copious fountain of supply. This, for the first time, has had to appear as an item in War-Budget 1759: and it fails in no following, but expands more and more. It was done through Ephraim, the not lovely Berlin Jew, whom we used to hear of in Voltaire's time; —through Ephraim and two others, Ephraim as President: in return for a net Sum, these shall have privilege to coin such and such amounts, so and so alloyed; shall pay to General Tauentzien, Army Treasurer, at fixed terms, the Sums specified: "Go, and do it; our Mint-Officers sharply watching you; Mint-Officers, and General Tauentzien" (with a young Herr Lessing, as his Chief Clerk, of whom the King knows nothing): "Go, ye unlovely!" And Ephraim and Company are making a great deal of money by the unlovely job. Ephraim is the pair of tongs; the hand, and the unlovely job, are a royal man's. Alas, yes. And none of us knows better than King Friedrich, perhaps few of us as well, how little lovely a job it was; how shockingly *un*kingly it was,—though a practice not unknown to German Kings and Kinglets before his time, and since down almost to ours.[1] In fact, these are all unkingly practices; and the English Subsidy itself is distasteful to a proud Friedrich: but what, in those circumstances, can any Friedrich do?

'The first coinages of Ephraim had, it seems, in them about 3-7ths of copper; something less than the half, and more than the third,'—your gold sovereign grown to be worth 28*s*. 6*d*. 'But yearly it grew worse; and in 1762' (English Subsidy having failed) 'matters had got inverted; and there was three times as much copper as silver. Commerce, as was natural, went rocking and tossing, as on a sea under earthquakes; but there was always ready-money among Friedrich's soldiers, as among no other: nor did the common people, or retail purchasers, suffer by it. "Hah, an Ephraimite!" they would say, grinning not ill-humouredly, at sight of one of these pieces; some of which they had more specifically named "*Blue-gowns*"' (owing to a tint of blue perceivable, in spite of the industrious plating in real silver, or at least 'boiling in some solution' of it); 'these they would salute with this rhyme, then current:

'*Von aussen schön, von innen schlimm;*	'Outside noble, inside slim:
Von aussen Friedrich, von innen Ephraim.	Outside Friedrich, inside Ephraim.

'By this time, whatever of money, from any source, can be scraped together in Friedrich's world, flows wholly into the Army-Chest, as the real citadel of life. In these latter years of the War, beginning, I could guess, from 1759, all Civil expenditures, and wages of Officials, cease to

[1] In *Stenzel* (v. 141) enumeration of eight or nine unhappy Potentates, who were busy with it in those same years.

be paid in money; nobody of that kind sees the colour even of bad coin; but is paid only in "Paper Assignments," in Promises to Pay "after the Peace." These Paper Documents made no pretence to the rank of Currency: such holders of them as had money, or friends, and could wait, got punctual payment when the term did arrive; but those that could not, suffered greatly; having to negotiate their debentures on ruinous terms,—sometimes at an expense of three-fourths.—I will add Friedrich's practical Schedule of Amounts from all these various Sources; and what Friedrich's own view of the Sources was, when he could survey them from the safe distance.

'*Schedule of Amounts*' (say for 1761). 'To make-up the Twenty-five Million thalers, necessary for the Army, there are:

	Thalers
'From our Prussian Countries ruined, harried as they have been, ...	4 millions only.
From Saxony and the other Wringings, . . .	7 millions.
English Subsidy (4 of good gold; becoppered into double), ...	8 ,,
From Ephraim and his Farm of the Mint (*Münz-Patent*),	7 ,,

In sum Twenty-six Millions; leaving you one Million of margin,—and always a plenty of cash in hand for incidental sundries.[1]

'Friedrich's own view of these sad matters, as he closes his *History of the Seven-Years War*' (at 'Berlin, 17th December 1763'), 'is in these words: "May Heaven grant,—if Heaven deign to look down on the paltry concerns of men,—that the unalterable and flourishing destiny of this Country preserve the Sovereigns who shall govern it from the scourges and calamities which Prussia has suffered in these times of trouble and subversion; that they may never again be forced to recur to the violent and fatal remedies which we (*l'on*) have been obliged to employ in maintenance of the State against the ambitious hatred of the Sovereigns of Europe, who wished to annihilate the House of Brandenburg, and exterminate from the world whatever bore the Prussian name!"'[2]

Of the Small-War in Spring 1759. *There are Five Disruptions of that grand Cordon* (February—April); *and Ferdinand of Brunswick fights his Battle of Bergen* (April 13th)

Friedrich, being denied an aggressive course this Year, by no means sits idly expectant and defensive in the interim; but, all the more vigorously, as is observable, from February

[1] Preuss, ii. 388.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 234.

onwards, strikes-out from him on every side: endeavouring to spoil the Enemy's Magazines, and cripple his operations in that way. So that there was, all winter through, a good deal of Small-War (some of it not Small), of more importance than usual,—chiefly of Friedrich's originating, with the above view, or of Ferdinand his Ally's, on a still more pressing score. And, on the whole, that immense Austrian-French Cordon, which goes from the Carpathians to the Ocean, had by no means a quiet time; but was broken into, and violently hurled back, in different parts: some four, or even five, attacks upon it in all; three of them by Prince Henri,—in two of which Duke Ferdinand's people coöperated; the business being for mutual behoof. These latter Three were famous in the world, that Winter; and indeed are still recognisable as brilliant procedures of their kind; though, except dates and results, we can afford almost nothing of them here. These Three, intended chiefly against Reichs people and their Posts and Magazines, fell-out on the western and middle part of the Cordon. Another attack was in the extreme eastward, and was for Friedrich's own behoof; under Fouquet's management;—intended against the Austrian-Moravian Magazines and Preparations, but had little success. Still another assault, or invasive outroad, northward against the Russian Magazines, there also was; of which by and by. Besides all which, and more memorable than all, Duke Ferdinand, for vital reasons of his own, fought a Battle this Spring, considerable Battle, and did *not* gain it; which made great noise in the world.

It is not necessary the reader should load his memory with details of all these preliminary things; on the contrary, it is necessary that he keep his memory clear for the far more important things that lie ahead of these, and entertain these in a summary way, as a kind of foreground to what is coming. Perhaps the following Fractions of Note, which put matters in something of Chronological or Synoptical form, will suffice him, or more than suffice. He is to understand that the

grand tug of War, this Year, gradually turns-out not to be hereabouts, nor with Daun and his adjacencies at all, but with the Russians, who arrive from the opposite Northern quarter; and that all else will prove to be merely prefatory and nugatory in comparison.

January 2d, 1759: *Frankfurt-on-Mayn, though it is a Reichstadt, finds itself suddenly become French.* 'Prince de Soubise lies between Mayn and Lahn, with his 25,000; beautifully safe and convenient,—though ill-off for a place-of-arms in those parts. Opulent Frankfurt, on his right; how handy would that be, were not Reichs Law so express! Marburg, Giessen are outposts of his; on which side one of Ferdinand's people, Prince von Ysenburg, watches him with an 8 or 10,000, capable of mischief in that quarter.

'On the Eve of Newyear's day, or on the auspicious Day itself, Soubise requests, of the Frankfurt Authorities, permission for a regiment of his to march through that Imperial City. To which, by law and theory, the Imperial City can say Yes or No; but practically cannot, without grave inconvenience, say other than Yes, though most Frankfurters wish it could. "Yes," answer the Frankfurt Magnates; Yes, surely, under the known conditions. Tuesday January 2d, about 5 in the morning, while all is still dark in Frankfurt, regiment Nassau appears, accordingly, at the Sachsenhausen Gate, Townguard people all ready to receive it and escort it through; and is admitted as usual. Quite as usual: but instead of being escorted through, it orders, in calm peremptory voice, the Townguard, To ground arms; with calm rapidity proceeds to admit ten other regiments or battalions, six of them German; seizes the artillery on the Walls, seizes all the other Gates:—and poor Frankfurt finds itself tied hand and foot, almost before it is out of bed! Done with great exactitude, with the minimum of confusion, and without a hurt skin to anybody. The Inhabitants stood silent, gazing; the Townguard laid down their arms, and went home. Totally against law; but cleverly done; perhaps Soubise's chief exploit in the world; certainly the one real success the French have yet had.

'Soubise made haste to summon the Magistrates: "Law of Necessity alone, most honoured Sirs! Reichs Law is clear against me. But all the more shall private liberties, religions, properties, in this Imperial Free-Town, be sacred to us. Defence against any aggression; and the strictest discipline observed. Depend on me, I bid you!"—And kept his word to an honourable degree, they say; or in absence, made it be kept, during the Four Years that follow. Most Frankfurters are, at heart, Anti-French: but Soubise's affability was perfect; and he gave

16th Feb.-2d March 1759]
evening parties of a sublime character; the Magistrates all appearing there, in their square perukes and long gowns, with a mournful joy.'[1]

Soubise soon went home, to assist in important businesses,—Invasion of England, no less; let England look to itself this Summer!—and Broglio succeeded him, as Army-Captain in the Frankfurt parts; with laurels accruing, more or less. Soubise, like Broglio, began with Rossbach; Soubise ends with Frankfurt, for the present; where Broglio also gains his chief laurels, as will shortly be seen. Frankfurt is a great gain to France, though an illicit one. It puts a bar on Duke Ferdinand in that quarter; secures a starting-point for attacks on Hessen, Hanover; for coöperation with Contades and the Lower Rhine. It is the one success France has yet had in this War, or pretty much that it ever had in it. Due to Prince de Soubise, in that illegal fashion.—A highly remarkable little Boy, now in his tenth year, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, has his wondering eyes on these things: and, short while hence, meets daily, on the stairs and lobbies at home, a pleasant French Official Gentleman who is quartered there; between whom and Papa occur rubs, —as readers may remember, and shall hear in April coming.

Grand Cordon disrupted: Erfurt Country, 16th February—2d March. 'About six weeks after this Frankfurt achievement, certain Reichsfolk and Austrian Auxiliaries are observed to be cutting-down endless timber, "18,800 palisades, 6,000 trees of 60 feet," and other huge furnishings, from the poor Duke of Gotha's woods; evidently meaning to fortify themselves in Erfurt. Upon which Prince Henri detaches a General Knobloch thitherward, Duke Ferdinand contributing 4,000 to meet him there; which combined expedition, after some sharp knocking and shoving, entirely disrooted the Austrians and Reichsfolk, and sent them packing. Had them quite torn-out by the end of the month; and had planned to "attack them on two sides at once" (March 2d), with a view of swallowing them whole,—when they (these Reichs Volscians, in such a state of flutter) privately hastened off, one and all of them, the day before.'[2]

This was *Breakage First* of the grand Cordon; an explosive hurling of it back out of those Erfurt parts. Done by Prince Henri's people, in concert with Duke Ferdinand's,—who were mutually interested in the thing.

Breakage Second: Erfurt-Fulda Country, 31st March—8th April. 'About the end of March, these intrusive Austrian Reichsfolk made some attempt to come back into those Countries; but again got nothing but hard knocks; and gave-up the Erfurt project. For, close following on this *First*, there was a *Second* still deeper and rougher Breakage, in those

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 7-8; Stenzel, v. 198-200.
[2] Narrative, in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1022 et seq.

same regions; the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick dashing through, on a special Errand of Ferdinand's own' (of which presently), with an 8 or 10,000, in his usual fiery manner; home into the very bowels of the Reich (April 3d, and for a week onward); and returning with "above 2,000 prisoners" in hand; especially with a Reich well frightened behind him;—still in time for Duke Ferdinand's Adventure' (in fact, for his Battle of Bergen, of which we are to hear). 'Had been well assisted by Prince Henri, who "made dangerous demonstrations in the distance," and was extremely diligent,—though the interest was chiefly Ferdinand's this time.'[1]—Contemporary with that *First* Erfurt Business, there went on, 300 miles away from it, in the quite opposite direction, another of the same;—too curious to be omitted.

Across the Polish Frontier: February 24th—March 4th. 'In the end of February, General Wobersnow, an active man, was detached from Glogau, over into Poland, Posen way, To overturn the Russian provision operations thereabouts; in particular, to look into a certain high-flying Polack, a Prince Sulkowski of those parts; who with all diligence is gathering food, in expectation of the Russian advent; and indeed has formally "declared War against the King of Prussia"; having the right, he says, as a Polish Magnate, subject only to his own high thought in such affairs. The Russians and their wars are dear to Sulkowski. He fell prisoner in their cause, at Zorndorf, last Autumn; was stuck, like all the others, Soltikoff himself among them, into the vaulted parts of Cüstrin Garrison: "I am sorry I have no Siberia for you," said Friedrich, looking, not in a benign way, on the captive Dignitaries, that hot afternoon; "go to Cüstrin, and see what you have provided for yourselves!" Which they had to do; nothing, for certain days, but cellarage to lodge in; King inexorable, deaf to remonstrance. Which possibly may have contributed to kindle Sulkowski into these extremely high proceedings.

'At any rate, Wobersnow punctually looks-in upon him: seizes his considerable stock of Russian proviants; his belligerent force, his high person itself; and in one luckless hour snuffs him out from the list of potentates. His belligerent force, about 1,000 Polacks, were all compelled, "by the cudgel," say my authorities, to take Prussian service' (in garrison-regiments, and well scattered about, I suppose); 'his own high person found itself sitting locked in Glogau, left to its reflections. Sat thus "till the War ended," say some; certainly till the Sulkowski War had been sufficiently exploded by the laughter of mankind.' Here are, succinctly, the dates of this small memorability:

'End of February, Wobersnow gathers, at Glogau, a force of about 8,000 horse and foot. Marches, *24th February*, over Oder Bridge, straight into Poland; that same night, to the neighbourhood of Lissa

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 19-22.

13th April 1759]
and Reisen (Sulkowski's dominion), about thirty miles north-east of Glogau. Sulkowski done next day;—part of the capture is "fifteen small guns." Wobersnow goes, next, for Posen; arrives, *28th February;* destroys Russian Magazine, ransoms Jews. Shoots-out other detachments on the Magazine Enterprise;—detaches Platen along the Warta, where are picked-up various items, among others "eighty tuns of brandy," —but himself proceeds no farther than Posen. *March 4th,* sets-out again from Posen, homewards.'[1] We shall hear again of Wobersnow, in a much more important way, before long.

To the Polish Republic so-called, Friedrich explained politely, not apologetically: 'Since you allow the Russians to march through you in attack of me, it is evident to your just minds that the attacked party must have similar privilege.' 'Truly!' answered they, in their just minds, generally; and made no complaint about Sulkowski (though Polish Majesty and Primate endeavoured to be loud about 'Invasion' and the like):—and indeed Polish Republic was lying, for a long while past, as if broken-backed, on the public highway; a Nation anarchic every fibre of it, and under the feet and hoofs of travelling Neighbours, especially of Russian Neighbours; and is not now capable of saying much for itself in such cases, or of doing anything at all.

Frankfurt Country, April 13th: Duke Ferdinand's Battle of Bergen. 'Duke Ferdinand, fully aware what a stroke that seizure of Frankfurt was to him, resolved to risk a long march at this bad season, and attempt to drive the French out. Contades was absent in Paris,—no fear of an attack from Contades's Army; Broglio's in Frankfurt, grown now to about 35,000, can perhaps be beaten if vigorously attacked. Ferdinand appoints a rendezvous at Fulda, of various Corps, Prince Ysenburg's and others, that lie nearest, Hessians many of them, Hanoverians others; proceeds, himself, to Fulda, with a few attendants' (a drive of about 200 miles);—having left Lord George Sackville' (mark the sad name of him!) '—Sackville, head of the English, and General Spörken, a Hanoverian,—to take charge in Münster Country, during his absence. It was from Fulda that he shot-out the Hereditary Prince on that important Errand we lately spoke of, under the head of "*Breakage Second,*"—namely, to clear his right flank, and scare the Reich well off him, while he should be marching on Frankfurt. All which, Henri assisting from the distance, the Hereditary Prince performed to perfection,—and was back (*April 8th*) in excellent time for the Battle.

'Ferdinand stayed hardly a day in Fulda, ranking himself and getting

[1] *Nachricht von der Unternehmung des General-Majors von Wobersnow in Polen, im Feb. und März* 1759: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 526-529. *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 829.

on the road. Did his long march of above 100 miles without accident or loss of time;—of course scaring home the Broglio Outposts in haste enough, and awakening Broglio's attention in a high degree;—and arrives, Thursday April 12th, at Windecken, a Village about fifteen miles north-east of Frankfurt; where he passes the night under arms; intending Battle on the morrow. Broglio is all assembled, 35,000 strong; his Assailant, with the Hereditary Prince come in, counts rather under 30,000. Broglio is posted in, and on both sides of, Bergen, a high-lying Village, directly on Ferdinand's road to Frankfurt. Windecken is about fifteen miles from Frankfurt; Bergen about six:—idle Tourists of our time, on their return from Homburg to that City, leave Bergen a little on their left. The ground is mere hills, woody dales, marshy brooks; Broglio's position, with its Village, and Hill, and ravines and advantages, is the choicest of the region; and Broglio's methods, procedures and arrangements in it are applauded by all judges.

'*Friday 13th April* 1759, Ferdinand is astir by daybreak; comes on, along one of those woody valleys, pickeering, reconnoitering;—in the end, directly up the Hill of Bergen; straight upon the key-point. It is about 10 A.M., when the batteries and musketries awaken there; very loud indeed, for perhaps two hours or more. Prince von Ysenburg is leader of Ferdinand's attacking party. Their attack is hot and fierce, and they stick to it steadily; though garden-hedges, orchards and impediments are many, and Broglio, with much cannon helping, makes vigorous defence. These Ysenburgers fought till their cartridges were nearly spent, and Ysenburg himself lay killed; but could not take Bergen. Nor could the Hereditary Prince; who, in aid of them, tried it in flank, with his own usual impetuosity rekindling theirs, and at first with some success; but was himself taken in flank by Broglio's Reserve, and obliged to desist. No getting of Bergen by that method.

'Military critics say coolly, "You should have smashed it well with cannon, first" (which Ferdinand had not in stock here); "and especially have flung grenadoes into it, till it was well in flame: impossible otherwise!"[1] The Ysenburgers and Hereditary Prince withdraw. No pursuit of them; or almost less than none; for the one or two French regiments that tried it (against order), nearly got cut-up. Broglio, like a very Daun at Kolin, had strictly forbidden all such attempts: "On no temptation quit your ground!"

'The Battle, after this, lay quiet all afternoon; Ferdinand still in sight; motioning much, to tempt French valour into chasing of him. But all in vain: Broglio, though his subalterns kept urging, remonstrating, was peremptory not to stir. Whereupon, towards evening, across certain woody Heights, perhaps still with some hope of drawing him

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 19.

13th April 1759]
out, Ferdinand made some languid attempt on Broglio's wing, or wings; —and this also failing, had to give-up the affair. He continued cannonading till deep in the night; withdrew to Windecken: and about two next morning, marched for home,—still with little or no pursuit: but without hope of Frankfurt henceforth. And, in fact, has a painful Summer ahead.

'Ferdinand had lost 5 cannon, and of killed and wounded 2,500; the French counted their loss at about 1,900.[1] The joy of France over this immense victory was extraordinary. Broglio was made Prince of the Reich, Maréchal de France; would have been raised to the stars, had one been able,—for the time being. "And your immense victory," so sneered the bystanders, "consists in not being beaten, under those excellent conditions;—perhaps victory is a rarity just now!"'

This is the Battle which our Boy-Friend Johann Wolfgang watched with such interest, from his garret-window, hour after hour; all Frankfurt simmering round him, in such a whirlpool of self-contradictory emotions; till towards evening, when, in long rows of carts, poor wounded Hessians and Hanoverians came jolting in, and melted every heart into pity, into wailing sorrow, and eagerness to help. A little later, Papa Goethe, stepping down stairs, came across the Official French Gentleman; who said radiantly: 'Doubtless you congratulate yourself and us on this victory to his Majesty's arms.' 'Not a whit (*Keineswegs*),' answered Papa Goethe, a stiff kind of man, nowise in the mood of congratulating: 'on the contrary, I wish they had chased you to the Devil, though I had had to go too!' Which was a great relief to his feelings, though a dangerous one in the circumstances.[2]

Breakage Third: Over the Metal Mountains into Böhmen (*April 14th-20th*). 'Ferdinand's Battle was hardly ending, when Prince Henri poured across the Mountains,—in two columns, Hülsen leading the inferior or rightmost one,—into Leitmeritz-Eger Country; and made a most successful business of the Austrian Magazines he found there. Magazine's all filled; Enemy all galloping for Prag:—Daun himself, who is sitting vigilant, far in the interior, at Jaromirtz this month past, was thrown into huge flurry, for some days! Speedy Henri (almost on the one condition of *being* speedy) had his own will of the Magazines: burnt, Hülsen and he, "about 600,000*l.* worth" of Austrian provender in those parts, "what would have kept 50,000 men five months in bread" (not to mention hay at all); gave the Enemy sore slaps (caught about 3,000 of him, *not* yet got on gallop for Prag); burnt his 200 boats on the Elbe:— forced him to begin anew at the beginning; and did, in effect, consider-

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 10-19; Tempelhof, iii. 26-31.

[2] Goethe's *Werke* (Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1829), xxiv. (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, i.) 153-157.

ably lame and retard certain of his operations through the Summer. Speedy Henri marched for home April 20th; and was all across the Mountains April 23d: a profitable swift nine days.'[1]—And on the sixth day hence he will have something similar, and still more important, on foot. A swift man, when he must!

Breakage Fourth: Into Mähren (*April 16th-21st*). 'This is Fouquet's attempt, alluded to above; of which,—as every reader must be satisfied with Small-War,—we will give only the dates. Fouquet, ranking at Leobschütz, in Neisse Country, did break-through into Mähren, pushing the Austrians before him; but found the Magazines either emptied, or too inaccessible for any worth they had;—could do nothing on the Magazines; and returned without result; home at Leobschütz again on the fifth day.'[2] This, however, had a sequel for Fouquet; which, as it brought the King himself into those neighbourhoods, we shall have to mention, farther on.

Breakage Fifth: Into Franken (*May 5th—June 1st*). 'This was Prince Henri's Invasion of the Bamberg-Nurnberg Countries; a much sharper thing than in any former Year. Much the most famous, and,' luckily for us, 'the last of the Small-War affairs for the present. Started,—from Tschopau region, Bamberg way,—April 29th-May 5th. In Three Columns: Finck leftmost, and foremost (Finck had marched April 29th, pretending to mean for Bohemia); after whom Knobloch; and (May 5th) the Prince himself. Who has an eye to the Reichs Magazines and Preparations, as usual;—nay, an eye to their Camp of Rendezvous, and to a fight with their miscellaneous Selves and Auxiliaries, if they will stand fight. "You will have to leave Saxony, and help us with the Russians, soon: beat those Reichs people first!" urged the King; "well beaten, they will not trouble Saxony for a while." If they will stand fight? But they would not at all. They struck their tents everywhere; burnt their own Magazines, in some cases; and only went mazing hither and thither,—gravitating all upon Nürnberg, and an impregnable Camp which they have in that neighbourhood. Supreme Zweibrück was himself with them; many Croats, Austrians, led by Maguire and others; all marching, whirling at a mighty rate; with a countenance sometimes of vigour, but always with Nurnberg Camp in rear. There was swift marching, really beautiful manœuvring here and there; sharp bits of fighting, too, almost in the battle-form:—Maguire tried, or was for trying, a stroke with Finck; but made-off hastily, glad to get away.[3] May 11th, at Himmelskron in Baireuth, one Riedesel of theirs had fairly to ground arms, self and 2,500, and become prisoners of war.' Much of

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 47-53; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 963-966.
[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 958-963; Tempelhof, iii. 44-47.
[3] Tempelhof, iii. 64.

5th May-1st June 1759]
this manœuvring and scuffling was in Baireuth Territory. Twice, or even thrice, Prince Henri was in Baireuth Town: 'marched through Baireuth,' say the careless Old Books. Through Baireuth: — No Wilhelmina now there, with her tremulous melodies of welcome! Wilhelmina's loves, and terrors for her loved, are now all still. Perhaps her poor Daughter of Würtemberg, wandering unjustly disgraced, is there; Papa, the Widower Margraf, is for marrying again:[1]—march on, Prince Henri!

'In Bamberg,' says a Note from Archenholtz, 'the Reichs troops burnt their Magazine; and made for Nürnberg, as usual; but left some thousand or two of Croats, who would not yet. Knobloch and his Prussians appeared shortly after; summoned Bamberg, which agreed to receive them; and were for taking possession; but found the Croats determined otherwise. Fight ensued; fight in the streets; which, in hideousness of noises, if in nothing else, was beyond parallel. The inhabitants sat all quaking in their cellars; not an inhabitant was to be seen: a City dead,—and given-up to the demons, in this manner. Not for some hours were the Croats got entirely trampled-out. Bamberg, as usual, became a Prussian place-of-arms; was charged to pay ransom of 40,000*l.*;—"cannot possibly!"—did pay some 14,000*l.*, and gave bills for the remainder.[2] Which bills, let us mark withal, the Kaiser in Reichs Diet decreed to be invalid: "Don't pay them!" A thing not forgotten by Friedrich;—though it is understood the Bambergers, lest worse might happen, privately paid their bills. 'The Expedition lasted, in whole, not quite four weeks: June 1st, Prince Henri was at the Saxon frontier again; the German world all ringing loud,—in jubilation, counter-jubilation and a great variety of tones,—with the noise of what he had done. A sharp swift man; and, sure enough, has fluttered the Reichs Volscians in their Corioli to an unexpected degree.'[3]

A Colonel Wunsch (Lieutenant-Colonel of the Free-Corps *Wunsch*) distinguished himself in this Expedition; the beginning of notably great things to him in the few following months. Wunsch is a Würtemberger by birth; has been in many services, always in subaltern posts, and, this year, will testify strangely how worthy he was of the higher. What a Year, this of 1759, to stout old Wunsch! In the Spring, here has he just seen his poor son, Lieutenant Wunsch, perish in one of these scuffles; in Autumn, he will see himself a General,

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[1] Married 20th September 1759 (a Brunswick Princess, Sister's-daughter of his late Wife); died within four years.

[2] Archenholtz, i. 371-3.

[3] Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 537-563; *Bericht von der Unternehmung des Prinzen Heinrich in Franken, im Jahr* 1759; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1033-1039; Tempelhof, iii. 58 et seq.

shining suddenly bright, to his King and to all the world; before Winter, he will be Prisoner to Austria, and eclipsed for the rest of this War!—Kleist, of the *Green Hussars*, also made a figure here; and onwards rapidly ever higher; to the top of renown in his business:—fallen heir to Mayer's place, as it were. A Note says: 'Poor Mayer of the Free-Corps does not ride with the Prince on this occasion. Mayer, dangerously worn-down with the hard services of last Year, and himself a man of too sleepless temper, caught a fever in the New-year time; and died within few days: burnt away before his time; much regretted by his Brethren of the Army, and some few others. Gone in this way; with a high career just opening on him at the long last! Mayer was of Austrian, of half Spanish birth; a musical, really melodious, affectionate, but indignant, wildly stormful mortal; and had had adventures without end. Something of pathos, of tragedy, in the wild Life of him.[1] A man of considerable genius, military and other:—genius in the sleepless kind, which is not the best kind; sometimes a very bad kind. The fame of Friedrich invites such people from all sides of the world; and this was no doubt a sensible help to him.'—But enough of all this.

Here, surely, is abundance of preliminary Small-War, on the part of a Friedrich reduced to the defensive!—Fouquet's Sequel, hinted-at above, was to this effect. On Fouquet's failing to get hold of the Moravian Magazines, and returning to his Post at Leobschütz, a certain rash General Deville, who is Austrian chief in those parts, hastily rushed through the Jägerndorf Hills, and invaded Fouquet. Only for a few days; and had very bad success, in that bit of retaliation. The King, who is in Landshut, in the middle of his main cantonments, hastened over to Leobschütz with reinforcement to Fouquet; in the thought that a finishing-stroke might be done on this Deville;—and would have done it, had not the rash man plunged-off again (May 1st, or the night before); homewards, at full speed. So that Friedrich, likewise at full speed, could catch nothing of him; but merely cannonade him in the Passes of Zuckmantel, and cut-off his rearguard of Croats. Poor forlorn of Croats, whom he had

[1] Still worth reading: in Pauli (our old watery *Brandenburg-History* Friend), *Leben grosser Helden* (Halle, 1759-1764, 9 voll.), iii. 142-188;—much the best Piece in that still rather watery (or windy) Collection, which, however, is authentic, and has some tolerable Portraits.

left in some bushy Chasm; to gain him a little time, and then to perish if *they* must! as Tempelhof remarks.[1] Upon which Friedrich returned to Landshut; and Fouquet had peace again.

It was from this Landshut region, where his main cantonments are, that Friedrich had witnessed all these Inroads, or all except the very earliest of them; the first Erfurt one, and the Wobersnow-Sulkowski. He had quitted Breslau in the end of March, and gone to his cantonments; quickened thither, probably, by a stroke that had befallen him at Griefenberg, on his Silesian side of the Cordon. At Griefenberg stood the Battalion Düringshofen, with its Colonel of the same name,—grenadier people of good quality, perhaps near 1,000 in whole. Which Battalion, General Beck, after long preliminary study of it, from his Bohemian side,—marching stealthily on it, one night (March 25-26th) by two or more roads, with 8,000 men, and much preliminary Croat-work,—contrived to envelope wholly, and carry off with him, before help could come up. This, I suppose, had quickened Friedrich's arrival. He has been in that region ever since,—in Landshut for the last week or two; and returns thither after the Deville affair.

And at Landshut,—which is the main pass into Bohemia or from it, and is the grand observatory-point at present,—he will have to remain till the first days of July; almost three months. Watching, and waiting on the tedious Daun, who has the lifting of the curtain this Year! Daun had come to Jaromirtz, to his cantonments, 'March 24th' (almost simultaneously with Friedrich to his); expecting Friedrich's Invasion, as usual. Long days sat Daun, expecting the King in Bohemia:—'There goes he, at last!' thought Daun, on Prince Henri's late flamy appearance there (*Breakage Third* we labelled it);—and Daun had hastily pushed a Division thitherward, double-quick, to secure Prag; but found it was

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 56.

only the Magazines. 'Above four-millions worth' (600,000*l.*, counting the *thalers* into sterling), 'above four-millions worth of bread and forage gone to ashes, and the very boats burnt? Well; the poor Reichsfolk, or our poor Auxiliaries to them, will have empty haversacks:—but it is not Prag!' thinks Daun.

At what exact point of time Daun came to see that Friedrich was not intending Invasion, and would, on the contrary, require to be invaded, I do not know. But it must have been an interesting discovery to Daun, if he foreshadowed to himself what results it would have on him: 'Taking the defensive, then? And what is to become of one's Cunctatorship in that case!' Yes, truly. Cunctatorship is not now the trade needed; there is nothing to be made of playing Fabius-Cunctator:—and Daun's fame henceforth is a diminishing quantity. The Books say he 'wasted above five weeks in corresponding with the Russian Generals.' In fact, he had now weeks enough on hand; being articulately resolved (and even commanded by Kriegshofrath) to do nothing till the Russians came up;—and also (*in*articulately and by command of Nature) to do as little as possible after! This Year, and indeed all years following, the Russians are to be Daun's best card.

Waiting for three months here till the curtain rose, it was Friedrich that had to play Cunctator. A wearisome task to him, we need not doubt. But he did it with anxious vigilance; ever thinking Daun would try something, either on Prince Henri or on him, and that the Play would begin. But the Play did not. There was endless scuffling and bickering of Outposts; much hitching and counter-hitching, along that Bohemian-Silesian Frontier,—Daun gradually hitching up, leftwards, northwards, to be nearer his Russians; Friedrich counter-hitching, and, in the end, detaching against the Russians, as they approached in actuality. The details of all which would break the toughest patience. Not till July

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came, had both parties got into the Lausitz; Daun into an impregnable Camp near Mark-Lissa (in Görlitz Country); Friedrich, opposite and eastward of him, into another at Schmöttseifen:—still after which, as the Russians still were not come, the hitching (if we could concern ourselves with it), the maze of strategic shuffling and counter-dancing, as the Russians get nearer, will become more intricate than ever.

Except that of General Beck on Battalion Düringshofen, —if that was meant as retaliatory, and was not rather an originality of Beck's, who is expert at such strokes,—Daun, in return for all these injurious Assaults and Breakages, tried little or no retaliation; and got absolutely none. Deville attempted once, as we saw; Loudon once, as perhaps we shall see: but both proved futile. For the present absolutely none. Next Year indeed, Loudon, on Fouquet at Landshut—But let us not anticipate! Just before quitting Landshut for Schmöttseifen, Friedrich himself rode into Bohemia, to look more narrowly; and held Trautenau, at the bottom of the Pass, for a day or two—But the reader has had enough of Small-War! Of the present Loudon attempt, Friedrich, writing to Brother Henri, who is just home from his Franconian Invasion (*Breakage Fifth*), has a casual word, which we will quote. 'Reich-Hennersdorf' is below Landshut, farther down the Pass; 'Liebau' still farther down,—and its 'Gallows,' doubtless, is on some knoll in the environs!

Reich-Hennersdorf, 9th June. 'My congratulations on the excellent success you have had' (out in Frankenland yonder)! 'Your prisoners, we hear, are 3,000; the desertion and confusion in the Reichs Army are affirmed to be enormous:—I give those Reichs fellows two good months' (scarcely took so long) 'to be in a condition to show face again. As for ourselves, I can send you nothing but contemptibilities. We have never yet had the beatific vision of Him with the Hat and Consecrated Sword' (Papal Daun, that is); 'they amuse us with the Sieur Loudon instead;—who, three days ago'

(7th July, two days) 'did us the honour of a visit, at the Gallows of Liebau. He was conducted out again, with all the politeness imaginable, on to near Schatzlar,' well over the Bohemian Border; 'where we flung a score of cannon volleys into the'—into the '*derrière* of him, and everybody returned home.'[1]

Perhaps the only points now noticeable in this tedious Landshut interim, are Two, hardly noticed then at all by an expectant world. The first is: That in the King's little inroad down to Trautenau, just mentioned, four cannon drawn by horses were part of the King's fighting gear,—the first appearance of Horse Artillery in the world. 'A very great invention,' says the military mind: 'guns and carriages are light, and made of the best material for strength; the gunners all mounted as postillions to them. Can scour along, over hill and dale, wherever horse can; and burst out, on the sudden, where nobody was expecting artillery. Devised in 1758; ready this Year, four light six-pounders; tried first in the King's raid down to Trautenau' (June 29th-30th). Only four pieces as yet. But these did so well, there were yearly more. Imitated by the Austrians, and gradually by all the world.'[2]

The second fact is: That Herr Guichard (Author of that fine Book on the War-methods of the Greeks and Romans) is still about Friedrich, as he has been for above a year past, if readers remember; and, during those tedious weeks, is admitted to a great deal of conversation with the King. Readers will consent to this Note on Guichard; and this shall be our ultimatum on the wearisome Three Months at Landshut.

Major Quintus Icilius. 'Guichard is by birth a Magdeburger, age now thirty-four; a solid staid man, with a good deal of hard faculty in him, and of culture unusual for a soldier. A handy, sagacious, learned and intelligent man; whom Friedrich, in the course of a year's

[1] In *Schöning*, ii. 65: '9th June 1759.'

[2] Seyfarth, ii. 543.

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experience, has grown to see willingly about him. There is something of positive in Guichard, of stiff and, as it were, *gritty*, which might have offended a weaker taste; but Friedrich likes the rugged sense of the man; his real knowledge on certain interesting heads; and the precision with which the known and the not rightly known are divided from one another, in Guichard.

'Guichard's business about the King has been miscellaneous, not worth mention hitherto; but to appearance was well done. Of talk they are beginning to have more and more; especially at Landshut here, in these days of waiting; a great deal of talk on the Wars of the Ancients, Guichard's Book naturally leading to that subject. One night, dateable accidentally about the end of May, the topic happened to be Pharsalia, and the excellent conduct of a certain Centurion of the Tenth Legion, who, seeing Pompey's people about to take him in flank, suddenly flung himself into oblique order' (*schräge-Stellung*, as we did at Leuthen), 'thereby outflanking Pompey's people, and ruining their manœuvre and them. "A dexterous man, that Quintus Icilius the Centurion!" observed Friedrich. "Ah, yes: but excuse me, your Majesty, his name was Quintus Cæcilius," said Guichard. "No, it was Icilius," said the King, positive to his opinion on that small point; which Guichard had not the art to let drop; though, except assertion and counter-assertion, what could be made of it there? Or of what use was it anywhere?

'Next day, Guichard came with the Book' (what 'Book' nobody would ever yet tell me), 'and putting his finger on the passage, "See, your Majesty: Quintus *Cæcilius*!" extinguished his royal opponent. "Hm," answered Friedrich: "so?—Well, you shall be Quintus Icilius, at any rate!" And straightway had him entered on the Army Books as "Major Quintus Icilius": his Majorship is to be dated "10th April 1758" (to give him seniority); and from and after this "26th May 1759" he is to command the late Du Verger's Free-Battalion. All which was done;—the War-Offices somewhat astonished at such advent of an antique Roman among them; but writing as bidden, the hand being plain, and the man an undeniable article. Onward from which time there is always a "Battalion Quintus" on their Books, instead of Battalion du Verger; by degrees two Battalions Quintus, and at length three, and Quintus become a Colonel:—at which point the War ended; and the three Free-Battalions Quintus, like all others of the same type, were discharged.' This is the authentic origin of the new name Quintus, which Guichard got, to extinction of the old; substantially this, as derived from Quintus himself,—though in the precise details of it there are obscurities, never yet solved by the learned. Nicolai, for example, though he had the story from Quintus in person, who was his familiar

acquaintance, and often came to see him at Berlin, does not, with his usual punctuality, say, nor even confess that he has forgotten, what Book it was that Quintus brought with him to confute the King on their Icilius-Cæcilius controversy; Nicolai only says, that he, for his part, in the fields of Roman Literature and History, knows only three Quintus-Iciliuses, not one of whom is of the least likelihood; and in fact, in the above summary, I have had to *invert* my Nicolai on one point, to make the story stick together.[1]

'Quintus had been bred for the clerical profession; carefully, at various Universities, Leyden last of all; and had even preached, as candidate for licence,—I hope with moderate orthodoxy;—though he soon renounced that career. Exchanged it for learned and vigorous general study, with an eye to some College Professorship instead. He was still hardly twenty-three, when, in 1747, the new Stattholder,' Prince of Orange, whom we used to know, 'who had his eye upon him as a youth of merit, graciously undertook to get him placed at Utrecht, in a vacancy which had just occurred there;—whither the Prince was just bound, on some ceremonial visit of a high nature. The glad Quintus, at that time Guichard and little thinking of such an alias, hastened to set-off in the Prince's train; but could get no conveyance, such was the press of people all for Utrecht. And did not arrive till next day,—and found quarter, with difficulty, in the garret of some overflowing Inn.

'In the lower stories of his Inn, solitary Guichard, when night fell, heard a specific *gaudeamus* going on; and inquired what it was. "A company of Professors, handselling a newly-appointed Professor";—appointed, as the next question taught, to the very Chair poor Quintus had come for! Serene Highness could not help himself; the Utrechters were so bent on the thing. Quintus lay awake, all night, in his truckle-bed; and gloomily resolved to have done with Professorships, and become a soldier. "If your Serene Highness do still favour me," said Quintus next day, "I solicit, as the one help for me, an ensign's commission!"—And persisted rigorously, in spite of all counsellings, promises and outlooks on the professorial side of things. So that Serene Highness had to grant him his commission; and Quintus was a soldier thenceforth. Fought, more or less, in the sad remainder of that Cumberland-Saxe War; and after the Peace of 1748 continued in the Dutch service. Where, loath to be idle, he got his learned Books out again, and took to studying thoroughly the Ancient Art of War. After years of this, it had grown so hopeful that he proceeded to a Book upon it; and, by degrees, determined that he must get to certain Libraries in England, before finishing. In 1754, on furlough, graciously allowed and continued, he came to London accordingly; finished his manuscript

[1] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 129-145.

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there (printed at the Hague 1757[1]): and new War having now begun, went over (probably with English introductions) as volunteer to Duke Ferdinand. By Duke Ferdinand he was recommended to Friedrich, the goal of all his efforts, as of every vagrant soldier's in those times:—and here at last, as Quintus Icilius, he has found permanent billet, a Battalion and gradually three Battalions, and will not need to roam any farther.

'They say, what is very credible, that Quintus proved an active, stout and effectual soldier, in his kind; and perhaps we may hear of some of his small-war adventures by and by: that he was a studious, hard-headed, well-informed man, and had written an excellent Book on his subject, is still abundantly clear. Readers may look in the famous Gibbon's *Autobiography*, or still better in the Guichard Book itself, if they want evidence. The famous Gibbon was drilling and wheeling, very peaceably indeed, in the Hampshire Militia, in those wild years of European War. Hampshire Militia served as key, or glossary in a sort, to this new Book of Guichard's, which Gibbon eagerly bought and studied; and it was Guichard, *alias* Quintus Icilius, who taught Gibbon all he ever knew of Ancient War, at least all the teaching he ever had of it, for his renowned *Decline and Fall*.'[2]

It was in the last days of June that Daun, after many hitchings, got into more decisive general movement northward; and slowly but steadily planted himself at Mark-Lissa in the Lausitz: upon which, after some survey of the phenomenon, Friedrich got to Schmöttseifen, opposite him, July 10th. Friedrich, on noticing such stir, had ridden down to Trautenau (June 29th-30th), new Horse Artillery attending, to look closer into Daun's affairs; and, seeing what they were, had thereupon followed. Above a month before this, Friedrich had detached a considerable force against the Russians,—General Dohna, of whom in next Chapter:—and both Daun and he again sit waiting, till they see farther. Rapid Friedrich is obliged to wait; watching Daun and the Dohna-

[1] *Mémoires Militaires sur les etc.* (à La Haye, 1757: 2 voll. 4to);—was in the 5th edition when I last heard of it.

[2] See Gibbon's *Works* (4to, London, 1796: *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*), i. 97; and (*Extraits de mes Lectures*) ii. 52-54, of dates May 14th-26th, 1762,—during which days Gibbon is engaged in actual reading of the *Mémoires Militaires*; and already knows the Author by his *alias* of Quintus Icilius, 'a man of eminent sagacity and insight, who was in the Dutch, and is now, I believe, in the Prussian service.'

Russian adventure: slow Daun will continue to wait and watch there, long weeks and months, after that is settled, that and much else, fully to his mind! Each is in his impregnable Camp; and each, Daun especially, has his Divisions and Detachments hovering round him, near or far, on different strategic errands; each Main-Camp like a planet with various moons—Mark-Lissa especially, a kind of sun with planets and comets and planetary moons:—of whose intricate motions and counter-motions, mostly unimportant to us, we promised to take no notice, in face of such a crisis just at hand.

By the 6th of July, slow Daun had got hitched into his Camp of Mark-Lissa; and four days after, Friedrich attending him, was in Schmöttseifen: where again was pause; and there passed nothing mentionable, even on Friedrich's score; and till July was just ending, the curtain did not fairly rise. Pause of above two weeks on Friedrich's part, and of almost three months on Daun's. Mark-Lissa, an impregnable Camp, is on the Lausitz Border; with Saxony, Silesia, Bohemia, all converging hereabouts, and Brandenburg itself in the vicinity, —there is not a better place for waiting on events. Here, accordingly, till well on in September, Daun sat immovable; not even hitching now,—only shooting-out detachments, planetary, cometary, at a great rate, chiefly on his various Russian errands.

Daun, as we said, had been uncomfortably surprised to find, by degrees, that Invasion was not Friedrich's plan this Year; that the dramatic parts are redistributed, and that the playing of Fabius-Cunctator will not now serve one's turn. Daun, who may well be loath to believe such a thing, clings to his old part, and seems very lazy to rise and try another. In fact, he does not rise, properly speaking, or take up his new part at all. This Year, and all the following, he waits carefully till the Russian Lion come; will then endeavour to assist,—or even do jackal, which will be safer still. The Russians he intends shall act lion; he himself modestly playing the

subaltern but much safer part! Diligent to flatter the lion; will provide him guidances, and fractional sustenances, in view of the coming hunt; will eat the lion's leavings, once the prey is slaughtered. This really was, in some sort, Daun's yearly game, so long as it would last!—

July ending, and the curtain fairly risen, we shall have to look at Friedrich with our best eyesight. Preparatory to which, there is, on Friedrich's part, ever since the middle of June, this Anti-Russian Dohna adventure going on:—of which, at first, and till about the time of getting to Schmöttseifen, he had great hopes; great, though of late rapidly sinking again:—into which we must first throw a glance, as properly the opening scene.

Fouquet has been left at Landshut, should the Daun remnants still in Bohemia think of invading. Fouquet is about rooting himself rather firmly into that important Post; fortifying various select Hills round Landshut, with redoubts, curtains, communications; so as to keep ward there, inexpugnable to a much stronger force. There for about a year, with occasional short sallies, on errands that arise, Fouquet sat successfully viligant; resisting the Devilles, Becks, Harsches; protecting Glatz and the Passes of Silesia: in about a year we shall hear of his fortunes worsening, and of a great catastrophe to him in that Landshut Post.

Friedrich allowed the Reichsfolk 'two good months,' after all that flurrying and havoc done on them, 'before they could show face in Saxony.' They did take about that time; and would have taken more, had not Prince Henri been called away by other pressing occasions in Friedrich's own neighbourhood; and Saxony for a good while (end of June to beginning of September), been left almost bare of Prussian troops. Which encourages the Reichs Army to hurry afield in very unprepared condition,—still rather within the two months. End of July, Light people of them push across to Halberstadt or Halle Country; and are raising contributions, and plundering diligently, if nothing else. Of which we can take no

notice farther: if the reader can recollect it, well; if not, also well. The poor Reichs Army nominally makes a figure this Year, but nominally only; the effective part of it, now and henceforth, being Austrian Auxiliaries, and the Reichs part as flaccid and insignificant as ever.

Prince Henri's call to quit Saxony was this. Daun, among the numerous Detachments he was making, of which we can take no notice, had shot-out Two (rather of *cometary* type, to use our old figure),—which every reader must try to keep in mind. Two Detachments, very considerable: Haddick (who grew at last to 20,000), and Loudon (16,000); who are hovering about mysteriously over the Lausitz;—intending what? Their intention, Friedrich thinks, especially Haddick's intention, may be towards Brandenburg, and even Berlin: wherefore he has summoned Henri to look after it. Henri, resting in cantonments about Tschopau and Dresden, after the late fatigues, and idle for the moment, hastens to obey; and is in Bautzen neighbourhood, from about the end of June and onward. Sufficiently attentive to Haddick and Loudon: who make no attempt on Brandenburg; having indeed, as Friedrich gradually sees, and as all of us shall soon see, a very different object in view!—

CHAPTER II

GENERAL DOHNA; DICTATOR WEDELL: BATTLE OF ZULLICHAU

THE Russian Lion, urged by Vienna and Versailles, made his entry, this Year, earlier than usual,—coming now within wind of Mark-Lissa, as we see;—and has stirred Daun into motion, Daun and everybody. From the beginning of April, the Russians, hibernating in the interior parts of Poland, were awake, and getting slowly under way. April 24th, the Vanguard of 10,000 quitted Thorn; June 1st, Vanguard is in

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Posen; followed by a First Division and a Second, each of 30,000. They called it 'Soltikof crossing the Weichsel with 100,000 men'; but, exclusive of the Cossack swarms, there were not above 75,000 regulars: nor was Soltikof their Captain just at first; our old friend Fermor was, and continued to be till Soltikof, in a private capacity, reached Posen (June 29th), and produced his new commission. At Fermor's own request, as Fermor pretended,—who was skilled in Petersburg politics, and with a cheerful face served thenceforth as Soltikof's second.

At Posen, as on the road thither, they find Sulkowski's and the other burnt provenders abundantly replaced: it is evident they intend, in concert with Daun, to enclose Friedrich between two fires, and do something considerable. Whether on Brandenburg or Silesia, is not yet known to Friedrich. Friedrich, since the time they crossed Weichsel, has given them his best attention; and more than once has had schemes on their Magazines and them,—once a new and bigger Scheme actually afoot, under Wobersnow again, our Anti-Sulkowski friend; but was obliged to turn the force elsewhither, on alarms that rose. He himself cannot quit the centre of the work; his task being to watch Daun, and especially, should Daun attempt nothing else, to prevent junction of Soltikof and him.

Daun still lies torpid, or merely hitching about; but now when the Russians are approaching Posen, and the case becomes pressing, Friedrich, as is usual to him, draws upon the Anti-Swedish resource, upon the Force he has in Pommern. That is to say, orders General Dohna, who has the Swedes well driven-in at present, to quit Stralsund Country, to leave the ineffectual Swedes with some very small attendance; and to march,—with certain reinforcements that are arriving (Wobersnow already, Hülsen with 10,000 out of Saxony in few days),—direct against the Russians; and at once go-in upon them. Try to burn their Magazines again; or, equally good, to fall vigorously on some of their separate Divisions,

and cut them off in the vagrant state;—above all, to be vigorous, be rapid, sharp, and do something effectual in that quarter. These were Dohna's Instructions. Dohna has 18,000; Hülsen, with his 10,000, is industriously striding forward, from the farther side of Saxony; Wobersnow, with at least his own fine head, is already there. Friedrich, watching in the Anti-Junction position, ready for the least chance that may turn up.

Dohna marched accordingly; but was nothing like rapid enough: an old man, often in ill-health too; and no doubt plenty of impediments about him. He consumed some time rallying at Stargard; twelve days more at Landsberg, on the Warta, settling his provision matters: in fine, did not get to Posen neighbourhood till June 23d, three weeks after the Russian Vanguard of 10,000 had fixed itself there, and other Russian parties were daily dropping-in. Dohna was 18,000, a Wobersnow with him: had he gone at once on Posen, as Wobersnow urged, it is thought he might perhaps have ruined this Vanguard and the Russian Magazine; which would have been of signal service for the remaining Campaign. But he preferred waiting for Hülsen and the 10,000, who did not arrive for seven or eight days more; by which time Soltikof and most of the Russian Divisions had got in;—and the work was become as good as hopeless, on those languid terms. Dohna did try upon the Magazine, said to be ill-guarded in some Suburb of Posen; crossed the Warta with that view, found no Magazine; recrossed the Warta; and went manœuvring about, unable to do the least good on Soltikof or his Magazines or operations. Friedrich was still in Landshut region, just about quitting it,—just starting on that little Trautenau Expedition, with his Four Pieces of Horse-Artillery (June 29th), when the first ill-news of Dohna came in; which greatly disappointed Friedrich, and were followed by worse, instead of better.

The end was, Soltikof, being now all ready, winded himself out of Posen one day, veiled by Cossacks; and, to Dohna's

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horror, had got, or was in the act of getting, between Dohna and Brandenburg; which necessitated new difficult manœuvres from Dohna. Soltikof too can manœuvre a little: Soltikof edges steadily forward; making for Crossen-on-Oder, where he expects to find Austrians (Haddick and Loudon, if Friedrich could yet guess it), with 30,000 odd, especially with provision, which is wearing scarce with him. Twice or so there was still a pretty opportunity for Dohna on him; but Dohna never could resolve about it in time. Back and ever back goes Dohna; facing Soltikof; but always hitching back; latterly in Brandenburg ground, the Russians and he; —having no provision, he either. In fine, July 17th (one week after Friedrich had got to Schmöttseifen), Dohna finds himself at the little Town of Züllichau (barely in time to snatch it before Soltikof could), within thirty miles of Crossen; and nothing but futility behind and before.[1]

We can imagine Friedrich's daily survey of all this; his gloomy calculations what it will soon amount to if it last. He has now no Winterfeld, Schwerin, no Keith, Retzow, Moritz:—whom has he? His noblest Captains are all gone; he must put-up with the less noble. One Wedell, Lieutenant-General, has lately recommended himself to the royal mind by actions of a prompt daring. The royal mind, disgusted with these Dohna hagglings, and in absolute necessity of finding somebody that had resolution, and at least ordinary Prussian skill, hoped Wedell was the man. And determined, the crisis being so urgent, to send Wedell in the character of *Alter-Ego*, or 'with the powers of a Roman Dictator,' as the Order expressed it.[2] Dictator Wedell is to supersede Dohna; shall go, at his own swift pace, fettered by nobody;—and, at all hazards, shall attack Soltikof straightway, and try to beat him. 'You are grown too old for that intricate hard work; go home a little, and recover your health,' the King writes to Dohna. And to the Dohna Army, 'Obey this

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 78-88; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 835-847.
[2] Given in *Preuss*, ii. 207, 208; in Stenzel, v. 212, other particulars.

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man, all and sundry of you, as you would myself'; the man's private Order being, 'Go in upon Soltikof; attack him straightway; let us have done with this wriggling and haggling.' Date of this Order is, 'Camp at Schmöttseifen, 20th July 1759.' The purpose of such high-flown Title, and solemnity of nomination, was mainly, it appears, to hush-down any hesitation or surprise among the Dohna Generals, which, as Wedell was 'the youngest Lieutenant-General of the Army,' might otherwise have been possible.

Wedell, furnished with some small escort and these Documents, arrives in Camp Sunday evening 22d July:—poor Dohna has not the least word or look of criticism; and every General, suppressing whatever thoughts there may be, prepares to yield loyal obedience to Dictator Wedell. 'Wobersnow was the far better soldier of the two!' murmured the Opposition party, then and long afterwards,[1]—all the more, as Wobersnow's behaviour under it was beautiful, and his end tragical, as will be seen. Wobersnow I perceive to have been a valiant sharp-striking man, with multifarious resources in his head; who had faithfully helped in these operations, and I believe been urgent to quicken them. But what I remember best of him is his hasty admirable contrivance for field-bakery in pressing circumstances,—the substance of which shall not be hidden from a mechanical age:

'You construct six slight square iron frames, each hinged to the other; each, say, two feet square, or the breadth of two common tiles, and shaped on the edges so as to take-in tiles;—tiles are to be found on every human cottage. This iron frame, when you hook it together, becomes the ghost of a cubic box, and by the help of twelve tiles becomes a compact field-oven; and you can bake with it, if you have flour and water, and a few sticks. The succinctest oven ever heard of; for your operation done, and your tiles flung out again, it is capable of all folding flat like a book.'[2] Never till now had Wobersnow's oven been at fault: but in these Polish Villages, all of mere thatched hovels, there was not a tile to be found; and the Bakery, with astonishment, saw itself unable to proceed.

[1] Retzow, etc.

[2] *Ibid.* ii. 82 *n.*

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Wedell arrived Sunday evening 22d July; had crossed Oder at Tschischerzig,—some say by Crossen Bridge; no matter which. Dohna's Camp is some thirty miles west of Crossen; in and near the small Town called Züllichau, where his headquarter is. In those dull peaty Countries, on the right, which is thereabouts the *northern* (not eastern), bank of Oder; between the Oder and the Warta; some seventy miles south-by-east of Landsberg, and perhaps as far south-west of Posen:* thither has Dohna now got with his futile manœuvrings. Soltikof, drawn-up amid scrubby woods and sluggish intricate brooks, is about a mile to east of him.

Poor Dohna demits at once; and, I could conjecture, vanishes that very night; glad to be out of such a thing. Painfully has Dohna manœuvred for weeks past; falling back daily; only anxious latterly that Soltikof, who daily tries it, do not get to westward of him on the Frankfurt road, and so end this sad shuffle. Soltikof as yet has not managed that ultimate fatality; Dohna, by shuffling back, does at least contrive to keep between Frankfurt and him;—will not try attacking him, much as Wobersnow urges it. Has agreed twice or oftener, on Wobersnow's urgency: 'Yes, yes; we have a chance,' Dohna would answer; 'only let us rest till tomorrow, and be fresh!' by which time the opportunity was always gone again.

Wedell had arrived with a grenadier battalion and some horse for escort; had picked-up 150 Russian prisoners by the way. Retzow has understood he came-in with a kind of state; and seemed more or less inflated; conscious of representing the King's person, and being a Roman Dictator,—though it is a perilously difficult office too, and requires more than a Letter of Instructions to qualify you for it! This is not Leonidas Wedell, whom readers once knew; poor Leonidas is dead long since, fell in the Battle of Sohr, soon after the heroic feat of Ziethen's and his at-Elbe-Teinitz (Defence of Elbe against an Army); this is Leonidas's elder

* See Map, at end of volume.

Brother. Friedrich had observed his fiery ways on the day of Leuthen: 'Hah, a new Winterfeld perhaps?' thought Friedrich, 'All the Winterfeld I now have!'—which proved a fond hope. Wedell's Dictatorship began this Sunday towards sunset; and lasted—in practical fact, it lasted one day.

Dictator Wedell fights his Battle (Monday 23d July 1759), *without Success*

Monday morning early, Wedell is on the heights, reconnoitering Soltikof; cannot see much of him, the ground being so woody: does see what he takes to be Soltikof's left wing; and judges that Soltikof will lie quiet for this day. Which was far from a right reading of Soltikof; the fact being that Soltikof, in long columns and divisions, beginning with his right wing, was all on march since daybreak; what Wedell took for Soltikof's 'left wing' being Soltikof's rearguard and baggage, waiting till the roads cleared. Wedell, having settled everything on the above footing, returns to Züllichau about 10 o'clock; and about 11, Soltikof, miles long, disengaged from the bushy hollows, makes his appearance on the open grounds of Palzig: he, sure enough (though Wedell can hardly believe it),—five or six miles to north-east yonder; tramping diligently along, making for Crossen and the Oder Bridge;—and is actually *got* ahead of us, at last!

This is what Wedell cannot suffer, cost what it may. Wedell's orders were, in such case, Attack the Russians. Wedell instantly took his measures; not unskilfully, say judges,—though the result proved disappointing; and Wobersnow himself earnestly dissuaded: 'Too questionable, I should doubt! Soltikof is 70,000, and has no end of Artillery; we are 26,000, and know not if we can bring a single gun to where Soltikof is!'[1]

Wedell's people have already, of their own accord, got to arms again; stand waiting his orders on this new emergency.

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 132-134.

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No delay in Wedell or in them. 'May not it be another Rossbach (if we are lucky)?' thinks Wedell: 'Cannot we burst-in on their flank, as they march yonder, those awkward fellows; and tumble them into heaps?' The differences were several-fold: First, that Friedrich and Seidlitz are not here. Many brave men we have, and skilful; but not a master and man like these Two. Secondly, that there is no Janus Hill to screen our intentions; but that the Russians have us in full view while we make ready. Thirdly, and still more important, that we do not know the ground, and what hidden inaccessibilities lie ahead. This last is judged to have been the killing circumstance. Between the Russians and us there is a paltry little Brook, or line of quagmire; scarcely noticeable here, but passable nowhere except at the Village-Mill of Kay, by one poor Bridge there. And then, farther inwards, as shelter of the Russians, there is another quaggy Brook, branch of the above, which is without bridge altogether. Hours will be required to get 26,000 people marched up there, not to speak of heavy guns at all.

The 26,000 march with their usual mathematical despatch: Manteuffel and the Vanguard strike-in with their sharpest edge, foot and horse, direct on the head of the Russian Column, Manteuffel leading on, so soon as his few battalions and squadrons are across. Head means *brain* (or life) to this Russian Column; and these Manteuffel people go at it with extraordinary energy. The Russian Head gives way; infantry and cavalry:—their cavalry was driven quite to rear, and never came in sight again after this of Manteuffel. But the Russians have abundance of Reserves; also of room to manœuvre in,—no lack of ground open, and ground defensible (Palzig Village and Churchyard, for example);—above all, they have abundance of heavy guns.

Well in recoil from Manteuffel and his furies, the beaten Russians succeed in forming 'a long Line behind Palzig Village,' with that Second, slighter or Branch Quagmire between them and us; they get the Village beset, and have

the Churchyard of it lined with batteries,—say seventy guns. Manteuffel, unsupported, has to fall back; unwillingly, and not chased or in disorder,—towards Kay-Mill again: where many are by this time across. Hülsen, with the Centre, attacks now, as the Vanguard had done; with a will, he too: Wobersnow, all manner of people attack; time after time, for about four hours coming: and it proves all in vain, on that Churchyard and new Line. Without cannon, we are repulsed, torn-away by those Russian volcano-batteries; never enough of us at once!

Hülsen, Wobersnow, everybody in detail is repulsed, or finds his success unavailing. Poor Wobersnow did wonders; but he fell, killed. Gone he; and has left so few of his like: a man that could ill be spared at present!—Day is sinking; we find we have lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, some 6,000 men. 'About sunset,'—flaming July sun going down among the moorlands on such a scene,—Wedell gives it up; retires slowly towards Kay Bridge. Slowly; not chased, or molested; Soltikof too glad to be rid of him. Soltikof's one aim is, and was, towards Crossen; towards Austrian Junction, and something to live upon. Soltikof's loss of men is reckoned to be heavier even than Wedell's: but he could far better afford it. He has gained his point; and the price is small in comparison. Next day he enters Crossen on triumphant terms.

Poor Wedell had returned over Kay-Mill Bridge, in the night-time after his Defeat. On the morrow (Tuesday 24th, day of Soltikof's glad entry), Wedell crosses Oder; at Tschischerzig, the old place of Sunday evening last,—in how different a humour, this time!—and in a day more, posts himself opposite to Crossen Bridge, five or six miles south; and again sits watching of Soltikof there. At Crossen, triumphant Soltikof has found no Austrian Junction, nor anything additional to live upon. A very disappointing circumstance to Soltikof: 'Austrian Junction still a problem, then; a thing in the air? And perhaps the King of Prussia

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taking charge of it now!' Soltikof, more and more impatient, after waiting some days, decided Not to cross Oder by that Bridge;—'shy of crossing anywhere' (think the French Gentlemen, Montazet, Montalembert), 'to the King of Prussia's side!'[1] Which is not unlikely, though the King is above 100 miles off him, and has Daun on his hands. Certain enough, keeping the River between him and any operations of the King, Soltikof set-out for Frankfurt, forty or fifty miles farther down. In the hope probably of finding something of human provender withal? July 30th, one week after his Battle, the vanguard of him is there.

Thus, in two days, or even in one, has Wedell's Dictatorship ended. Easy to say scoffingly, 'Would it had never begun!' Friedrich knows that, and Wedell knows it;—*after* the event everybody knows it! Friedrich said nothing of reproachful; the reverse rather,—'I dreaded something of the kind; it is not your fault';[2]—ordered Wedell to watch diligently at Crossen Bridge, and be ready on farther signal. The Wedell Problem, in such ruined condition, has now fallen to Friedrich himself.

This is the *Battle of Züllichau* (afternoon of 23d July 1759); the beginning of immense disasters in this Campaign. Battle called also of *Kay* and of *Palzig*, those also being main localities in it. It was lost, not by fault of Wedell's people, who spent themselves nobly upon it, nor perhaps by fault of Wedell himself, but principally, if not solely, by those two paltry Brooks, or threads of Quagmire, one of which turns Kay Mill: memorable Brooks in this Campaign, 1759.[3]

Close in the same neighbourhood, there is another equally contemptible Brook, making towards Oder, and turning the so-called Krebsmühle, which became still more famous to the whole European Public twenty years hence. *Krebsmühle*

[1] Stenzel, iv. 215 (indistinct, and giving a *wrong* citation of 'Montalembert, ii. 87').

[2] *To Wedell, from the King*, 'Schmöttseifen, July 24th, 1759' (in Schöning, ii. 118).

[3] Tempelhof, iii. 125-131.

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(Crab-Mill), as yet quite undistinguished among Mills; belonging to a dusty individual called Miller Arnold, with a dusty Son of his own for Miller's Lad: was it at work this day? Or had the terrible sound from Palzig quenched its clacking?—

Some three weeks ago (*4th-6th July*), there occurred a sudden sharp thing at Havre-de-Grace on the French Coast, worth a word from us in this place. The Montazets, Montalemberts, watching, messaging about, in the Austrian-Russian Courts and Camps, assiduously keeping their Soltikofs in tune, we can observe how busy they are. Soubise with his Invasion of England, all the French are very busy; they have conquered Hessen from Duke Ferdinand, and promise themselves a glorious Campaign, after that Seizure of Frankfurt. Soubise, intent on his new Enterprise, is really making ardent preparations: at Vannes in the Morbihan, such rendezvousing and equipping;—especially at Havre, no end of flat-bottomed boats getting built; and much bluster and agitation among the weaker sorts in both Nations. Whereupon,

'*July 1st*' (just in the days while Friedrich was first trying Horse Artillery), 'Rear-Admiral Rodney sails from Portsmouth with a few Frigates, and Six Bomb-ketches (*Firedrake, Basilisk, Blast*, and such nomenclatures[1]); 'and in the afternoon of Tuesday 3d arrives in the frith or bay of Havre. Steers himself properly into "the Channel of Honfleur" before dark; and therefrom, with his Firedrake, Basilisk and Company, begins such a bombardment of Havre and the flat-bottomed manufactories as was quite surprising. Fifty-two incessant hours of it, before he thought poor Havre had enough. Poor Havre had been on fire six times; the flat manufactory (unquenchable), I know not how many; all the inhabitants off in despair; and the Garrison building this battery to no purpose, then that; no salvation for them but in Rodney's "mortars getting too hot." He had fired of shells 1,900, of carcasses 1,150: from Wednesday about sunrise till Friday about 8 A.M.,—about time now for breakfast; which I hope everybody had, after such a stretch of work. "No damage to speak of," said the French Gazetteers; "we will soon

[1] List of him, in Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs* (London, 1804), ii. 241; his Despatch (excellently brief), *ibid.* ii. 323.

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refit everything!" But they never did; and nothing came of Havre henceforth. Vannes was always, and is now still more, to be the main place; only that Hawke,—most unexpectedly, for one fancied all their ships employed in distant parts,—rides there with a Channel Fleet of formidable nature; and the previous question always is: "Cannot we beat Hawke? Can we! Or will not he perhaps go, of himself, when the rough weather comes?"'

CHAPTER III

FRIEDRICH IN PERSON ATTEMPTS THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM; NOT WITH SUCCESS

BEFORE Wedell's catastrophe, the Affair of those Haddick-Loudon Detachments had become a little plainer to Friedrich. The intention, he begins to suspect, is not for Berlin at all; but for junction with Soltikof,—at Crossen or wherever it may be. This is in fact their real purpose; and this, beyond almost Berlin itself, it is in the highest degree important to prevent. Important; and now as if become impossible!

Prince Henri had come to Bautzen with his Army, specially to look after Loudon and Haddick; and he has, all this while, had Finck with some 10,000 diligently patrolling to westward of them, guarding Berlin; he himself watching from the southern side,—where, as on the western, there was no danger from them. Some time before Wedell's affair, Friedrich had pushed-out Eugen of Würtemberg to watch these people on the eastern side;—suspicious that thitherward lay their real errand. Eugen had but 6,000; and, except in conjunction with Finck and Henri, could do nothing,—nor can, now when Friedrich's suspicion turns-out to be fatally true. Friedrich had always the angry feeling that Finck and Prince Henri were the blameworthy parties in what now ensued; that they, who were near, ought to have divined these people's secret, and spoiled it in time; not have left it to him, who was far off, and so busy otherwise. To the last, that was his fixed private

opinion; by no means useful to utter,—especially at present, while attempting the now very doubtful enterprise himself, and needing all about him to be swift and zealous. This is one of Friedrich's famous labours, this of the Haddick-Loudon junction with Soltikof; strenuous short spasms of effort, of about a week's continuance; full of fiery insight, velocity, energy; still admired by judges, though it was unsuccessful, or only had half success. Difficult to bring home, in any measure, to the mind of modern readers, so remote from it.

Friedrich got the news of Züllichau next day, July 24th; —and instantly made ready. The case is critical; especially this Haddick-Loudon part of it: add 30 or 36,000 Austrians to Soltikof, how is he then to be dealt with? A case stringently pressing:—and the resources for it few and scattered. For several days past, Haddick, and Loudon under him, whose motions were long enigmatic, have been marching steadily eastward through the Lausitz,—with the evident purpose of joining Soltikof; unless Wedell could forbid. Wedell ahead was the grand opposition;—Finck, Henri, Würtemberg, as good as useless;—and Wedell being now struck-down, these Austrians go, especially Loudon will, at a winged rate. They are understood to be approaching Sagan Country: happily, as yet, well to westward of it, and from Sagan Town well *north*-westward;—but all accounts of them are vague, dim: they are an obscure entity to Friedrich, but a vitally important one. Sagan Town may be about 70 miles northward of where Friedrich now is: from Sagan, were they once in the meridian of Sagan, their road is free eastward and northward;—to Crossen is about 60 miles north-by-east from Sagan, to Frankfurt near 100 north. Sagan is on the Bober; Bober, in every event, is between the Austrians and their aim.

Friedrich feels that, however dangerous to quit Daun's neighbourhood, he must, he in person, go at once. And who, in the interim, will watch Daun and his enterprises? Friedrich's reflections are: 'Well, in the crisis of the moment,

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Saxony,—though there already are marauding Bodies of Reichsfolk in it,—must still be left to itself for a time; or cannot Finck and his 10,000 look to it? Henri, with his Army, now useless at Bautzen, shall instantly rendezvous at Sagan; his Army to go with me, against the Russians and their Haddick-Loudons; Henri to Schmöttseifen, instead of me, and attend to Daun; Henri, I have no other left! Finck and his 10,000 must take charge of Saxony, such charge as he can:—how lucky those Spring Forays, which destroyed the Reichs Magazines! Whereby there is no Reichs Army yet got into Saxony (nothing but preliminary pulses and splashings of it); none yet, nor like to be quite at once.' That is Friedrich's swift plan.

Henri rose on the instant, as did everybody concerned: July 29th, Henri and Army were at Sagan; Army waiting for the King; Henri so far on his road to Schmöttseifen.* He had come to Sagan 'by almost the rapidest marches ever heard of,'—or ever till some others of Henri's own, which he made in that neighbourhood soon. Punctual, he, to his day; as are Eugen of Würtemberg's people, and all Detachments and Divisions: Friedrich himself arrives at Sagan that same 29th, 'about midnight,'—and finds plenty of work waiting: no sleep these two nights past; and none coming just yet! A most swift rendezvous. The speed of everybody has been, and needs still to be, intense.

This rendezvous at Sagan,—intersection of Henri and Friedrich, bound different roads (the Brothers, I think, did not personally meet, Henri having driven-off for Schmöttseifen by a shorter road),—was *Sunday July 29th*. Following which, are six days of such a hunt for those Austrian reynards as seldom or never was! Most vehement, breathless, baffling hunt; half of it spent in painfully beating cover, in mere finding and losing. Not rightly successful, after all. So that, on the eighth day hence, *August 6th*, at Müllrose, near Frankfurt, 80 miles from Sagan, there is a *second* rendezvous,

* Map, at end of volume.

—rendezvous of Wedell and Friedrich, who do not now 'intersect,' but meet after the hunt is done;—and in the interim, there has been a wonderful performance, though an unsuccessful. Friedrich never could rightly get hold of his Austrians. Once only, at Sommerfeld, a long march north-west of Sagan, he came upon some outskirts of them. And in general, in those latter eight days, especially in the first six of them, there is, in that Kotbus-Sagan Country, such an intersecting, checking, pushing and multifarious simmering of marches, on the part of half-a-dozen Strategic Entities, Friedrich the centre of them, as—as, I think, nobody but an express soldier-student, well furnished with admiration for this particular Soldier, would consent to have explained to him. One of the maziest, most unintelligible whirls of marching; inextricable Sword-Dance, or Dance of the Furies,—five of them (that is the correct number: Haddick, Loudon, Friedrich, Würtemberg, Wedell);—and it is flung-down for us, all in a huddle, in these inhuman Books (which have several errors of the press, too): let no man rashly insist with himself on understanding it, unless he have need! Humanly pulled straight, not inhumanly flung-down at random, here the essentials of it are,—in very brief state:

'*Sagan, Monday 30th July.* Friedrich is at Sagan, since midnight last, busier and busier'; beating cover, as we termed it, and getting his hounds (his new Henri-Army) in leash; 'endeavouring, especially, to get tidings of those Austrian people; who are very enigmatic,—Loudon a dexterous man,—and have hung-up such a curtain of Pandours between Friedrich and them as is nearly impenetrable. In the course of this Monday Friedrich ascertains that they are verily on the road; coming eastward, for Sommerfeld,—"thence for Crossen!" he needs no ghost to tell him. Wherefore,

'*Tuesday, Sagan to Naumburg.* Tuesday before daybreak Friedrich too is on the road: north-westward; in full march towards Naumburg on Bober, meaning to catch the Bridge from them there. March of the swiftest; he himself is ahead, as usual, with the Vanguard of Horse. He reaches Naumburg (northward, a march of 20 miles); finds, not Haddick or Loudon, but a Detachment of theirs: which he at once oversets with his Cavalry, and chases,—marking withal that "westward

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is the way they run." Westward; and that we are still ahead, thank Heaven!

'Before his Infantry are all up, or are well rested in Naumburg, Friedrich ascertains, on more precise tidings, that the Austrians are in Sommerfeld, to westward (again a 20 miles); and judges That, no doubt, they will bear-off more to leftward, by Guben probably, and try to avoid him,—unless he can still catch them in Sommerfeld. About nightfall he marches for Sommerfeld, at his swiftest; arrives Wednesday early; finds—alas!—

'*Sommerfeld, Wednesday morning August 1st,* Friedrich finds that Loudon *was* there last night,—preterite tense, alas; the question now being, Where is he!' In fact, Loudon had written yesterday to Daun (Letter still extant, 'Sommerfeld, July 31st'), That 'being swift and light,' consisting of horse for most part, 'he may probably effect junction this very night';—but has altered his mind very much, on sight of these fugitives from Naumburg, since! And has borne-off more to leftward. Straight north now, and at a very brisk pace; being now all of horse;—and has an important conference with Haddick at Guben, when they arrive there. 'Not in Sommerfeld?' thinks Friedrich (earnestly surveying, through this slit he has made in the Pandour veil): 'Gone to Guben most likely, bearing-off from us to leftward?'—Which was the fact; though not the whole fact. And indeed the chase is now again fallen uncertain, and there has to be some beating of covers. For one thing, he learns today (August 1st) that the Russians are gone to Frankfurt: 'Follow them, you Wedell,'—orders Friedrich: them we shall have to go into,—however this hunt end!—

'*To Markersdorf, Thursday August 2d.* Friedrich takes the road for Guben; reaches Markersdorf (twenty miles march, still seven or eight from Guben); falls upon—What phenomenon is this? The Austrian heavy Train; meal-wagons not a few, and a regiment of foot in charge of it;—but going the wrong way, not *towards* the Russians, but from them! What on earth can this be? This is Haddick,—if Friedrich could yet clearly know it,—Haddick and Train, who for his own part has given-up the junction enterprise. At Guben, some hours ago, he had conference with Loudon; and this was the conclusion arrived at: "Impossible, with that King so near! You, Herr Loudon, push-on, without heavy baggage, and with the Cavalry altogether; you can get in, almost 20,000 strong; I, with the Infantry, with the meal and heavy guns, will turn, and make for the Lausitz again!"

'This mysterious Austrian Train, going the wrong way, Friedrich attacks, whatever it be (hoping, I suppose, it might be the Austrians altogether); chases it vigorously; snatches all the meal-wagons, and about 1,000 prisoners. Uncertain still what it is,—if not the Austrians

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altogether? To his sorrow, he finds, on pushing farther into it, that it is only Haddick and the Infantry; that Loudon, with the 20,000 Horse, will have gone-off for Frankfurt;—irretrievably ahead, the swift Loudon,—ever careering northward all this while, since that afternoon at Sommerfeld, when the fugitives altered his opinion: a now unattainable Loudon. In the course of Thursday night, Friedrich has satisfied himself that the Loudon junction is a thing as good as done:—in effect, Loudon did get to Frankfurt, morning of August 3d, and joined the Russians there; and about the same time, or only a few hours sooner, Friedrich, by symptoms, has divined that his hunt has ended, in this rather unsuccessful way; and that chasing of Haddick is not the road to go.'[1]

Not Haddick now; with or without their Austrians, it shall be the Russians now! Two days ago (Wednesday, as was mentioned), before sight of those enigmatic meal-wagons, Friedrich had learned that the Russians were to be in Frankfurt again; and had ordered Wedell to march thitherward, at any rate. Which Wedell is doing, all this Thursday and the four following days. As does likewise, from and after '*Friday August 3d*, 1 A.M.' (hunt then over), Friedrich himself,—renouncing Haddick and the hunt. Straight towards Frankfurt thenceforth; headquarters Beeskow that night; next night, Müllrose, whither Wedell is appointed, within twelve miles of Frankfurt. This is the end of Friedrich's sore Chase and March; burnt deeply into his own weary brain, if ours still refuse it admittance! Here, of utterly fatigued tone, is a Note of his, chiefly on business, to Minister Finckenstein. Indeed there are, within the next ten days, Three successive Notes to Finckenstein, which will be worth reading in their due places. This is the First of them:

The King to Graf von Finckenstein (at Berlin)

'Beeskow, 3d August 1759.

'I am just arrived here, after cruel and frightful marchings' (*Checks himself, however*). 'There is nothing desperate in all that; and I believe the noise and disquietude this hurlyburly has caused will be the worst

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 135-139.

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of it. Show this Letter to everybody, that it may be known the State is not undefended. I have made above 1,000 prisoners from Haddick. All his meal-wagons have been taken. Finck, I believe, will keep an eye on him,' and secure Berlin from attempts of his. This is all I can say.

'Tomorrow I march to within two leagues of Frankfurt' (to Müllrose, namely). 'Katte' (the Minister who has charge of such things) 'must send me instantly Two Hundred Wispels' (say tons) 'of Meal, and Bakers One Hundred, to Fürstenwalde. I shall encamp at Wulkow. I am very tired. For six nights I have not closed an eye. Farewell.—F.'

During the above intricate War-Dance of Five,—the day while Friedrich was at Sommerfeld, the day before he came in sight of Haddick's meal-wagons going the wrong road,—there went on, at Minden on the Weser, three hundred miles away, a beautiful feat of War, in the highest degree salutary to Duke Ferdinand and Britannic Majesty's Ministry; feat which requires a word from us here. A really splendid Victory, this of Minden, August 1st: French driven headlong through the Passes there; their 'Conquest of Hanover and Weser Country' quite exploded and flung over the horizon; and Duke Ferdinand relieved from all his distresses, and lord of the ascendant again in those parts. Highly interesting to Friedrich;—especially to Prince Henri; whose apprehensions about Ferdinand and the old Richelieu Hastenbeck-Halberstadt time returning on us, have been very great; and who now, at Schmöttseifen, fires *feu-de-joie* for it with all his heart. This is a Battle still of some interest to English readers. But can English readers consent to halt in this hot pinch of the Friedrich crisis; and read the briefest thing which is foreign to it? Alas, I fear they can;—and will insert the Note here:

Battle of Minden: Wednesday August 1st, 1759.—'Ever since Bergen, things have gone awry with Ferdinand, and in spite of skilful management, of hard struggles and bright sparkles of success, he has had a bad Campaign of it. The French, it would seem, are really got into better fighting order; Belleisle's exertions as War-Minister have been almost wonderful,—in some respects, *too* wonderful, as we shall hear!—and Broglio and Contades, in comparison with Clermont and Soubise, have real soldier

qualities. Contades, across Rhine again, in those Weser Countries, who is skilful in his way, and is pricked-on by emulation of Broglio, has been spreading himself out steadily progressive there; while Broglio, pushing along from Frankfurt-on-Mayn, has conquered Hessen; is into Hanover; on the edge of conquering Hanover,—which how is Ferdinand to hinder? Ferdinand has got two, if not three Armies to deal with, and in number is not much superior to one. If he run to save Hanover from Broglio, he loses Westphalia: Osnabrück (his magazine), Münster, Lippstadt,—Contades, if left to himself, will take these, after short siege; and will nestle himself there, and then advance, not like a transitory fever-fit, but like visible death, on Hanover. Ferdinand, rapid yet wary, manœuvred his very best among those interests of his, on the left bank of Weser; but after the surprisal of Minden from him (brilliantly done by Broglio, and the aid of a treacherous peasant), especially after the capture of Osnabrück, his outlooks are gloomy to a degree: and at Versailles, and at Minden where Contades has established himself, "the Conquest of Hanover" (beautiful counterweight to all one's losses in America or elsewhere) is regarded as a certainty of this Year.

'For the last ten days of July, about Minden, the manœuvring, especially on Ferdinand's part, had been intense; a great idea in the head of Ferdinand, more or less unintelligible to Contades. Contades, with some 30,000, which is the better half of his force, has taken one of the unassailablest positions. He lies looking northward, his right wing on the Weser with posts to Minden (Minden perhaps a mile north-eastward there), on his left impassable peatbogs and quagmires; in front a quaggy River or impassable black Brook, called the Bastau, coming from the westward, which disembogues at Minden:*—there lies Contades, as if in a rabbit-hole, say military men; for defence, if that were the sole object, no post can be stronger. Contades has in person say 30,000; and round him, on both sides of the Weser, are Broglio with 20,000; besides other Divisions, I know not how many, besieging Münster, capturing Osnabrück (our hay magazine), attempting Lippstadt by surprise (to no purpose), and diligently working forward, day by day, to Ferdinand's ruin in those Minden regions. Three or four Divisions busy in that manner;—and above all, we say, he has Broglio with a 20,000 on the right or east bank of the Weser,—who, if Ferdinand quit him even for a day, seems to have Hanover at discretion, and can march any day upon Hanover City, where his light troops have already been more than once. Why doesn't Ferdinand cross Weser, re-cross Weser; coerce Broglio back; and save Hanover? cry the Gazetteers and a Public of weak judgment. Pitt's Public is inclined to murmur about Ferdinand; Pitt himself never. Ferdinand persists in sticking by Minden

* Sketch of Plan, p. 54.

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neighbourhood ; and, in a scarcely accountable way, manœuvring there, shooting-out therefrom what mischief he can upon the various Contades people in their sieges and the like.

'On Contades himself he can pretend to do nothing,—except hoodwink him, entice him out, and try to get a chance on him. But for his own subsistence and otherwise, he is very lively ;—snatches, by a sudden stroke, Bremen City: "Yes truly, Bremen is a Reichstadt; nor shall *you* snatch it, as you did Frankfurt ; but I will, instead: and my English proviant-ships shall have a sure haven henceforth!" Snatches Bremen by one sudden stroke ; *re*-snatches Osnabrück by another ("our magazine considerably *increased* since you have had it, many thanks!"); does lose Münster, to his sorrow ; but nevertheless sticks by his ground here ;—nay, detaches his swift-cutting Nephew, the Hereditary Prince, who is growing famous for such things, to cut-out Contades's strong post to southward (Gohfeld, ten miles up the Weser) which guards his meal-wagons, after their long journey from the south. That is Contades's one weak point, in this posture of things: his meal is at Cassel, seventy miles off. Broglio and he see clearly, "Till we can get a new magazine much nearer Hanover, or at lowest, can clear-out these people from infesting us here, there is no moving northward!" To both Contades and Broglio that is an evident thing: the corollary to which is, They must fight Ferdinand ; must watch lynx-like till a chance turn-up of beating him in fight. That is their outlook ; and Ferdinand knows it is,—and manœuvres accordingly. Military men admire much, not his movements only, but his clear insight into Contades's and Broglio's temper of mind, and by what methods they were to be handled, they and his own affairs together, and brought whither he wanted them.[1]

'This attempt on Gohfeld was a serious mischief to Contades, if it succeeded. But the detaching of the Prince of Brunswick on it, and weakening one's too weak Army, "What a rashness, what an oversight!" thinks Contades (as Ferdinand wished him to do): "Is our skilful enemy, in this extreme embarrassment, losing head, then? Look at his left wing yonder"—(General Wangenheim, sitting behind batteries, in his Village of Todtenhausen, looking into Minden from the north):—"Wangenheim's left leans on the Weser, yes ; but Wangenheim's right, observe, has no support within three miles of it: tear Wangenheim out, Ferdinand's flank is bare!" These things seemed to Contades the very chance he had been waiting for ; and brought him triumphantly out of his rabbit-hole, into the Heath of Minden, as Ferdinand hoped they would do.

'And so, *Tuesday Evening July 31st*, things being now all ripe, upwards of 50,000 French are industriously in motion. Contades has nineteen

[1] In *Mauvillon* (ii. 41-44) minute account of all that.

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bridges ready on the Bastau Brook, in front of him ; *tattoo* this night, in Contades's Camp, is to mean *general march*, "March, all of you, across these nineteen Bridges, to your stations on the Plain or Heath of Minden yonder,—and be punctual, like the clock!" Broglio crosses Weser by the Town Bridge, ranks himself opposite Todtenhausen; and through the livelong night there is, on the part of the 50,000 French, a very great marching and deploying. Contades and Broglio together are 51,400 foot and horse. Ferdinand's entire force will be near 46,000; but on the day of Battle he is only 36,000,—having detached the Hereditary Prince on Gohfeld, in what view we know.—The *Battle of Minden*, called also of *Tonhausen* (meaning *Todten*hausen), which hereupon fell out, has still its fame in the world; and, I perceive, is well worth study by the soldier mind: though nothing but the rough outline of it is possible here.

'Ferdinand's posts extend from the Weser river and Todtenhausen round by Stemmern, Holzhausen, to Hartum and the Bog of Bastau (the chief part of him towards Bastau),—in various Villages, and woody patches and favourable spots; all looking-in upon Minden, from a distance of five or seven miles; forming a kind of arc, with Minden for centre. He will march-up in eight Columns; of course, with wide intervals between them,—wide, but continually narrowing as he advances; which will indeed be ruinous gaps, if Ferdinand wait to be attacked; but which will coalesce close enough, if he be speedy upon Contades. For Contades's line is also of arc-like or almost semicircular form, behind it Minden as centre; Minden, which is at the intersection of Weser and the Brook; his right flank is on Weser, Broglio *versus* Wangenheim the extreme right; his left, with infantry and artillery, rests on that black Brook of Bastau with its nineteen Bridges. As the ground on both wings is rough, not so fit for Cavalry, Contades puts his Cavalry wholly in the centre: they are the flower of the French Army, about 10,000 horse in all; firm open ground ahead of them there, with strong batteries, masses of infantry to support on each flank; batteries to ply with cross-fire any assailant that may come on. Broglio, we said, is right wing; strong in artillery and infantry. Broglio is to root-out Wangenheim: after which,—or even before which, if Wangenheim is kept busy and we are nimble,—what becomes of Ferdinand's left flank, with a gap of three miles between Wangenheim and him, and 10,000 chosen horse to take advantage of it! Had the French been of Prussian dexterity and nimbleness in marching, it is very possible something might have come of this latter circumstance: but Ferdinand knows they are not; and intends to take good care of his flank.

'Contades and his people were of willing mind; but had no skill in "marching-up": and, once got across the Bastau by their nineteen Bridges, they wasted many hours:—"Too far, am I? not far enough?

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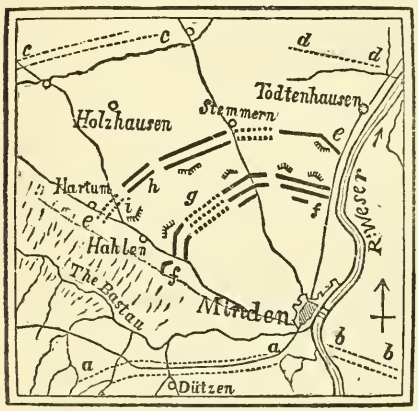
Too close? not close enough?"—and broiled about, in much hurry and confusion, all night. Fight was to have begun at 5 in the morning. Broglio was in his place, silently looking into Wangenheim, by 5 o'clock; but unfortunately did nothing upon Wangenheim ("Not ready you, I see!"), except cannonade a little;—and indeed all through did nothing ("Still not ready you others!"); which surely was questionable conduct, though not reckoned so at Versailles, when the case came to be argued there. As to the Contades people, across those nineteen Bridges, they had a baffling confused night; and were by no means correctly on their ground at sunrise, nor at 7 o'clock, nor at 8; and were still mending themselves when the shock came, and time was done.

'The morning is very misty; but Ferdinand has himself been out examining since the earliest daybreak: his orders last night were, "Cavalry be saddled at 1 in the morning,"—having a guess that there would be work, as he now finds there will. From 5 A.M. Ferdinand is issuing from his Camp, flowing down eastward, beautifully concentric, closing on Contades; horse *not* in centre, but English Infantry in centre (Six Battalions, or Six *Regiments* by English reckoning); right opposite those 10,000 Horse of Contades's, the sight of whom seems to be very animating to them. The English Cavalry stand on the right wing, at the Village of Hartum: Lord George Sackville had not been very punctual in saddling at 1 o'clock; but he is there, ranked on the ground, at 8,—in what humour nobody knows; sulky and flabby, I should rather guess. English Tourists, idle otherwise, may take a look at Hartum on the south side, as the spot where a very ugly thing occurred that day.

'Soon after 8 the Fight begins: attack, by certain Hessians, on Hahlen and its batteries; attempt to drive the French out of Hahlen, as the first thing,—which does not succeed at once (indeed took three attacks in all); and perhaps looks rather tedious to those Six English Battalions. Ferdinand's order to them was, "You shall march up to attack, you Six, on sound of drum"; but, it seems, they read it, *by* sound of drum": "Beating our own drums; yes, of course!"—and, being weary of this Hahlen work, or fancying they had no concern with it, strode on, double-quick, without waiting for Hahlen at all! To the horror of their Hanoverian comrades, who nevertheless determined to follow as second line. The Contades cross-fire of artillery, battery of 30 guns on one flank, of 36 on the other, does its best upon this forward-minded Infantry, but they seem to heed it little; walk right forward; and, to the astonishment of those French Horse and of all the world, entirely break and ruin the charge made on them, and tramp forward in chase of the same. The 10,000 Horse feel astonished, insulted; and rush-out again, furiously charging; the English halt and serry themselves: "No fire till they are within forty paces"; and then such pouring torrents of it as no horse or man can endure. Rally after rally there is, on the part of those 10,000;

mass after mass of them indignantly plunges on,—again, ever again, about six charges in all;—but do not break the English lines: one of them (regiment Mestre-de-Camp, raised to a paroxysm) does once get through, across the first line, but is blown back in dreadful circumstances by the second. After which they give it up, as a thing that cannot be done. And rush rearward, hither, thither, the whole seventy-five squadrons of them; and "between their two wings of infantry are seen boiling in complete disorder."

'This has lasted about an hour: this is essentially the soul of the Fight,—though there wanted not other activities, to right of it and to left, on both sides; artilleries going at a mighty rate on both wings; and counter-artilleries (superlative practice "by Captain Phillips" on *our* right wing); Broglio cannonading Wangenheim very loudly, but with little harm done or suffered, on their right wing. Wangenheim is watchful of that gap between Ferdinand and him, till it close itself sufficiently. Their right-wing infantry did once make some attempt there; but the Prussian Horse — (always a small body of Prussians serve in this Allied Army) — shot-out, and in a brilliant manner swept them home again. Artillery and that pretty charge of Prussian Horse are all one remembers, except this of the English and Hanover Foot in the centre: "an unsurpassable thing," says Tempelhof (though it so easily might have been a fatal!)—which has set Contades's centre boiling, and reduced Contades altogether to water, as it were. Contades said bitterly: "I have seen what I never thought to be possible,—a single line of infantry break through three lines of cavalry ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin!"[1]



a a. Contades's Camp. *b b.* Broglio's Camp.
c c. Ferdinand's position, night of July 31st.
d d. Wangenheim's position, night of July 31st.
e e. Ferdinand's Line of Battle.
f f. French Line of Battle.
g. French Cavalry. *h.* English Infantry.
i. English and Hanoverian Cavalry, under Sackville.

'This was the feat, this hour's work in the centre, the essential soul of the Fight:—and had Lord George Sackville, General of the Horse,

[1] Stenzel, v. 204.

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come on when galloped for and bidden, here had been such a ruin, say all judges, as seldom came upon an Army. Lord George,—everlasting disgrace and sorrow on the name of him,—could not see his way to coming on; delayed, haggled; would not even let Granby, his lieutenant, come; not for a second Adjutant, not for a third; never came on at all; but rode to the Prince, asking, "How am I to come on?" Who, with a politeness I can never enough admire, did not instantly kill him, but answered, in mild tone, "Milord, the opportunity is now past!" Whereby Contades escaped ruin, and was only beaten. By about 10 in the morning all was over. When a man's centre is gone to water, no part of him is far from the fluid state. Contades retreated into his rabbit-hole by those nineteen bridges,—well tormented, they say, by Captain Phillips's artillery, till he got beyond the knolls again. Broglio, who had never been in musket-fire at all, but had merely barked on Wangenheim all morning, instead of biting, covered the retreat, and withdrew into Minden. And we are a beaten Army,—thanks to Lord George, not an annihilated one. Our loss being only 7,086 (with heavy guns, colours, cavalry flags and the like); theirs being 2,822,—full half of it falling on those rash Six Battalions.[1]

'And what is this one hears from Gohfeld in the evening? The Hereditary Prince, busy there on us during the very hours of Minden, has blown our rearguard division to the winds there;—and we must move southward, one and all of us, without a moment's delay! Out of this rabbit-hole the retreat by rearward is through a difficult country, the Westphalian Gates so-called; fatal to Varus's Legions long ago. Contades got under way that very night; lost most of his baggage, all his conquests, that shadow-conquest of Hanover, and more than all his glories (Versailles shrieking on him, "Resign you; let Broglio be chief");—and, on the whole, jumbled homeward hither and thither, gravitating towards the Rhine, nothing but Wesel to depend on in those parts, as heretofore. Broglio retreated Frankfurt-way, also as usual, though not quite so far; and at Versailles had clearly the victory. Zealous Belleisle could not protect his Contades; it is not known whether he privately blamed Contades or blamed Broglio for loss of Minden. Zealous old man, what a loss to himself withal had Minden been! That shadow-conquest of Hanover is quite vanished: and worse,

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[1] Mauvillon, ii. 44-60; Templehof, iii. 154-179, etc. etc.: and *Proceedings of a Court-Martial, held at the Horse-Guards, 7th-24th March and 25th March—5th April* 1760, *in Trial of Lord George Sackville* (London, 1760). In Knesebeck, *Ferdinand während des siebenjährigen Krieges* (i. 395), Ferdinand's Letter to Friedrich of 'July 31st'; and (i. 398-418 and ii. 33-36) many special details about Sackville and 'August 1st.'

in Ferdinand's spoil were certain *Letters* from Belleisle to Contades, inculcating strange things;—for example, "*Il faut faire un désert du Pays*" (all Hessen, I think, lest Ferdinand advance on you) "*devant l'Armée*," and the like. Which Ferdinand saw good to publish, and which resounded rather hideously through the general mind.'[1]

Ignominious Sackville was tried by Court-martial; cashiered, declared incapable of again serving his Majesty 'in any military capacity';—perhaps a mild way of signifying that he wanted the common courage of a soldier? Zealous Majesty, always particular in soldier matters, proclaimed it officially to be 'a sentence worse than death'; and furthermore, with his own royal hand, taking the pen himself, struck-out Sackville from the List of Privy Councillors. Proper surely, and indispensable;—and should have been persisted in, like Fate; which, in a new Reign, it was not! For the rest, there was always, and is, something of enigma in Sackville's palpably bad case. It is difficult to think that a Sackville wanted common courage. This Sackville fought duels with propriety; in private life, he was a surly, domineering kind of fellow, and had no appearance of wanting spirit. It is known, he did not love Duke Ferdinand; far from it! May not he have been of peculiarly sour humour that morning, the luckless fool; sulky against Ferdinand, and his 'saddling at one o'clock'; sulky against himself, against the world and mankind; and flabbily disinclined to heroic practices for the moment? And the moment came; and the man was not there, except in that foggy, flabby and forever ruinous condition! Archenholtz, alone of Writers, judges that he expressly wanted to spoil the Battle of Minden and Ferdinand's reputation, and to get appointed Commander in his stead. Wonderful; but may have some vestige of basis, too! True, this Sackville was as fit to lead the courses of the stars as to lead armies. But such a Sackville has ambition, and, what is fatally more peculiar to him, a chance for unfolding it;—any blockhead has an ambition capable, if you encourage it sufficiently, of running to the infinite. Enough of this particular blockhead; and may it be long before we see *his* like again!—

The English Cavalry was in a rage with Sackville. Of the English Infantry, Historians say, what is not now much heard of in this Country, 'That these unsurpassable Six' (in industrious valour unsurpassable, though they mistook orders, and might have fared badly!) 'are ever since called the Minden Regiments; that they are the 12th, 20th, 23d, 25th, 37th and 51st of the British Line; and carry "Minden" on their colours,'[2]—with silent profit, I hope!

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[1] Were taken at Detmold (Tempelhof, iii. 223); Old Newspapers full of Excerpts from them, in the weeks following.

[2] Kausler, *Schlachten*, etc. p. 587.

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Fancy how Pitt's public, lately gloomy and dubious, blazed aloft into joyful certainty again! Pitt's outlooks have been really gloomy all this season; nor are the difficulties yet ended, though we hope they will end. Let us add this other bit of Synchronism, which is still of adverse aspect, over Seas; and will be pungently interesting to Pitt and England, when they come to hear of it.

'*Before Quebec, July* 31*st*, 1759. This same Evening, at Quebec, on the other side of the Atlantic,—evening at Quebec, 9 or 10 at night for Contades and his nineteen Bridges,—there is a difficult affair going on. Above and below the Falls of Montmorenci, and their outflow into the St. Lawrence: attempt on General Wolfe's part to penetrate through upon the French, under Marquis de Montcalm, French Commander-in-chief, and to get a stroke at Quebec and him. From the south side of the St. Lawrence, nothing can be done upon Quebec, such the distance over. From Isle d'Orléans and the north side, it is also impossible hitherto. Easy enough to batter the Lower Town, from your ships and redoubts: but the High Town towers aloft on its sheer pinnacles, inaccessible even to cannon; looks down on the skilfulest British Admiral and Fleet as if with an air of indifference,—trying him on dark nights with fire-ships, fire-rafts, the cunningest kinds of pyrotechny, which he skilfully tows aside.

'A strenuous thing, this of Wolfe's; though an unsuccessful. Towards evening, the end of it; all Quebec assembled on the southern ramparts, witnessing with intense interest; the sublime Falls of Montmorenci gushing on, totally indifferent. For about a month past, General Wolfe, with the proper equipments, and about 10,000 men, naval and military, who was expressly selected by Pitt to besiege Quebec, and is dying to succeed, has been trying every scheme to get into contact with it:—to no purpose, so lofty, chasmy, rocky is the ground, cut by mountainous precipices and torrent streams, branches of the grand St. Lawrence River; so skilfully taken advantage of by Montcalm and his people, who are at home here, and in regulars nearly equal Wolfe, not to speak of Savages and Canadians. Wolfe's plan of the 31st was not ill-laid; and the execution has been zealous, seamen and landsmen alike of willing mind;—but it met with accidents. Accidents in boating; then a still worse accident on landing; the regiment of grenadiers, which crossed below the Falls, having, so soon as landed, rushed-off on the redoubt there on their own score, without waiting for the two brigades that were to cross and coöperate *above* the Falls! Which cut Wolfe to the heart; and induced him, especially as the tide

was making again, to give-up the enterprise altogether, and recall everybody, while it was yet time.[1] Wolfe is strict in discipline; loves the willing mind, none more, and can kindle it among those about him; but he loves discipline withal, and knows how fatal the too willing may be. For six weeks more there is toil on the back of toil everywhere for poor Wolfe. He falls into fevers, into miseries, almost into broken heart;—nothing sure to him but that of doing his own poor utmost to the very death. After six weeks, we shall perhaps hear of him again. Gliding swiftly towards death; but also towards victory and the goal of all his wishes.'

And now, after this flight half round the world, it is time we returned to Oder Country, and a Friedrich on the edge of formidable things there. Next day after Beeskow, where we left him, he duly arrived at Müllrose; was joined by Wedell there, August 6th; and is now at Wulkow,—'encamped between Lebus and Wulkow,' as we hear elsewhere;—quite in the environs of Frankfurt and of great events.

Friedrich to Graf von Finckenstein (Second Note)

'Wulkow, 8th August 1759.

'If you hear of firing tomorrow, don't be surprised; it is our rejoicing for the Battle of Minden. I believe I shall have to keep you in suspense some days yet. I have many arrangements to make, I find great difficulties to surmount,—and it is required to save our Country, not to lose it: I ought both to be more prudent and more enterprising than ever. In a word, I will do and undertake whatever I find feasible and possible. With all that, I see myself in the necessity of making haste, to check the designs Haddick may have on Berlin. Adieu, *mon cher*. In a little, you will have either a *De Profundis* or a *Te Deum*.— F.'[2]

CHAPTER IV

BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF

SUNDAY July 29th, at Frankfurt-on-Oder divine worship was broken-in upon, and the poor City thrown into con-

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, pp. 470-3; Thackeray, i. 438.
[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 305, 306.

sternation, by actual advent, or as good as advent, of the Russians: 'On the Crossen road, close by; coming, come!' And they did undeniably appear, next morning, in force; on the opposite, eastern or Kunersdorf side of the River, on the top of the Oder-Dam there; and demanded instant admission, under penalty of general death by fire.

Within the Town stood Major Arnim, a Veteran of those parts, with 400 militia; these, with their muskets and with two cannon, are the only defence of Frankfurt. The Town has Gates; but its walls, I doubt, are mainly garden-walls and house-walls. On the eastern side, the River, especially if you have cannon on the Bridge, gives it something of protection; but on the western and all other sides, it is overhung by heights. This Frankfurt, like its bigger Namesake on the Mayn, is known as a busy trading place, its Fairs much frequented in those Eastern parts; and is believed by the Russians to be far richer than it is. The reader, as there happens to be ocular testimony extant,[1] may like to see a little how they behaved there.

'Arnim, taking survey of the Russian Party, values it, or what he can see of it, at 1,000' (they really were 6,000); 'keeps his Drawbridge up; and answers stoutly enough, "No." Upon which, from the Oder-Dam, there flies-off one fiery grenado; one and no more,—which alighted in the house of "Mrs. Thielicke, a Baker's Widow, who was standing at the door";—killed poor Mrs. Thielicke, blew the house considerably to wreck, but did not set fire to it. Arnim, all the Magistrates entreating him for the love of Heaven to leave them, is secretly shoving-off his two cannon to the Northern Gate; and in fact is making his packages with full speed: "Push for Cüstrin," thinks Arnim, "and save selves and cannon, since no good is to be done here!"

'It was about 11 A.M. when the Thielicke grenado fell: obstinate Arnim would by no means go; only packed all the faster. A second summons came: still, No. For the third and last time the Russians then summon: "Grenadoes, a hundred more of them lie ready,

[1] Johann Ludwig Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf, mit*, etc. (Berlin, 1801). Kriele was subsequent Pastor in the Parish, an excellent intelligent man; has compiled in brief form, with an elaborate Chart too, a clear account of everything, in the Battle and before and after it.

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unless — !" "We will, we will; O merciful servant of Czarish Majesty!" passionately signify the Magistrates. But Arnim is still negative, still keeps the Bridge up. One of the hundred does go, by way of foretaste: this lighted "near the Ober Kirche, in the chimney of the Town Musikus"; brought the chimney crashing down on him' (fancy a man with some fineness of ear); 'tore the house a good deal to pieces, but again did not set it on fire. "Your obstinate Town can be bombarded, then, — cannot it?" observed the Russian Messenger.— "Give us Free Withdrawal!" proposes Arnim. "No; you to be Prisoners of War; Town at Czarish Majesty's discretion." "Never," answers Arnim (to the outward ear),—"Go; oh, for the love of Heaven, go!" cry all Official people.

'Arnim, deaf to clamour, but steadily diligent in getting ready, does at last go; through the Lebus Suburb, quick march; steady, yet at his best step;—taking the Town-keys in his pocket, and leaving the Drawbridge up. One is sorry for poor Arnim and his 400 Militia; whose conduct was perfect, under difficulties and alarms; but proved unsuccessful. The terrified Magistrates, finding their Keys gone, and the conflagrative Russians at their gates, got blacksmiths on the instant; smote down, by chisel and mallet, the locked Drawbridge, smote open the Gates: "Enter, O gracious Sirs; and may Czarish Majesty have mercy on us!" So that Arnim had small start for marchers on foot; and was overtaken about half-way. Would not yield still, though the odds were overwhelming; drew himself out on the best ground discoverable; made hot resistance; hot and skilful; but in vain. About six in the evening, Arnim and Party were brought back, Prisoners, to Frankfurt again,—self, surviving men, cannons and all (self in a wounded state);—and "were locked in various Brewhouses"; little of careful surgery, I should fear. Poor Arnim; man could do no more; and he has been unfortunate.'

It is by no means our intention to describe the Iliad of miseries, the agitations, terrors and disquietudes, the tribulation and utter harrowing to despair, which poor Frankfurt underwent, incessantly from that day forward, for about five weeks to come. 'The furnishings of victual' (Russian stock quite out) 'were to an inconceivable amount; surrender of arms, of linens, cloths, of everything useful to a hungry Army; above all things, of horses, so that at last there were but four horses left in all Frankfurt; and'—But we must not go into details.

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'On the second day, besides all this,' what will be significant of it all, 'there was exacted "ransom of 600,000 thalers (90,000*l.*), or you shall be delivered to the Cossacks!" Frankfurt has not above 12,000 inhabitants within its bounds; here is a sudden poll-tax of 7*l.* 10*s.* per head. Frankfurt has not such a sum; the most rigorous collection did not yield above the tenth part of it. And more than once those sanguinary vagabonds were openly drawn out, pitch-link in hand: "The 90,000*l.* or—!' Civic-Presidency Office in Frankfurt was not a bed of roses. The poor Magistrates rushed distractedly about; wrung-out moneys to the last drop; moneys, and in the end plate from those that had it; went in tearful deputation to General Soltikof,—a severe proud kind of man, capable perhaps of being flattered,—who usually locked them up instead. Magistrates were locked in Russian ward, at one time, for almost a week; sat in the blazing sun; if you try for the shade of a tree, the sentry handles arms upon you;—and were like to die. To me, Kriele, it is a miracle how the most of us lived; nay, we never really wanted food, so kind was Providence, so generous our poor neighbours out of all the Towns round. The utmost of money that could be raised was 6,000*l.*; nothing but some little of plate, and our Bill for the remainder. Soltikof, a high kind of gentleman, saw at last how it stood; let the Magistrates out of ward; sent back the plate—"Nothing of that!" —nay, Czarish Majesty was herself generous; and *forgave* the Bill, on our petition, next Year. Cossacks, indeed, were a plunderous wild crew; but the Russians kept them mostly without the gates. The regular Russians were civil and orderly, officers and men,—greatly beyond the Austrians in behaviour.'[1] By these few traits conceive Frankfurt: this, now forgotten in most books, is a background on which things were transacted still memorable to everybody.

'Friday August 3d, General Loudon came to hand: arrived early, in the Guben' (or Western) 'Suburb, his 18,000 and he. In high spirits naturally, and somewhat exultant to have evaded Friedrich; but found a reception that surprised him. The Russians had been living in the hope of junction; but still more vividly in that of meal. "Auxiliaries; humph,—only 18,000 of them; how much welcomer had been as many hundredweights of meal!" Loudon had pushed his baggage direct into Frankfurt; and likewise a requisition of such and such proviants, weights of meal and the like, in exuberant amount, to be furnished straightway by the City: neither of which procedures would the Russians hear of for a moment. "Out with you!" said they roughly to the baggage-people: "quarter in the Guben Suburb, or where you like; not here!" And with regard to the requisition of proviant, they answered in a scornful angry key, "Proviant? You too without it? You have

[1] Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf*, pp. 1-15 (in compressed state).

not brought us meal, according to covenant; instead of meal, you bring us 18,000 new eaters, most of them on horseback,—Satan thank you! From Frankfurt be very certain *you* can get no ounce of meal; Frankfurt is our own poor meal-bag, dreadfully scanty: stay outside, and feed where and how you can!"

'All this, Loudon, though of hot temper easily capable of rising to the fierce point, had to endure in silence, for the common interest. Loudon's own table is furnished from Frankfurt; no other Austrian man's: all others have to shift how they can. Sad requisitioning needed, and sad plunder to supplement it: the Austrian behaviour was very bad, say the Frankfurters; "in particular, they had burnt gradually all the corn-mills in the country; within many miles not one mill standing when they left us,"—and four horses all the conveyance-power we had. Soltikof lodges in great pomp, much soldiery and cannon parading before his doors; not an undignified man, or an inhuman or essentially foolish, but very high in his ways, and distasteful to Austrian dignitaries.'

The Russian Army lies mainly across Oder; encamped on the Judenberg, and eastward there, along the Heights, near three miles, to Kunersdorf and beyond. They expect Friedrich at the gates of Frankfurt shortly; know well that they cannot defend Frankfurt. They calculate that Friedrich will attack them in their Judenberg Encampment, but hope they are nearly ready for him there. Loudon, from the Guben Suburb, will hasten across, at any moment;—welcome on such fighting occasion though ill-seen when the question is of eating! The Russians have their Wagenburg on an Island southward, farther up the River; they have three Pontoon Bridges leading thither, a free retreat should they be beaten. And in the mean while are intrenching themselves, as only Daun would,—cannon and redoubts all round those Heights; —and except it be screwing Frankfurt to do its impossible duty, and carting provender with all the horses except four, have not much farther to do but wait till the King come. Which will be speedily, it is probable!—

Wednesday August 8th, Russian and Austrian Generals, a cheerful party of them, had rendezvoused at *Fischers Mühle*; a Mill not yet burnt, and a pleasant Tavern as well; in one of the prettiest valleys in the Western Environs;—intending

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to dine there, and have a pleasant day. But the Miller's Boy runs-in upon them, wide-eyed, *Himmel und Erde*, Prussian Hussars!' It was in verity Prussian Hussars; the King of Prussia with them in person. He is come out reconnoitering, —the day after his arrival in those parts. The pleasuring Generals, Russian and Austrian, sprang to horseback at their swiftest,—hope of dinner gone futile, except to the intervening Prussian Hussars;—and would have all been captured, but for that Miller's Boy; whose Mill too was burnt before long. This gallop home of the undined Generals into Frankfurt was the first news we poor Frankfurters had of the King's arrival.

The King has been punctual to his reckoning: he picked-up Wedell at Müllrose,—not too cordial to Wedell's people: 'None of you speak to those beaten wretches,' ordered he; 'till perhaps they wipe-off their Züllichau stain!' On the 7th, Friedrich advanced to Frankfurt neighbourhood; took Camp between Wulkow and Lebus;—and has just been out reconnoitering. And has raised, fancy what emotion in poor Frankfurt lying under its nightmare! 'Next day, August 9th, from Wulkow-Lebus hand, we' of Frankfurt 'heard a great firing; cannon-salvoes, musket-volleys: "Nothing of fight," the Russian Officers told us; "it is the King of Prussia doing joy-fire for Minden," of which we till now knew nothing.'

Friedrich, on survey of this Russian-Austrian Army, some 90,000 in number, with such posts, artilleries, advantages, judges that he, counting only 40,000, is not strong enough. And, indeed, had so anticipated, and already judged; and, accordingly, has Finck on march hitherward again,—Berlin must take its risk, Saxony must shift for itself in the interim. Finck is due in two days,—not here at Lebus precisely, but at another place appointed; Finck will raise him to 50,000; and then business can begin! Contrary to Russian expectation, Friedrich does not attack Frankfurt; seems quite quiet in his cantonments;—he is quietly (if one knew it) making preparations farther down the River. About Reitwein,

between this and Cüstrin, there arrangements are proceeding, by no means of a showy sort.

The Russian-Austrian Army quits Frankfurt, leaving only some hundreds of garrison: Loudon moves across, Soltikof across; to the Oder-Dam and farther; and lie, powerfully intrenched, on those Kunersdorf Heights, and sandy Moorlands, which go eastward at right-angles to Oder-Dam. One of the strongest Camps imaginable. All round there, to beyond Kunersdorf and back again, near three miles each way, they have a ring of redoubts, and artillery without end. And lie there, in order of battle, or nearly so; ready for Friedrich, when he shall attack, through Frankfurt or otherwise. They face to the North (Reitwein way, as it happens); to their rear, and indeed to their front, only not so close, are woods and intricate wilds. Loudon has the left flank; that is to say, Loudon's left-hand is towards the Oder-Dam and Frankfurt; he lies at the *Rothe Vorwerk* ('Red Grange,' a Farmstead much mentioned just now); rather to north-westward of the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard (*Judenberg* and *Judenkirchof*, likewise much mentioned); and in advance of the general Mass.* Soltikof's headquarter, I rather understand, is on the right wing; probably in Kunersdorf itself, or beyond that Village; there, at least, our highly important Russian right wing is; there, elaborately fortified; and, half a mile farther, ends,—on the edge of steep dells; the Russian brink of which is strongly fringed with cannon, while beyond, on the farther brink, they have built an abatis: so making assurance doubly sure. Looking to the northward all these 90,000; their left rather southward of Frankfurt Bridge, over which Friedrich will probably arrive. Leftward, somewhat to rearward, they have bridges of their own; should anything sinister befall; three bridges which lead into that Oder Island, and the Russian Wagenburg there.

August 10th, Finck, punctual to time, arrives in the neigh-

[1] Map, p. 158.

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bourhood of Reitwein (which is some ten miles down-stream from Lebus, from Frankfurt perhaps fifteen); Friedrich, the same day, is there before him; eager to complete the Bridges, and get to business. One Bridge is of pontoons; one of 'Oder-boats floated up from Cüstrin.' Bridges are not begun till nightfall, lest eyes be abroad; are ready in the minimum of time. And so, during the same night of the 10th, all the Infantry, with their artilleries and Battle-furnitures, pour over in two columns; the Cavalry, at the due point of time, riding by a ford short way to the right. And at four, in the grey of the August morning (Saturday 11th August 1759), all persons and things find themselves correctly across: ranked there, in those barren, much-indented 'Pasture-grounds of Göritz' or of Œtscher;* intending towards Kunersdorf; ready for unfolding into order of battle there. They leave their heavy baggage at Göritz, Wunsch to guard the Bridges and it; and, in succinct condition, are all under way. At one in the afternoon we are got to Leissow and Bischofsee; scrubby hamlets (as the rest all are), not above two miles from Kunersdorf. The August day is windless, shiny, sultry; man and horse are weary with the labours, and with the want of sleep: we decide to bivouack here, and rest on the scrubby surface, heather or whatever it is, till to-morrow.

Finck is Vanguard, ahead short way, and with his left on a bit of lake or bog; the Army is in two lines, with its right on Leissow, and has Cavalry in the kind of wood which there is to rear. Friedrich, having settled the positions, rides out reconnoitering; hither, thither, over the Heights of Trettin. 'The day being still hot, he suffers considerably from thirst' (it is our one Anecdote), 'in that arid tract: at last a Peasant does bring him, direct from the fountain, a jug of pure cold water; whom, lucky man, the King rewarded with a thaler; and not only so, but, the man being intelligent of the localities, took with him to answer questions.' Readers too may desire to gain some knowledge of the important ground now under survey.

* Map, p. 158.

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'Frankfurt, a very ancient Town, not a very beautiful,' says my Note, 'stands on an alluvium which has been ground-down from certain clay Hills on the left bank of Oder. It counted about 12,000 inhabitants in Friedrich's time; has now perhaps about 20,000; not half the bulk of its namesake on the Mayn; but with Three great Fairs annually, and much trade of the rough kind. On this left or west bank of Oder the country is arable, moderately grassy and umbrageous, the prospect round you not unpleasant; but eastward, over the River, nothing can be more in contrast. Oder is of swift current, of turbid colour, as it rolls under Frankfurt Bridge,—Wooden Bridge, with Dam Suburb at the end;—a River treeless, desolate, as you look up and down; which has, evidently, often changed its course, since grinding down that alluvium as site for Frankfurt; and which, though now holding mainly to northward, is still given to be erratic, and destructive on the eastern low grounds,—had not the Frankfurters built an "Oder-Dam" on that side; a broad strong Earth-mound, running for many miles, and confining its floods. Beyond the Dam there are traces of an "Old Oder (*Alte Oder*)"; and, in fact, Oder, in primeval and in recent time, has gone along, many-streamed; indenting, quarrying, leaving lakelets, quagmires, miscellaneous sandy tumult, at a great rate, on that eastern shore. Making of it one of the unloveliest scenes of chaotic desolation anywhere to be met with;—fallen unlovelier than ever in our own more recent times.

'What we call the Heights of Kunersdorf is a broad Chain of Knolls; coming out, at right-angles, or as a kind of spur, from the eastern high grounds; direct towards Oder and Frankfurt. Mill-Hill (*Mühlberg*) is the root or easternmost part of this spur. From the Mühlberg, over Kunersdorf, to Oder-Dam, which is the whole length of the spur, or Chain of Knolls, will be little short of four miles; the breadth of the Chain is nowhere one mile,—which is its grand defect as a Camp: "too narrow for manœuvring in." Here, atop and on the three sides of this Block of Knolls, was fought the furious Battle of Kunersdorf' (to be fought tomorrow), 'one of the most furious ever known. A Block of Knolls memorable ever since.

'To all appearance, it was once some big Island or chain of Islands in the Oder deluges: it is still cut with sudden hollows,—*Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow), *Tiefe Weg* (Deep Way), and westernmost of all, and most important for us here, *Hohle Grund* (Big Hollow, let us call it; "*Loudon's* Hollow" people subsequently called it);—and is everywhere strangely tumbled-up into knolls blunt or sharp, the work of primeval Oder in his rages. In its highest knolls,—of which let readers note specially the Spitzberg, the Mühlberg, the Judenberg,—it rises nowhere to 150 feet; perhaps the general height of it may be about 100. On each side of it, especially on the north, the Country is of most intricate character:

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bushy, scraggy, with brooklets or muddy oozings wandering about, especially with a thing called the *Hünerfliess* (Hen-Floss), which springs in the eastern woods, and has inconceivable difficulty to get into Oder,—if it get at all! This was a sore Floss to Friedrich tomorrow. Hen-Floss struggles, painfully meandering and oozing, along the northern side (sometimes close, sometimes not) of our Chain of Knolls: along the south side of it (in our time, through the middle of it) goes the Highway to Reppen' ('From that Highway will his attack come!' thought the Russians, always till today): 'on the north, to Leissow, to Trettin,' where Friedrich is now on survey, 'go various wheel-tracks, but no firm road. A most intricate unlovely Country. Withered bent-grasses, heath, perhaps gorse, and on both sides a great deal of straggling Forest-wood, reaching eastward, and especially southward, for many miles.

'For the rest,' to our ill-luck in this place, 'the Battlefield of Kunersdorf has had a peculiar fate in the world; that of being blown-away by the winds! The then scene of things exists no longer; the descriptions in the Old Books are gone hopelessly irrecognisable. In our time, there is not anywhere a tract more purely of tumbled sand, than all this between Kunersdorf and Dam Vorstadt; and you judge, without aid of record or tradition, that it is greatly altered for the worse since Friedrich's time,—some rabbit-colony, or other the like insignificancy, eating-out the roots, till all vegetation died, and the wind got hold and set it dancing;—and that, in 1759, when Russian human beings took it for a Camp, it must have been at least coherent, more or less; covered, held together by some film of scrubby vegetation; not blowing about in every wind as now! Kunersdorf stands with its northern end pushed into that *Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow); which must then have been a grassy place. Eastward of Kunersdorf the ground has still some skin of peat, and sticks together: but westward, all that three miles, it is a mere tumult of sand-hills, tumbled about in every direction (so diligent have the conies been, and then the winds); no gullet, or definite cut or hollow, now traceable anywhere, but only an endless imbroglio of twisted sand-heaps and sand-hollows, which continually alter in the wind-storms. Sand wholly, and,—except the strong paved Highway that now runs through it (to Reppen, Meseritz and the Polish Frontier, and is strongly paved till it get through Kunersdorf),—chaotic wholly; a scene of heaped barrenness and horror, not to be matched but in Sahara; the features of the Battle quite blown away, and indecipherable in our time.

'A hundred years ago, it would have some tattered skin,—of peat, of heather and dwarf whins, with the sand cropping-out only here and there. So one has to figure it in Soltikof's day,—before the conies ruined it. Which was not till within the last sixty years, as appears. Kriele's

Book (in 1801) still gives no hint of change: the *Kuhgrund*, which now has nothing but dry sand for the most industrious ruminant, is still a place of succulence and herbage in Kriele's time; "Deep Way," where "at one point two carts could not pass," was not yet blown out of existence, but has still "a Well in it" for Kriele; *Hohle Grund* (since called Loudon's Hollow), with the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard beyond, seem tolerable-enough places to Kriele. Probably not unlike what the surrounding Country still is. A Country of poor villages, and of wild ground, flat generally, and but tolerably green; with lakelets, bushes, scrubs, and intricate meandering little runlets and oozelets; and in general with more of Forest so-called than now is:—this is Kunersdorf Chain of Knolls; Soltikof's Intrenched Camp at present; destined to become very famous in the world, after lying so long obscure under Oder and its rages.'[1]

From the Knolls of Trettin, that Saturday afternoon, Friedrich takes view of the Russian Camp. All lying bright enough there; from Mühlberg to Judenberg, convenient to our glass; between us and the evening Sun. Batteries most abundant, difficulties great: Soltikof just ahead here, 72,000; Loudon at the Red Grange yonder, on their extreme left, with 18,000 more. An uncommonly strong position for 90,000 against 50,000. One thing strikes Friedrich. On front in this northern side, close by the base of the Russian Camp, runs,—for the present away *from* Oder, but intending to join it elsewhere,—a paltry little Brook, 'Hen-Floss' so-called, with at least two successive Mills on it (*Kleine Mühle*, *Grosse Mühle*); and on the northern shore of it, spilling itself out into a wet waste called *Elsbruch* (Alder Waste), which is especially notable to Friedrich. *Alder* Waste? Watery, scrubby; no passage there, thinks Friedrich; which his Peasant with the water-jug confirms. 'Tell me, however,' inquires Friedrich, with strictness, 'From the Red Grange yonder, where General Loudon is, if you wished to get over to the *Hohle Grund*, or to the Judenberg, would you cross that Hen-Floss?' 'It is not crossable, your Majesty; one has to go round quite westward by the Dam.' 'What, from Rothe Vorwerk to Big Hollow, no passage, say you; no

[1] *Tourist's Note* (Autumn 1852).

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crossing?' 'None, your Majesty,' insists the Peasant;—who is not aware that the Russians have made one of firm trestles and logs, and use it daily for highway there; an error of some interest to Friedrich within the next twenty-four hours!

Friedrich himself does not know this bit of ground: but there is with him, besides the Peasant, a Major Linden, whose Regiment used to lie in Frankfurt, of whom Friedrich makes minute questioning. Linden answers confidently; has been over all this tract a hundred times; 'but knows it only as a hunter,' says Tempelhof,[1] 'not as a soldier,' which he ought to have done. His answers are supposed to have misled Friedrich on various points, and done him essential damage.

Friedrich's view of the case, that evening, is by no means so despondent as might be imagined: he regards the thing as difficult, not as impossible,—and one of his anxieties is, that he be not balked of trying it straightway. Retiring to his hut in Bischofsee, he makes two Dispositions, of admirable clearness, brevity, and calculated for two contingencies:[2] That of the enemy retaining his now posture; and That of the enemy making-off for Reppen;—which latter does not at all concern us, as matters turned! Of the former the course will unfold itself to us, in practice, shortly. At 2 A.M. Friedrich will be on foot again, at 3 on march again.—The last phenomenon, at Bischofsee this night, is some sudden glare of disastrous light rising over the woods:—'Russians burning Kunersdorf!' as neighbours are sorry to hear. That is the finale of much Russian rearranging and tumbling, this day; that barbarous burning of Kunersdorf, before going to bed. Tomorrow various other poor Villages got burnt by them, which they had better have left standing.

The Russians, on hearing that Friedrich was across at Göritz, and coming on them from the north side, not from Frankfurt by the Reppen Highway, were in great agitation. Not thrown into terror, but into manifold haste, knowing what hasty adversary there was. Endless readjustments they

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 186. [2] Given in Tempelhof, iii. 182, 183.

have to make; a day of tumultuous business with the Russians, this Saturday 11th, when the news reached them. 'They inverted their front' (say all the Books but Friedrich's own): 'Not coming by the Reppen Highway, then!' think they. And thereupon changed rear to front, as at Zorndorf, but more elaborately;—which I should not mention, were it not that hereby their late 'right wing on the Mühlberg' has, in strict speech, become their 'left,' and there is ambiguity and discrepancy in some of the Books, should any poor reader take to studying them on this matter. Changed their front; which involves much interior changing; readjusting of batteries and the like. That of burning Kunersdorf was the barbaric winding-up of all this: barbaric, and, in the military sense, absurd; poor Kunersdorf could have been burnt at any moment, if needful; and to the Russians the keeping of it standing was the profitable thing, as an impediment to Friedrich in his advance there. They have laid it flat and permeable; ashes all of it,—except the Church only, which is of stone; not so combustible, and may have uses withal. Has perhaps served as temporary lock-up, prison for the night, to some of those Frankfurt Deputations and their troublesome wailings; and may serve as temporary hospital tomorrow, who knows?

Readjustments in the Russian Camp were manifold: but these are as nothing, in the tumultuous business of the day. Carting of their baggage, every article of value, to that safe Wagenburg in the River; driving of cattle,—the very driving of cattle through Frankfurt, endless herds of them, gathered by the Cossacks from far and wide, 'lasted for four-and-twenty hours.' Oxen in Frankfurt that day were at the rate of ten shillings per head. Often enough you were offered a full-grown young steer for a loaf of bread; nay, the Cossacks, when there was absolutely no bidder, would slaughter down the animal, leave its carcase in the streets, and sell the hide for a *tympf*,—fivepence (very bad silver at present). Never before or since was seen in Frankfurt such a Saturday, for

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bellowing and braying, and raging and tumulting, all through the day and through the night; ushering-in such a Sunday too!

Sunday about 3 in the morning, Friedrich is on march again,—Russians still in their place; and Disposition *First*, not *Second* at all, to be our rule of action! Friedrich, in Two Columns, marches off, eastward through the woods, as if for Reppen quite away from the Russians and their Mühlberg; but intending to circle round at the due point, and come down upon their right flank there (left flank, as he persists to call it), out of the woods, and clasp it in his arms in an impressive, unexpected way. In Two Columns; which are meant, as usual, to be the Two Lines of Battle: Seidlitz, with chosen Cavalry, is at the head of Column First, and will be Left Wing, were we on the ground; Eugen of Würtemberg, closing the rear of Column First, will, he, or Finck and he together, be Right Wing. That is the order of march;—order of *battle*, we shall find, had to alter itself somewhat, for reasons extremely valid!

Finck with his 12,000 is to keep his present ground; to have two good batteries got ready, each on its knoll ahead, which shall wait silent in the interim: Finck to ride-out reconnoitering, with many General Officers, and to make motions and ostentations; in a word, to persuade the Russians that here is the Main Army coming on from the north. All which Finck does; avoiding, as his orders were, any firing, or serious commencement of business, till the King reappear out of the woods. The Russians give Finck and his General Officers a cannon salvo, here and there, without effect, and get no answer. 'The King does not see his way, then, after all?' think the Russians. Their Cossacks go scouring about; on the southern side, 'burn Schwetig and Reipzig,' without the least advantage to themselves: most of the Cavalry, and a regiment or two of excellent Austrian Grenadiers, are with Loudon, near the Red Grange, in front of the Russian extreme left;—but will have stept over into Big Hollow at a moment of crisis!

The King's march, through the Forest of Reppen, was nothing like so expeditious as had been expected. There are thickets, intricacies, runlets, boggy oozes; indifferent to one man well mounted, but vitally important to 30,000 with heavy cannon to bring-on. Boggy oozings especially,—there is one dirty stream or floss (*Hünerfliess* Hen-Floss) which wanders dismally through those recesses, issuing from the far south, with dirty daughters dismally wandering into it, and others that cannot get into it (being of the late kind): these, in their weary, circling, recircling course towards Oder,—*Faule Laacke* (Foul Lake, *Lither-mere*, as it were), Foul Bridge, Swine's Nook (*Schweinebucht*), and many others,—occasion endless difficulty. Whether Major Linden was shot that day, or what became of him after, I do not know: but it was pity he had not studied the ground with a soldier's eye instead of a hunter's! Plumping suddenly, at last, upon Hen-Floss itself, Friedrich has to turn angularly; angularly, which occasions great delay: the heavy cannon (wall-guns brought from Cüstrin) have twelve horses each, and cannot turn among the trees, but have to be unyoked, reyoked, turned round by hand:—in short, it was eight in the morning before Friedrich arrived at the edge of the wood, on the Klosterberg, Walckberg, and other woody *Bergs* or knolls, within reach of Mühlberg, and behind the preliminary abatis there (abatis which was rather of service to him than otherwise);—and began privately building his batteries.

At eight o'clock he, with Column First, which is now becoming Line First (*centre* of Line first, if we reckon Finck as *right-wing*), is there; busy in that manner: Column Second, which was to have been Rear Line, is still a pretty way behind; and has many difficulties before it gets into Kunersdorf neighbourhood, or can (having wriggled itself into a kind of *left-wing*) coöperate on the Russian Position from the south side. On the north side, Finck has been ready these five hours.—Friedrich speeds the building of his batteries: 'Silent, too; the Russians have not yet noticed us!' By degrees the

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Russians do notice something; shoot-out Cossacks to reconnoitre. Cossacks in quantity; who are so insolent, and venture so very near, our gunners on the north battery give them a blast of satisfactory grape-shot; one and then another, four blasts in all, satisfactory to the gunner mind,—till the King's self, with a look, with a voice, came galloping: 'Silence, will you!' The Russians took no offence; still considering Finck to be the main thing, and Friedrich some scout party,—till at last,

Half-past eleven, everything being ready on the Walck Hill, Friedrich's batteries opened there, in a sudden and volcanic way. Volcanically answered by the Russians, as soon as possible; who have 72 guns on this Mühlberg, and are nothing loath. Upon whom Finck's battery is opening from the north, withal: Friedrich has 60 cannon hereabouts; on the Walckberg, on the *Little* Spitzberg (called *Seidlitz Hill* ever since); all playing diligently on the head and south shoulder of this Mühlberg: while Finck's battery opens on the north shoulder (could he but get near enough). Volcanic to a degree all these; nor are the Russians wanting, though they get more and more astonished: Tempelhof, who was in it, says he never, except at Torgau next Year, heard a louder cannonade. Loud exceedingly; and more or less appalling to the Russian imagination: but not destructive in proportion; the distance being too considerable,—'1,950 paces at the nearest,' as Tempelhof has since ascertained by measuring. Friedrich's two batteries, however, as they took the Russians in the flank or by enfilade, did good execution. 'The Russian guns were ill-pointed; the Russian batteries wrong-built; batteries so built as did not allow them sight of the Hollow they were meant to defend.'[1]

After above half an hour of this, Friedrich orders storm of the Mühlberg: Forward on it, with what of enfilading it has had! Eight grenadier Battalions, a chosen vanguard appointed for the work (names of Battalions all given, and deathless in

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 186, 187.

the Prussian War-Annals), tramp forth on this service: cross the abatis, which the Russian grenadoes have mostly burnt; down into the Hollow. Steady as planets; 'with a precision and coherency,' says Tempelhof, 'which even on the parade-ground would have deserved praises. Once well in the Hollow, they suffer nothing; though the blind Russian fire, going all over their heads, rages threefold': suffered nothing in the Hollow; nor till they reached almost the brow of the Mühlberg, and were within a hundred steps of the Russian guns. These were the critical steps, these final ones; such torrents of grape-shot and musket-shot and sheer death bursting out, here, at last, upon the Eight Battalions, as they come above ground. Who advanced, unwavering, all the faster,—speed one's only safety. They poured into the Russian gunners and musketry battalions one volley of choicest quality, which had a shaking effect; then, with level bayonets, plunge on the batteries: which are all empty before we can leap into them; artillerymen, musketeer battalions, all on wing; general whirlpool spreading. And so, in ten minutes, the Mühlberg and its guns are ours. Ever since Zorndorf, an idea had got abroad, says Tempelhof, that the Russians would die instead of yielding; but it proved far otherwise here. Down as far as Kunersdorf, which may be about a mile westward, the Russians are all in a whirl; at best hanging in tatters and clumps, their Officers struggling against the flight; 'mixed groups you would see huddled together a hundred men deep.' The Russian Left Wing is beaten: had we our cannon up here, our cavalry up here, the Russian Army were in a bad way!

This is a glorious beginning; completed, I think, as far almost as Kunersdorf by one o'clock: and could the iron continue to be struck while it is at white-heat as now, the result were as good as certain. That was Friedrich's calculation: but circumstances which he had not counted on, some which he could not count on, sadly retarded the matter. His Left Wing (Rear Line, which should now have been Left Wing) from southward, his Right Wing from northward, and Finck

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farther west, were now on the instant to have simultaneously closed upon the beaten Russians, and crushed them altogether. The Right Wing, conquerors of the Mühlberg, are here: but neither Finck nor the Left can be simultaneous with them. Finck and his artillery are much retarded with the Flosses and poor single Bridges; and of the Left Wing there are only some Vanguard Regiments capable of helping ('who drove-out the Russians from Kunersdorf Churchyard,' as their first feat), —no Main Body yet for a long while. Such impediments, such intricacies of bog and bush! The entire Wing does at last get to the south-east of Kunersdorf, free of the wood; but finds (contrary to Linden with his hunter eye) an intricate mesh-work of meres and straggling lakes, two of them in the burnt Village itself; no passing of these except on narrow isthmuses, which necessitate change of rank and re-change; and our Left Wing cannot, with all its industry, 'march up,' that is, arrive at the enemy in fighting line, without the painfulest delays.

And then the getting forward of our cannon! On the Mühlberg itself the seventy-two Russian guns, 'owing to difference of calibre,' or artillery-men know what, cannot be used by us: a few light guns, Tempelhof to one of them, a poor four in all, with perhaps 100 shot to each, did, by the King's order, hasten to the top of the Mühlberg; and never did Tempelhof see a finer chance for artillery than there. Soft sloping ground, with Russians simmering ahead of you, all the way down to Kunersdorf, a mile long: by horizontal pointing, you had such reboundings (*ricochets*); and carried beautiful execution! Tempelhof soon spent his hundred shots: but it was not at once that any of our sixty heavy guns could be got up thither. Twelve horses to each: fancy it, and what baffling delays here and elsewhere;—and how the Russian whirlpool was settling more and more, in the interim! And had, in part, settled; in part, got through to the rear, and been replaced by fresh troops!

Friedrich's activities, and suppressed and insuppressible

impatiences in this interval, are also conceivable, though not on record for us. The swiftest of men; tied down, in this manner, with the blaze of perfect victory ahead, were the moments *not* running out! Slower or faster, he thinks (I suppose), the victory is his; and that he must possess his soul till things do arrive. It was in one and more of those embargoed intervals that he wrote to Berlin [1] (which is waiting, as if for life or death, the issue of this scene, sixty miles distant): 'Russians beaten; rejoice with me!' Four successive couriers, I believe, with messages to that effect; and at last a Fifth with dolefully contrary news!—

In proportion as the cannon and other necessaries gradually got in, the Fight flamed-up from its embers more and more: and there ensued,—the Russians being now ranked again (fronting eastward now) 'in many lines,' and very fierce,—a second still deadlier bout; Friedrich furiously diligent on their front and right flank; Finck, from the Alder Waste, battering and charging (uphill, and under difficulties from those Flosses and single Bridges) on their left flank. This too, after long deadly efforts on the Prussian part, ended again clearly in their favour; their enemies broken a second time, and driven not only out of Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund, but some say almost to the foot of the Judenberg,—what can only be very partially true. Broken portions of the Russian left flank,—some of Finck's people, in their victorious wrath, may have chased these very far: but it is certain the general Russian mass rallied again a long way short of the Judenberg;—though, the ground being all obliterated by the rabbits and the winds, nobody can now know with exactitude where.

And indeed the Battle, from this point onwards, becomes blurred and confused to us, only its grosser features visible henceforth. Where the 'Big Spitzberg' was (so terribly important soon), nobody can now tell me, except from maps. Loudon's motions too are obscure, though important. I

[1] Preuss, ii. 212 *n.*

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believe his grenadiers had not yet been in the fire; but am certain they are now come out of Big Hollow; fresh for the rescue; and have taken front rank in the Second Rally that is made. Loudon's Cavalry Loudon himself has in hand, and waits with them in a fit place. He has 18,000 fresh men; and an eye like few others on a field of war. Loudon's 18,000 are fresh: of the Prussians that can by no means be said. I should judge it must be 3 of the afternoon. The day is windless, blazing; one of the hottest August days; and 'nobody, for twelve hours past, could command a drink of water': very fresh the poor Prussians cannot be! They have done two bouts of excellent fighting; tumbled the Russians well back, stormed many batteries; and taken in all 180 cannon.

At this stage, it appears, Finck and many Generals, Seidlitz among the others, were of opinion that, in present circumstances, with troops so tired, and the enemy nearly certain to draw-off, if permitted, here had been enough for one day, and that there ought to be pause till tomorrow. Friedrich knew well the need of rest; but Friedrich, impatient of things half-done, especially of Russians half-beaten, would not listen to this proposal; which was reckoned upon him as a grave and tragic fault, all the rest of his life; though favourable judges, who were on the ground, Tempelhof for one,[1] are willing to prove that pausing here,—at the point we had really got to, a little beyond the Kuhgrund, namely; and not a couple of miles westward, at the foot of the Jew Hill, where vague rumour puts us,—was not feasible or reasonable. Friedrich considers with himself, 'Our left wing has hardly yet been in fire!'—calls-out the entire left wing, foot and horse: these are to emerge from their meshwork of Lakes about Kunersdorf, and bear a hand along with us on the Russian front here,—especially to sweep-away that raging Battery they have on the Big Spitzberg, and

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 194.

make us clear of it. The Big Spitzberg lies to south and ahead of the Russian right as now ranked; fatally covers their right flank, and half ruins the attack in front. Big Spitzberg is blown irrecognisable in our time; but it was then an all-important thing.

The left-wing Infantry thread their lake-labyrinth, the soonest possible; have to rank again on the hither side, under a tearing fire from that Spitzberg; can then at last, and do, storm onwards, upwards; but cannot, with their best efforts, take the Spitzberg: and have to fall back under its floods of tearing case-shot, and retire out of range. To Friedrich's blank disappointment: 'Try it you, then, Seidlitz; you saved us at Zorndorf!' Seidlitz, though it is an impossible problem to storm batteries with horse, does charge-in for the Russian flank, in spite of its covering battery: but the torrents of grape-shot are insufferable; the Seidlitz people, torn in gaps, recoil, whirl round, and do not rank again till beyond the Lakes of Kunersdorf. Seidlitz himself has got wounded, and has had to be carried away.

And, in brief, from this point onwards all goes aback with the Prussians more and more. Repeated attempts on that Spitzberg battery prove vain; to advance without it is impossible. Friedrich's exertions are passionate, almost desperate; rallying, animating, new-ordering; everywhere in the hottest of the fire. 'Thrice he personally led-on the main attack.' He has had two horses shot-down under him; mounting a third, this too gets a bullet in an artery of the neck, and is about falling, when two Adjutants save the King. In his waistcoat-pocket some small gold case (*étui*) has got smitten flat by a bullet, which would otherwise have ended matters. The people about him remonstrate on such exposure of a life beyond value; he answers curtly, 'We must all of us try every method here, to win the Battle: I, like every other, must stand to my duty here!' These, and a second brief word or two farther on, are all of articulate that we hear from him this day.

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Friedrich's wearied battalions here on the Heights, while the Spitzberg to left goes so ill, fight desperately; but cannot prevail farther; and in spite of Friedrich's vehement rallyings and urgings, gradually lose ground,—back at last to Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund again. The Loudon grenadiers, and masses of fresh Russians, are not to be broken, but advance and advance. Fancy the panting death-labours, and spasmodic toilings and bafflings, of those poor Prussians and their King! Nothing now succeeding; the death-agony now come; all hearts growing hopeless; only one heart still seeing hope. The Spitzberg is impossible; tried how often I know not. Finck, from the Alder Waste, with his Infantry, attacks, and again attacks; without success: 'Let the Cavalry go round, then, and try there. Seidlitz we have not; you Eugen of Würtemberg lead them!' Eugen leads them (cuirassiers, or we will forget what); round by the eastern end of the Mühlberg; then westward, along the Alder Waste; finally southward, against the Russian flank, himself foremost, and at the gallop for charging:—Eugen, 'looking round, finds his men all gone,' and has to gallop the other way, gets wounded to boot. Puttkammer, with Hussars, then tried it; Puttkammer was shot dead, and his Hussars too could do nothing.

Back, slowly back, go the Prussians generally, nothing now succeeds with them. Back to the Kuhgrund again; fairly over the steep brow there; the Russians serrying their ranks atop, rearranging their many guns. There, once more, róse frightful struggle; desperate attempt by the foredone Prussians to retake that Height. 'Lasted fifteen minutes, line to line not fifty yards asunder'; such musketry,—our last cartridges withal. Ardent Prussian parties trying to storm up; few ever getting to the top, none ever standing there alive one minute. This was the death-agony of the Battle. Loudon, waiting behind the Spitzberg, dashes forward now, towards the Kuhgrund and our Left Flank. At sight of which a universal feeling shivers through the Prussian heart, 'Hope ended, then!'—and their solid ranks rustle

everywhere; and melt into one wild deluge, ebbing from the place as fast as it can.

It is towards six o'clock; the sweltering Sun is now fallen low and veiled; grey evening sinking over those wastes; '*N'y a-t-il donc pas un bougre de boulet qui puisse m'atteindre* (Is there not one b— of a ball that can reach me, then)?' exclaimed Friedrich, in his despair. Such a day he had never thought to see. The pillar of the State, the Prussian Army itself, gone to chaos in this manner. Friedrich still passionately struggles, exhorts, commands, entreats even with tears, 'Children, don't forsake me, in this pinch (*Kinder, verlasset heute mich, euren König, euren Vater, nicht*)!'[1]—but all ears are deaf. On the Mühlberg one regiment still stood by their guns, covering the retreat. But the retreat is more and more a flight; 'no Prussian Army was ever seen in such a state.' At the Bridges of that Hen-Floss, there was such a crowding, all our guns got jammed; and had to be left, 165 of them of various calibre, and the whole of the Russian 180 that were once in our hands. Had the chase been vigorous, this Prussian Army had been heard of no more. But beyond the Mühlberg, there was little or no pursuit; through the wood the Army, all in chaos, but without molestation otherwise, made for its Oder Bridges by the way it had come.[2]

Friedrich was among the last to quit the ground. He seemed stupefied by the excess of his emotions; in no haste to go; uncertain whether he would go at all. His Adjutants were about him, and a small party of Ziethen Hussars under Captain Prittwitz. Wild swarms of Cossacks approached the place, '*Prittwitz, ich bin verloren* (Prittwitz, I am lost)!' remarked he. '*Nein, Ihro Majestät!*' answered Prittwitz with enthusiasm; charged fiercely, he and his few, into the

[1] Kriele, p. 169.

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 179-200; Retzow, ii. 80-115: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 589-598, *Bericht von der am* 12 *August* 1759 *bey Kunersdorf vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Official); and *Ibid.*, 598-603, *Beschreibung der etc.* (by a Private Hand): lucidly accurate both.

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swarms of Cossacks; cut them about, held them at bay, or sent them elsewhither, while the Adjutants seized Friedrich's bridle, and galloped off with him. At Œtscher and the Bridges, Friedrich found of his late Army not quite 3,000 men. Even Wunsch is not there till next morning. Wunsch with his Party had, early in the afternoon, laid hold of Frankfurt, as ordered; made the garrison prisoners, blocked the Oder Bridge; poor Frankfurt tremulously thanking Heaven for him, and for such an omen. In spite of their Wagenburg and these Pontoon-Bridges, it appears, there would have been no retreat for the Russians except into Wunsch's cannon: Wagenburg way, latish in the afternoon, there was such a scramble of runaways and retreating baggage, all was jammed into impassability; scarcely could a single man get through. In case of defeat, the Russian Army would have had no chance but surrender or extermination.[1] At dark, however, Wunsch had summons, so truculent in style, he knew what it meant; and answering in words peremptorily, 'No' with a like emphasis, privately got ready again, and at midnight disappeared. Got to Reitwein without accident.

Friedrich found at Œtscher nothing but huts full of poor wounded men, and their miseries and surgeries;—he took shelter, himself, in a hut 'which had been plundered by Cossacks' (in the past days), but which had fewer wounded than others, and could be furnished with some bundles of dry straw. Kriele has a pretty Anecdote, with names and particulars, of two poor Lieutenants, who were lying on the floor, as he entered this hut. They had lain there for many hours; the Surgeons thinking them desperate; which Friedrich did not. '*Ach Kinder*, Alas, children, you are badly wounded, then?' '*Ja*, your Majesty: but how goes the Battle?' (Answer evasive on this point): 'Are you bandaged, though? Have you been let blood?' '*Nein, Euer Majestät, kein Teufel will*

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 194: in Retzow (ii. 110) is some dubious traditionary stuff on the matter.

uns verbinden (Not a devil of them would bandage us)!' Upon which there is a Surgeon instantly brought; reprimanded for neglect: 'Desperate, say you? These are young fellows; feel that hand, and that; no fever there: Nature in such cases does wonders!' Upon which the leech had to perform his function; and the poor young fellows were saved, —and did new fighting, and got new wounds, and had Pensions when the War ended.[1] This appears to have been Friedrich's first work in that hut at Œtscher. Here next is a Third Autograph to Finckenstein, written in that hut, probably the first of several Official things there:

The King to Graf von Finckenstein (at Berlin): Third Note

Œtscher, '12th August' 1759.

'I attacked the Enemy this morning about eleven; we beat him back to the *Judenkirchhof* (Jew Churchyard,'—a mistake, but now of no moment), 'near Frankfurt. All my troops came into action, and have done wonders. I reassembled them three times; at length, I was myself nearly taken prisoner; and we had to quit the Field. My coat is riddled with bullets, two horses were killed under me;—my misfortune is, that I am still alive. Our loss is very considerable. Of an Army of 48,000 men, I have, at this moment while I write, not more than 3,000 together; and am no longer master of my forces. In Berlin you will do well to think of your safety. It is a great calamity; and I will not survive it: the consequences of this Battle will be worse than the Battle itself. I have no resources more; and, to confess the truth, I hold all for lost. I will not survive the destruction of my Country. Farewell forever (*Adieu pour jamais*).— F.'[2]

Another thing, of the same tragic character, is that of handing-over this Army to Finck's charge. Order there is to Finck of that tenor: and along with it the following notable Autograph,—a Friedrich taking leave both of Kingship and of life. The Autograph exists; but has no date,—date of the Order would probably be still *Œtscher, 12th August*; date of the Autograph, *Reitwein* (across the River), next day.

[1] Kriele, pp. 169, 170; and in all the Anecdote-Books.

[2] In orig. '*ce* 12,' no other date (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 306).

Friedrich to Lieut.-General Finck (at Œtscher or Reitwein)

'General Finck gets a difficult commission; the unlucky Army which I give-up to him is no longer in condition to make head against the Russians. Haddick will now start for Berlin, perhaps Loudon too; if General Finck go after these, the Russians will fall on his rear; if he continue on the Oder, he gets Haddick on his flank (*so krigt er den Hadek diss Seit*):—however, I believe, should Loudon go for Berlin, he might attack Loudon, and try to beat him: this, if it succeeded, would be a stand against misfortune, and hold matters up. Time gained is much, in these desperate circumstances. The news from Torgau and Dresden, Cöper my Secretary (*Cöper mein Segreter,*' kind of lieutenant to Eichel[1]) 'will send him. You (*Er*) must inform my Brother' (Prince Henri) 'of everything; whom I have declared Generalissimo of the Army. To repair this bad luck altogether is not possible: but what my Brother shall command, must be done:—the Army swears to my Nephew' (King henceforth).

'This is all the advice, in these unhappy circumstances, I am in a condition to give. Had I still had resources, I would have stayed by them (*so wehre ich darbei geblieben*).— FRIEDRICH.'[2]

All this done, the wearied Friedrich flung himself into his truss of dry straw; and was seen sound asleep there, a single sentry at the door, by some high Generals that ventured to look in. On the morrow he crossed to Reitwein; by tomorrow night there had 23,000 of his fugitives come in to him;—but this is now to be Finck's affair, not his! That day, too (for the Paper seems to be misdated), he signed, and despatched to Schmettau, Commandant in Dresden, a Missive, which proved more fatal than either of the others; and brought, or helped to bring, very bitter fruits for him, before long:

To Lieutenant-General von Schmettau (at Dresden)

'Reitwein, 14th' (probably 13th) 'August 1759.

'You will perhaps have heard of the Check' (*l'Echec*, Kunersdorf, to wit!) 'I have met with from the Russian Army on the 13th' (12th, if you had the Almanac at hand) 'of this month. Though at bottom our affairs

[1] See Preuss, i. 349, iii. 442.

[2] Exact Copy, two exact Copies, in *Preuss* (i. 450, and again, ii. 215).

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in regard to the Enemy here are not desperate, I find I shall not now be able to make any detachment for your assistance. Should the Austrians attempt anything against Dresden, therefore, you will see if there are means of maintaining yourself; failing which, it will behove you to try and obtain a favourable Capitulation,—to wit, Liberty to withdraw, with the whole Garrison, Moneys, Magazines, Hospital and all that we have at Dresden, either to Berlin or elsewhither, so as to join some Corps of my Troops.

'As a fit of illness' (*maladie*, alas!) 'has come on me,—which I do not think will have dangerous results,—I have for the present left the command of my Troops to Lieutenant-General von Finck; whose Orders you are to execute as if coming to you directly from myself. On this I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy keeping.— F.'[1]

At Berlin, on this 13th,—with the Five Couriers, coming in successively (and *not* in the order of their despatch, but the fatal Fifth arriving some time *ahead* of the Fourth, who still spoke of progress and victory),—there was such a day as Sulzer (*ach, mein lieber Sulzer!*) had never seen in the world. '"Above 50,000 human beings on the Palace Esplanade and streets about"; swaying hither and thither, in agony of expectation, in alternate paroxysm of joy and of terror and woe; often enough the opposite paroxysms simultaneous in the different groups, and men crushed-down in despair met by men leaping into the air for very gladness:' Sulzer (whose sympathy is of very æsthetic type) 'would not, for any consideration, have missed such a scene.'[2] The 'scene' is much obliged to you, *mein Lieber!*—

Practically we find, in Rödenbeck, or straggling elsewhere, this Note: 'On the day after Kunersdorf, Queen and Court fly to Magdeburg: this is their second flight. Their first was on Haddick's Visit, October 1757; but after Rossbach they soon returned, and Berlin and the Court were then extremely gay: different Gentlemen, French and others of every Nation, fallen prisoners, made the Queen's soirées the finest in the world for splendour and variety, at that time.'[3]

One other Note we save, for the sake of poor Major Kleist, 'Poet of the Spring,' as he was then called. A valiant, punctual Soldier, and with a turn for Literature as well; who wrote really pleasant fine things, new at that time and rapturously welcome, though too much in the sentimental vein for the times which have followed. Major Kleist,—there is a General Kleist, a Colonel Kleist of the Green Hussars

[1] Preuss, ii. *Urkundenbuch*, p. 43.

[2] *Briefe der Schweitzer Bodmer, Sulzer, Gessner; aus Gleim's literärischen Nachlasse: herausgegeben von Wilhelm Korte* (Zürich, 1804), pp. 316-319.

[3] Rödenbeck, i. 390; etc. etc.

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(called *Grüne* Kleist, a terrible cutting fellow):—this is not Grüne Kleist; this is the Poet of *The Spring*; whose fate at Kunersdorf made a tragic impression in all intelligent circles of Teutschland. Here is Kriele's Note (abridged):

'Christian Ewald von Kleist, "Poet of the Spring"' (a Pommern gentleman, now in his forty-fourth year), 'was of Finck's Division; had come-on, after those Eight Battalions took the first Russian battery' (that is, Mühlberg); 'and had been assisting, with zeal, at the taking of three other batteries, regardless of twelve contusions, which he gradually got. At the third battery, he was farther badly hurt on the left arm and the right. Took his Colonel's place nevertheless, whom he now saw fall; led the regiment *muthig* forward on the fourth battery. A case-shot smashed his right leg to pieces; he fell from his horse' (hour not given, shall we say 3 P.M.); 'sank, exclaiming: "*Kinder*, My children, don't forsake your King!" and fainted there. Was carried to rear and leftward; laid-down on some dry spot in the Elsbruch, not far from the Kuhgrund, and a Surgeon brought. The Surgeon, while examining, was torn-away by case-shot: Kleist lay bleeding without help. A friend of his, Pfau' (who told Kriele), 'one of Finck's Generals, came riding that way: Kleist called to him; asked how the Battle went; uncommonly glad to hear we are still progressive. Pfau undertook, and tried his utmost, for a carriage to Kleist; did send one of Finck's own carriages; but after such delays that the Prussians were now yielding: poor Kleist's had become Russian ground, and the carriage could not get in.

'Kleist lay helpless; no luck worse than his. In the evening, Cossacks came round him; stript him stark-naked; threw him, face foremost, into the nearest swampy place, and went their way. One of these devils had something so absurd and Teniers-like in the face of him, that Kleist, in his pains, could not help laughing at remembrance of it. In the night some Russian Hussars, human and not Cossack, found Kleist in this situation; took him to a dry place; put a cloak over him, kindled a watch-fire for themselves, and gave him water and bread. Towards morning they hastened away, throwing an *8-groschen-stück*' (ninepenny piece, shilling, say half-crown) 'on his cloak,—with human farewell. But Cossacks again came; again stript him naked and bare. Towards noon of the 13th, Kleist contrived to attract some Russian Cavalry troop passing that way, and got speech of the Captain (one Fackelberg, a German); who at once set about helping him;—and had him actually sent into Frankfurt, in a carriage, that evening. To the House of a Professor Nikolai; where was plenty of surgery and watchful affection. After near thirty hours of such a lair, his wounds seemed still curable; there was hope for ten days. In the tenth night (22d-23d August), the

shivered pieces of bone disunited themselves; cut an artery,—which, after many trials, could not be tied. August 24th, at two in the morning, he died.—Great sorrow. August 26th, there was soldier's funeral; poor Kleist's coffin borne by twelve Russian grenadiers; very many Russian Officers attending, who had come from the Camp for that end; one Russian Staff-Officer of them unbuckling his own sword to lay on the bier, as there was want of one. King Friedrich had Kleist's Portrait hung in the Garnison Kirche. Freemason Lodge, in 1788, set-up a monument to him,'[1]—which still stands on the Frankfurt pavement, and is now in sadly ruinous state.

The Prussian loss, in this Battle, was, besides all the cannon and field-equipages: 6,000 killed, 13,000 wounded (of which latter, 2,000 badly, who fell to the Russians as prisoners); in all, about 19,000 men. Nor was the Russian loss much lighter; of Russians and Austrians together, near 18,000, as Tempelhof counts: 'which will not surprise your Majesty,' reports Soltikof to his Czarina; 'who are aware that the King of Prussia sells his defeats at a dear rate.' And privately Soltikof was heard to say, 'Let me fight but another such Victory, and I may go to Petersburg with the news of it myself, with the staff in my hand.' The joy at Petersburg, striving not to be braggart or immodest, was solemn, steady and superlative: a great feat indeed for Russia, this Victory over such a King,—though a kind of grudge, that it was due to Loudon, dwelt, in spite of Loudon's politic silence on that point, unpleasantly in the background. The chase they had shamefully neglected. It is said, certain Russian Officers, who had charge of that business, stept into a peasant's cottage to consult on it; contrived somehow to find tolerable liquor there; and sat drinking instead.[2]

[1] Kriele, pp. 39-43.

[2] Preuss, ii. 217.

CHAPTER V

SAXONY WITHOUT DEFENCE: SCHMETTAU SURRENDERS DRESDEN

FRIEDRICH'S despair did not last quite four days. On the fourth day,—day after leaving Reitwein,—there is this little Document, which still exists, of more comfortable tenor: 'My dear Major-General von Wunsch,—Your Letter of the 16th to Lieutenant-General von Finck punctually arrived here: and for the future, as I am now recovered from my illness, you have to address your Reports directly to Myself.—F.'[1] Finding that, except Tottleben warily reconnoitring with a few Cossacks, no Russians showed themselves at Reitwein; that the Russians were encamping and intrenching on the Wine-Hills south of Frankfurt, not meaning anything immediate,—he took heart again; ranked his 23,000; sent for General Kleist from Pommern with his Anti-Swedish handful (leave the Swedes alone, as usual in time of crisis); considered that artilleries and furnishings could come to him from Berlin, which is but 60 miles; that there still lay possibility ahead, and that, though only a miracle could save him, he would try it to the very last.

A great relief, this of coming to oneself again! 'Till death, then;—rage on, ye elements and black savageries!' Friedrich's humour is not despondent, now or afterwards; though at this time it is very sad, very angry, and, as it were, scorning even to hope: but he is at all times of beautifully practical turn; and has, in his very despair, a sobriety of eyesight, and a fixed steadiness of holding to his purpose, which are of rare quality. His utterances to D'Argens, about

[1] 'Madlitz,' on the road to Fürstenwalde, '17th August': in Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse; eine historische Portrait-Skizze* (kind of *Lecture*, so let us call it, if again citing it; Lecture delivered, on Friedrich's Birthday, to Majesty and Staff-Officers as Audience, Berlin, 24th January 1855), p. 18.

this time and onward,—brief hints, spontaneous, almost unconscious,—give curious testimony of his glooms and moody humours. Of which the reader shall see something. For the present, he is in deep indignation with his poor Troops, among other miseries. 'Actual running away!' he will have it to be; and takes no account of thirst, hunger, heat, utter weariness and physical impossibility! This lasts for some weeks. But in general there is nothing of this injustice to those about him. In general, nothing even of gloom is manifested; on the contrary, cheerfulness, brisk hope, a strangely continual succession of hopes (mostly illusory);—though, within, there is traceable very great sorrow, weariness and misery. A fixed darkness, as of Erebus, is grown habitual to him; but is strictly shut up, little of it shown to others, or even, in a sense, to himself. He is as a traveller overtaken by the Night and its tempests and rain-deluges, but refusing to pause; who is wetted to the bone, and does not care farther for rain. A traveller grown familiar with the howling solitudes; aware that the Storm-winds do not pity, that Darkness is the dead Earth's Shadow:—a most lone soul of a man; but continually toiling forward, as if the brightest goal and haven were near and in view.

Once more the world was certain of Friedrich's ruin;—Friedrich himself we have seen certain of it, for some few desperate hours:—but the world and he, as had been repeatedly the world's case, were both disappointed. Intrinsically there could be little doubt but Friedrich's enemies might now have ruined him, had they been diligent about it. Now again, and now more than ever, they have the winning-post in sight. At small distance is the goal and purpose of all these four-years battlings and marchings, and ten-years subterranean plottings and intriguings. He himself says deliberately, 'They had only to give him the finishing stroke (*coup-de-grâce*).'[1] But they never gave him that stroke;

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 20.

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could not do it, though heartily desirous. Which was, and is, matter of surprise to an observant public.

The cause of failure may be considered to have been, in good part, Daun and his cunctations. Daun's zeal was unquestionable; ardent and continual is Daun's desire to succeed: but to try it at his own risk was beyond his power. He expected always to succeed by help of others: and to show them an example, and go vigorously to work himself, was what he never could resolve on. Could play only Fabius Cunctator, it would seem; and never was that part less wanted than now! Under such a Chief Figure, the 'incoherency of action,' instead of diminishing, as Friedrich had feared, rose daily towards its maximum; and latterly became extreme. The old Lernean Hydra had many heads; but they belonged all to one body. The many heads of this Anti-Friedrich Hydra had withal each its own body, and separate set of notions and advantages. Friedrich was at least a unity; his whole strength going one way, and at all moments, under his own sole command. The value of this circumstance is incalculable; this is the saving-clause of Pitt and his England (Pitt also a despotic sovereign, though a temporary one); this, second only to Friedrich's great gifts from Nature, and the noble use he makes of them, is above all others the circumstance that saved him in such a duel with the Hydras.

On the back of Kunersdorf, accordingly, there was not only no finishing-stroke upon Friedrich, but for two months no stroke or serious attempt whatever in those neighbourhoods where Friedrich is. There are four Armies hereabouts: The Grand Russian, hanging by Frankfurt; Friedrich at Fürstenwalde (whitherward he marched from Reitwein August 16th), at Fürstenwalde or farther south, guarding Berlin;—then, unhurt yet by battle of any kind, there are the Grand Daunish or Mark-Lissa Army, and Prince Henri's of Schmöttseifen. Of which latter Two the hitchings and manœuvrings from time to time become vivid, and never

altogether cease; but in no case come to anything. Above two-months scientific flourishing of weapons, strategic counter-dancing; but no stroke struck, or result achieved, except on Daun's part irreparable waste of time:—all readers would feel it inhuman to be burdened with any notice of such things. One march of Prince Henri's, which was of a famous and decisive character, we will attend to, when it comes, that is, were the end of September at hand; the rest must be imagined as a general strategic dance in those frontier parts,—Silesia to rearward on one side, the Lausitz and Frankfurt on the other,—and must go on, silently for most part, in the background of the reader's fancy. Indeed, Saxony is the scene of action; Friedrich, Henri, Soltikof, Daun, comparitively inactive for the next six weeks and more.

Some days before Kunersdorf, Daun personally, with I will forget how many thousands, had made a move to northward from Mark-Lissa, 60 miles or so, through Sagan Country; and lies about Priebus, waiting there ever since. Priebus is some 40 miles north of Görlitz, about 60 west of Glogau, south of Frankfurt 80. This is where the Master-Smith, having various irons in the fire, may be handiest for clutching them out, and forging at them, as they become successively hot. Daun, as Master-Smith, has at least three objects in view. The *first* is, as always, Reconquest of Silesia: this is obstructed by Prince Henri, who sits, watchful on the threshold, at Schmöttseifen yonder. The *second* is, as last year, Capture of Dresden: which is much the more feasible at present,—there being, except the Garrisons, no Prussian force whatever in Saxony; and a Reichs Army now actually there at last, after its long haggling about its Magazines; and above all, a Friedrich with his hands full elsewhere. To keep Friedrich's hand's full,—in other words, to keep the Russians sticking to him,—that is the *third* object: or indeed we may call it the first, second, and third; for Daun is well aware that unless Soltikof can manage to keep Friedrich busy, Silesia, Saxony and all else becomes impossible.

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Ever since the fortunate junction of Loudon with Soltikof, Daun has sat, and still sits, expectant; elaborately calculative, gathering Magazines in different parts, planting outparties, this way, that way, with an eye to these three objects, all or each,—especially to the third object, which he discerns to be all *and* each. Daun was elaborately calculative with these views: but to try any military action, upon Prince Henri for example, or bestir himself otherwise than in driving provender forward, and marching detachments hither and thither to the potentially fit and fittest posts, was not in Daun's way,—so much the worse for Daun, in his present course of enterprise.

Prince Henri had lain quiet at Schmöttseifen, waiting his Brother's adventure; did not hear the least tidings of him till six days after Kunersdorf, and then only by rumour; hideous, and, though still dubious, too much of it probable! On the very day of Kunersdorf, Henri had begun effecting some improvements on his right flank,—always a sharply strategic, most expert creature,—and made a great many motions, which would be unintelligible here.[1] Henri feels now that upon him lies a world of duties; and foremost of all, the instant duty of endeavouring to open communication with his Brother. Many marches, in consequence; much intricate marching and manœuvring between Daun and him: of which, when we come to Henri's great march (of 25th September), there may be again some hint.

For the present, let readers take their Map, and endeavour to fix the following dates and localities in their mind. Here, in summary, are the King's various Marches, and Two successive Encampments, two only, during these Six Weeks of forced inaction, while he is obliged to stand watching the Russians, and to witness so many complicacies and disasters in the distance; which he struggles much and fruitlessly to hinder or help:

[1] Detailed, every fibre of them (as is the soul-confusing custom there), in Tempelhof, iii. 228 et seq.

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'*Encampment First* (Fürstenwalde, August 18th-30th). Friedrich left Reitwein *August 16th*; 17th, he is at Madlitz' (Note to Wunsch written there, which we read); '18th, to Fürstenwalde, and encamp. 'Fürstenwalde is on the Spree, straight between Frankfurt and Berlin; 25 miles from the former, 35 from the latter. Here for near a fortnight. At first, much in alarm about the Russians and Berlin; but gradually ascertaining that the Russians intend nothing.

'In effect, all this while Soltikof lay at Lossow, 10 miles south of Frankfurt, with his right on Oder; totally motionless, inactive, except listening, often rather gloomily, to Daun's and Montalembert's suasive eloquences and advices,—and once, August 22d, in the little Town of Guben, holding Conference with Daun' (of which by and by). 'In consequence of which, *August 28th*, Soltikof and his Russians and Austrians got under way again; southward, but only a few marches: first to Müllrose, then to Lieberose:—whom, the instant he heard of their movements, Friedrich, August 30th, hastened to follow; but had not to follow very far. Whereupon ensues

'*Encampment Second* (Waldau, till September 15th). *August 30th*, Friedrich, we say, rose from Fürstenwalde; hastened to follow this Russian movement, and keep within wind of it: up the valley of the Spree; first to Müllrose neighbourhood' (where the Russians, loitering some time, spoiled the canal-locks of the Friedrich-Wilhelm Canal, if nothing more),—'thence to Lieberose neighbourhood; Waldau, the King's new place of encampment,—Waldau, with Spree Forest to rear of it: silent both parties till September 15th, when Soltikof did fairly march, not towards Berlin, but quite in the opposite direction.'

By the middle of September, when the Russians did get on foot, and moved eastward; especially on and after September 25th, when Henri made his famous March westward; then it will behove us to return to Friedrich and these localities. For the present we must turn to Saxony, where, and not here, the scene of action is. Take, farther, only the following bits of Note, which will now be readable. First, these Utterances to D'Argens; direct glimpses into the heavy-laden, indeed hag-ridden and nearly desperate inner man of Friedrich, during the first three weeks after his defeat at Kunersdorf:

The King to Marquis D'Argens (at Berlin): Six Notes

1°. '*Madlitz*' (road from Reitwein to Fürstenwalde), '*16th August* 1759. We have been unfortunate, my dear Marquis; but not by my fault.

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The victory was ours, and would even have been a complete one, when our infantry lost patience, and at the wrong moment abandoned the field of battle. The enemy today is on march to Müllrose, to unite with Haddick' (not to Müllrose for ten days yet; Haddick had already got united with *them*). 'The Russian infantry is almost totally destroyed. Of my own wrecks, all that I have been able to assemble amounts to 32,000 men; with these I am pushing-on to throw myself across the enemy's road, and either perish or save the Capital. That is not what you' (you Berliners) 'will call a deficiency of resolution.

'For the event I cannot answer. If I had more lives than one, I would sacrifice them all to my Country. But if this stroke fail, I think I am clear-scores with her, and that it will be permissible to look a little to myself. There are limits to everything. I support my misfortune; courage not abated by it: but I am well resolved, after this stroke, if it fail, to open an outgate for myself' (that small glass tube which never quits me), 'and no longer be the sport of any chance.'

2°. *Fürstenwalde, 20th August.* * * 'Remain at Berlin, or retire to Potsdam; in a little while there will come some catastrophe; it is not fit that you suffer by it. If things take a good turn, you can be back to Berlin' (from Potsdam) 'in four hours. If ill-luck still pursue us, go to Hanover or to Zelle, where you can provide for your safety.

'I protest to you, that in this late Action I did what was humanly possible to conquer; but my people'—Oh, your Majesty!

3°. *Fürstenwalde, 21st August.* * * 'The enemy is intrenching himself near Frankfurt; a sign he intends no attempt. If you will do me the pleasure to come out hither, you can in all safety. Bring your bed with you; bring my Cook Noël; and I will have you a little chamber ready. You will be my consolation and my hope.'—

This day,—let readers mark the circumstance,—Friedrich, in better spirits, detaches Wunsch with some poor 6,000, to try if he can be of help in Saxony; where the Reichs Army, now arrived in force, and with nothing whatever in the field against them, is taking all the Northward Garrison-Towns, and otherwise proceeding at a high rate. Too possibly with an eye towards Dresden itself! Wunsch sets out August 21st.[1] And we shall hear of him in those Saxon Countries before long.

4°. *Fürstenwalde, 22d August.* 'Yesterday I wrote to you to come; but today I forbid it. Daun is at Kotbus; he is marching on Lüben and Berlin' (nothing like so rash!).—'Fly these unhappy Countries!—This news obliges me again to attack the Russians between here and Frankfurt. You may imagine if this is a desperate resolution. It is the sole hope that remains to me, of not being cut-off from Berlin on the one side or the other. I will give the discouraged troops some brandy'—

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 211.

alas !—'but I promise myself nothing of success. My one consolation is, that I shall die sword in hand.'

5°. *Same place and day* (after a Letter *from* D'Argens). 'You make the panegyric, *mon cher,* of an Army that does not deserve any. The soldiers had good limbs to run with, none to attack the enemy.' (Alas, your Majesty; after fifteen hours of such marching and fighting !)

'For certain I will fight; but don't flatter yourself about the event. A happy chance alone can help us. Go, in God's name, to Tangermünde' (since the Royal Family went, D'Argens and many Berliners are thinking of flight), 'to Tangermünde, where you will be well; and wait there how Destiny shall have disposed of us. I will go to reconnoitre the enemy tomorrow. Next day, if there is anything to do, we will try it. But if the enemy still holds to the Wine-Hills of Frankfurt, I shall never dare to attack him.

'No, the torment of Tantalus, the pains of Prometheus, the doom of Sisyphus, were nothing like what I suffer for the last ten days' (from Kunersdorf till now, when destruction has to be warded-off again, and the force wanting). 'Death is sweet in comparison to such a life. Have compassion on me and it; and believe that I still keep to myself a great many evil things, not wishing to afflict or disquiet anybody with them; and that I would not counsel you to fly these unlucky Countries, if I had any ray of hope. Adieu, *mon cher.*'

Four days after, *August 25th,* from this same Fürstenwalde, the Russians still continuing stagnant, Friedrich despatches to Schmettau, Commandant of Dresden (by some industrious hand, for the roads are all blocked), a Second Letter, 'That Dresden is of the highest moment; that, in case of Siege there, relief' (Wunsch, namely, and perhaps more that may follow), '*is* on the road; and that Schmettau must defend himself to the utmost.' Let us hope this Second Missive may counteract the too despondent First, which we read above, should that have produced discouragement in Schmettau ![1]—D'Argens does run to Wolfenbüttel; stays there till September 9th. Nothing more from Friedrich till 4th September, when matters are well cooled again.

6°. *Waldau, 4th September.* 'I think Berlin is now in safety; you may return thither. The Barbarians' (Russians) 'are in the Lausitz; I keep by the side of them, between them and Berlin, so that there is nothing to fear for the Capital. The imminency of danger is past; but there will still be many bad moments to get through, before reaching the end of the Campaign. These, however, only regard myself; never mind these. My martyrdom will last two months yet; then the snows and the ices will end it.'[2]

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[1] Second Letter is given in *Schmettau's Leben,* pp. 436-7.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xix. 78, 82, 83, 85, 86.

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Thus at Fürstenwalde, then at Waldau, keeping guard, forlorn but resolute, against the intrusive Russian-Austrian deluges, Friedrich stands painfully vigilant and expectant,—still for about a fortnight more. With bad news coming to him latterly, as we shall hear. He is in those old moorland Wusterhausen Countries, once so well known under far other circumstances. Thirty years ago, in fine afternoons, we used to gallop with poor Duhan de Jandun, after school-tasks done, towards Mittenwalde, Fürstenwalde and the furzy environs, far and wide; at home, our Sister and Mother waiting with many troubles and many loves, and Papa sleeping, Pan-like, under the shadow of his big tree:—Thirty years ago, ah me, gone like a dream is all that; and there is solitude and desolation and the Russian-Austrian death-deluges instead! These, I suppose, were Friedrich's occasional remembrances; silent always, in this locality and time. The Sorrows of *Werter*, of the *Giaour*, of the Dyspeptic Tailor in multifarious forms, are recorded in a copious heart-rending manner, and have had their meed of weeping from a sympathetic Public: but there are still a good few Sorrows which lie wrapt in silence, and have never applied there for an idle tear!—Let us look now into Daun's side of things.

Daun, after Negotiation, has an Interview with Soltikof (at Guben, August 22d).—'Daun, who had moved to Priebus, with a view to be nearer Soltikof, had scarcely got his tent pitched there (August 13th), when a breathless horseman rode in, with a Note from Loudon, dated the night before: "King of Prussia beaten, to the very bone, beyond mistake this time,—utterly ruined, if one may judge!" What a vision of the Promised Land! Delighted Daun moves forward, one march, to Triebel on the morrow; to be one march nearer the scene of glory, and endeavour to forge this biggest of the hot irons to advantage.

'At Triebel Soltikof's own account, elucidated by oral messengers, eye-witnesses, and, in short, complete conspectus of this ever-memorable Victory, await the delighted Daun. Who despatches messengers, one and another; Lacy, the first, not succeeding quite: To congratulate with enthusiasm the most illustrious of Generals; who has beaten King Friedrich as none else ever did or could; beaten to the edge of extinction;—especially to urge him upon trampling-out this nearly extinct King,

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before he gleam-up again. Soltikof understands the congratulations very well; but as to that of trampling-out, snorts an indignant negative: "Nay, you, why don't you try it? Surely it is more your business than my Imperial Mistress's or mine. We have wrenched two victories from him this season. Kay and Kunersdorf have killed near the half of us: go you in, and wrench something!' This is Soltikof's logic; which no messenger of Daun's, Lacy or another, aided by never such melodies and suasions from Montalembert and Loudon, who are permanently diligent that way, can shake.

'And truly it is irrefragable. How can Daun, if himself merely speculative, calculative, hope that Soltikof will continue acting? Men who have come to help you in a heavy job of work need example. If you wish me to weep, be grieved yourself first of all. Soltikof angrily wipes his countenance at this point, and insists on a few tears from Daun. Without metaphor, Soltikof has shot away all his present ammunition, his staff of bread is quite precarious in these parts; and Soltikof thinks always, "Is it my business, then, or is it yours?"

'Soltikof has intrenched himself on the Wine-Hills at Lossow, comfortably out of Friedrich's way, and contiguous to Oder and the provision-routes; sits there, angrily deaf to the voice of the charmer; nothing to be charmed out of him, but gusts of indignation, instead of consent. A proud, high-going, indignant kind of man, with a will of his own. And sees well enough what is what, in all this symphony of the Lacys, the Montalemberts and surrounding adorers. Montalembert, who is here this season, our French best man (unprofitable Swedes must put-up with an inferior hand), is extremely persuasive, tries all the arts of French rhetoric, but effects nothing. "To let the Austrians come-in for the finishing stroke,—Excellence, it will be to let them gain, in History, a glory which is of your earning. Daun and Austria, not Soltikof and Russia, will be said to have extinguished this pestilent King; whom History will have to remember!"[1] "With all my heart," answers Soltikof; "I make the Austrians and History perfectly welcome! Monsieur, my ammunition is in Posen; my bread is fallen scarce; in Frankfurt can you find me one horse more?" Indignant Soltikof is not to be taken by chaff; growls now and then, if you stir him to the bottom: "Why should we, who are volunteer assistants, take all the burden of the work? I will fall-back to Posen, and home to Poland and East Preussen, if this last much longer."

'Austria has a good deal disgusted these Soltikofs and Russian Chief

[1] Choiseul's Letter (not *Duc* de Choiseul, but *Comte*, now Minister at Vienna) to Montalembert, 'Vienna, 16th August'; and Montalembert's Answer, 'Lieberhausen' (means *Lieberose*), '31st August 1759': in Montalembert, *Correspondance*, ii. 58-65.

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Officers ;—who are not so stupid as Austria supposes. Austria's steady wish is, "Let them do their function of cat's-paw for us; we are here to eat the chestnuts; not, if we can help it, to burn our own poor fingers for them!" After every Campaign hitherto, Austria has been in use to raise eager accusations at Petersburg; and get the Apraxins, Fermors into trouble: this is not the way to conciliate Russian General Officers. Austria, taught probably by Daun, now tries the other tack: heaps Soltikof with eulogies, flatteries, magnificent presents. All which Soltikof accepts, but with a full sense of what they mean. An unmanageable Soltikof; his answer always,—"Your turn now to fight a victory! I will go my ways to Posen again, if you don't." And, in these current weeks, in Soltikof's audience-room, if anybody were curious about it, we could present a very lively solicitation going on, with answers very gruff and negatory. No suasion of Montalembert, Lacy, and Daun Embassies, backed by diamond-hilted swords, and splendour of gifts from Vienna itself, able to prevail on the barbarous people.

'Daun at length resolves to go in person; solicits an Interview with the distinguished Russian Conqueror; gets it, meets Soltikof at Guben, half-way house between Frankfurt and Triebel; select suite attending both Excellencies (August 22d); and exerts whatever rhetoric is in him on the barbarous man. The barbarous man is stiff as brass; but Daun comes into all his conditions: "Saxony, Silesia,—Excellenz, we have them both within clutch; such our exquisite angling and manœuvring, in concert with your immortal victory, which truly gives the life-breath to everything. Oh, suffer us to clutch them: keep that King away from us; and see if they are not ours, Saxony first, Silesia next! Provisions of meal? I will myself undertake to furnish bread for you" (though I have to cart it from Bohemia all the way, and am myself terribly off; but fixed to do the impossible); "ration of bread shall fail no Russian man, while you escort us as protective friend. Towards Saxony first, where the Reichs Army is, and not a Prussian in the field; the very Garrisons mostly gone by this time. Dresden is to be besieged, within a week; Dresden itself is ours, if only *you* please! Come into the Lausitz with us, Magazines are there, loaves in abundance: Saxony done, Dresden ours, cannot we turn to Silesia together; besiege Glogau together (I am myself about trying Neisse, by Harsch again); capture Glogau as well as Neisse; and crown the successfulest campaign that ever was? Oh, Excellenz—!"'—

In a word, Excellenz, strictly fixing that condition of the loaves, consents. Will get ready to leave those Frankfurt Wine-Hills in about a week. 'But the loaves, you recollect: no Bread, no Russian!' Daun returns to Triebel a victorious

man,—though with an onerous condition incumbent. Tempelhof, minutely computing, finds that to cart from Bohemia such a cipher of human rations daily into these parts, will surpass all the vehiculatory power of Daun.[1]

The 'Reichs Army' so-called has entered Saxony, under fine Omens; does some Feats of Sieging (August 7th-23d), *—with an Eye on Dresden as the crowning one*

The Reichs Army, though it had been so tumbled about, in Spring, with such havoc on its magazines and preparations, could not wait to refit itself, except superficially; and showed face over the Mountains almost earlier than usual. The chance was so unique: a Saxony left to its mere Garrisons,—as it continued to be, for near two months this Year. On such golden opportunity the Reichs Army,—first, in light mischievous precursor parties, who roamed as far as Halle or even as Halberstadt; then the Army itself, well or ill appointed, under Generalissimo the Prince von Zweibrück,—did come on, winding through Thüringen towards the North-western Towns; various Austrian Auxiliary-Corps making appearance on the Dresden side. Eight Austrian regiments, as a permanency, are in the Reichs Army itself. Commander, or part Commander, of the eight is (what alone I find noteworthy in them) 'Herr General Thomas von Blonquet': Irish by nation, says a footnote;[2]—sure enough some adventurous 'Thomas *Plunket*,' visible this once, soldiering, in those circumstances; never heard of by a sympathetic reader before or after. It was while the King was hunting the Haddick-Loudon people in Sagan Country in such vehement fashion, that Zweibrück came trumpeting into Saxony,—King, Prince Henri and everybody, well occupied otherwise, far away!

The Reichs Army has a camp at Naumburg (Rossbach neighbourhood): and has light troops out in Halle neighbourhood; which have seized Halle; are very severe upon Halle,

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 225.

[2] Seyfarth, ii. 831*n*.

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and other places thereabouts, till chased away. August 7th, the Reichs Army begirt Leipzig; summoned the weak garrison there. It is a Town capable of ruin, but not of defence: 'Free-withdrawal,' proposes the Reichs Army,—and upon these terms gets hold of Leipzig, for the time being. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg; in a fortnight or less, all the Prussian posts in those parts fall to the Reichs Army. Its marchings and siegings, among those North-western places, not one of them capable of standing above a few-days siege, are worth no mention, except to Parish History: enough that, by little after the middle of August, Zweibrück had got all these places, 'Free-withdrawal' the terms for all; and that, except it be the following feature in their Siege of Torgau, feature mainly Biographic, and belonging to a certain Colonel Wolfersdorf concerned, there is not one of those Sieges now worth a moment's attention from almost any mortal. This is the Torgau feature,—feature of human nature, soldiering under difficulties:

Colonel von Wolfersdorf beautifully defends himself in Torgau (August 9th-14th). Two days after Leipzig was had, there appeared at Torgau a Body of Pandours, 2,000 and more; who attempted some kind of scalade on Torgau and its small Garrison (of 700 or so),—where are a Magazine, a Hospital and other properties: not capable, by any garrison, of standing regular siege; but important to defend till you have proper terms offered. The multitudinous Pandours, if I remember, made a rush into the Suburbs, in their usual vociferous way; but were met by the 700 silent Prussians,—silent except through their fire-arms and field-pieces,—in so eloquent a style as soon convinced the Pandour mind, and sent it travelling again. And in the evening of the same day (August 9th), Colonel Wolfersdorf arrives, as new Commandant, and with reinforcements, small though considerable in the circumstances.

Wolfersdorf, one dimly gathers, had marched from Wittenberg on this errand; the whole force in Torgau is now of about 3,000, still with only field-cannon, but with a Captain over them;—who, as is evident, sets himself in a very earnest manner to do his utmost in defence of the place. Next morning Reichs General Kleefeld ('Cloverfield'), with 6 or 8,000 Pandour and Regular, summons Wolfersdorf: 'Surrender instantly; or—!' 'We will expect you!' answers Wolfersdorf. Whereupon, same morning (August 10th), general storm; storm No. 1: beauti-

fully handled by Wolfersdorf; who takes it in rear (to its astonishment), as well as in front; and sends it off in haste. On the morrow, Saturday, a second followed; and on Sunday a third; both likewise beautifully handled. This third storm, readers see, was 'Sunday August 12th': a very busy stormful day at Torgau here,—and also, for some others of us, during the heats of Kunersdorf, over the horizon far away! Wolfersdorf tumbles-back all storms; furthermore makes mischievous sallies: a destructive, skilled person; altogether prompt, fertile in expedients; and evidently is not to be managed by Kleefeld. So that Prince von Stolberg, Second to supreme Zweibrück himself, has to take it in hand. And,

Monday 13*th*, at break of day, Stolberg arrives with a train of battering guns and 6,000 new people; summons Wolfersdorf: 'No,' as before. Storms him, a fourth time; likewise 'No,' as before: attacks, thereupon, his Elbe Bridge, and his Redoubt across the River; finds a Wolfersdorf party rush destructively into his rear there. And has to withdraw, and try battering from behind the Elbe Dam. Continues this, violently for about two hours; till again Wolfersdorf, whose poor field-pieces, the only artillery he has, 'cannot reach so far with leaden balls' (the iron balls are done, and the powder itself is almost done), manages, by a flank attack, to quench this also. Which produces entire silence, and considerable private reflection, on the part of indignant Stolberg. Stolberg offers him the favourablest terms devisable: 'Withdraw freely, with all your honours, all your properties; only withdraw!' Which Wolfersdorf, his powder and ball being in such a state of ebb, and no relief possible, agrees to; with stipulations very strict as to every particular.[1]

Colonel von Wolfersdorf withdraws, also beautifully (August 15th). Accordingly, Wednesday August 15th, at eight in the morning, Wolfersdorf by the Elbe Gate moves out; across Elbe Bridge, and the Redoubt which is on the farther shore yonder. Near this Redoubt, Stolberg and many of his General Officers are waiting to see him go. He goes in state; flags flying, music playing. Battalion Hessen-Cassel, followed by all our Packages, Hospital convalescents, King's Artillery, and whatever is the King's or ours, marches first. Next comes, as rearguard to all this, Battalion Grollman;—along with which is Wolfersdorf himself, knowing Grollman for a ticklish article (Saxons mainly); followed on the heel by Battalion Hofmann, and lastly by Battalion Salmuth, trusty Prussians both of these.

Battalion Hessen-Cassel and the Baggages are through the Redoubt, Prince of Stolberg handsomely saluting as saluted. But now, on Battalion

[1] In *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iii. 350) the Capitulation, 'August 14th,' given *in extenso*.

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Grollmann's coming up, Stolberg's Adjutant cries-out with a loud voice of proclamation, many Officers repeating and enforcing: 'Whoever is a brave Saxon, whoever is true to his Kaiser, or was of the Reichs Army, let him step-out: Durchlaucht will give him protection!' At sound of which Grollmann quivers as if struck by electricity; and instantly begins dissolving;—dissolves, in effect, nearly all, and is in the act of vanishing like a dream! Wolfersdorf is a prompt man; and needs to be so. Wolfersdorf, in Olympian rage, instantly stops short; draws pistol: 'I will shoot dead every man that quits rank!' vociferates he; and does, with his pistol, make instant example of one; inviting every true Prussian to do the like: 'Jägers, Hussars, a ducat for every traitor you shoot-down!' continues Wolfersdorf (and punctually paid it afterwards): unable to prevent an almost total dissolution of Grollmann. For some minutes, there is a scene indescribable: storm of vociferation, menace, musket-shot, pistol-shot; Grollmann disappearing on every side,—'behind the Redoubt, under the Bridge, into Elbe Boats, under the cloaks of the Croats';—in spite of Wolfersdorf's Olympian rages and efforts.

At sight of the shooting, Prince Stolberg, a hot man, had said in dignantly, 'Herr, that will be dangerous for you (*das wird nicht gut gehn*)!' Wolfersdorf not regarding him a whit; regarding only Grollmann, and his own hot business of coercing it at a ducat per head. Grollmann gone, and Battalion Hofmann in due sequence come up, Wolfersdorf,—who has sent an Adjutant, with order, 'Hessen-Cassel, *halt*,'—gives Battalion Hofmann these three words of command: 'Whole Battalion, halt!—Front!—Make ready!' (with due simultaneous click of every firelock, on utterance of that last);—and turning to Prince Stolberg, with a brow, with a tone of voice: 'Durchlaucht, Article 9 of the Capitulation is express on this point; "*All desertion strictly prohibited; no deserter to be received either on the Imperial or on the Prussian side*"!' (Durchlaucht silently gives, we suppose, some faint sniff). 'Since your Durchlaucht does not keep the Capitulation, neither will I regard it farther. I will now take you and your Suite prisoners, return into the Town, and again begin defending myself. Be so good as ride directly into that Redoubt, or I will present, and give fire!'

A dangerous moment for the Durchlaucht of Stolberg; Battalion Salmuth actually taking possession of the wall again; Hofmann here with its poised firelock on the cock, 'ready' for that fourth word, as above indicated. A General Lusinsky of Stolberg's train, master of those Croats, and an Austrian of figure, remarks very seriously: 'Every point of the Capitulation must be kept!' Upon which Durchlaucht has to renounce and repent; eagerly assists in recovering Grollmann, restores it (little the worse, little the *fewer*); will give Wolfersdorf '*command* of the Austrian Escort you are to have,' and every satisfaction and assurance;

—wishful only to get rid of Wolfersdorf. Who thereupon marches to Wittenberg, with colours flying again, and a name mentionable ever since.[1]

This Wolfersdorf was himself a Pirna Saxon; serving Polish Majesty, as Major, in that Pirna time; perhaps no admirer of 'Feldmarschall Brühl' and Company?—at any rate, he took Prussian service, as then offered him; and this is his style of keeping it. A decidedly clever soldier, and comes out, henceforth, more and more as such,—unhappily not for long. Was taken at Maxen, he too, as will be seen. Rose, in after times, to be Lieutenant-General, and a man famous in the Prussian military circles; but given always, they say, to take the straight line (or shortest distance between self and object), in regard to military matters, to recruiting and the like, and thus getting himself into trouble with the Civil Officials.

Wolfersdorf, at Wittenberg or farther on, had a flattering word from the King; applauding his effective procedures at Torgau; and ordering him, should Wittenberg fall (as it did, August 23d), to join Wunsch, who is coming with a small Party to try and help in those destitute localities. Wunsch the King had detached (21st August), as we heard already. Finck the King finds, farther, that he can detach (from Waldau Country, September 7th);[2] Russians being so languid, and Saxony fallen into such a perilous predicament.

'Few days after Kunersdorf,' says a Note, which should be inserted here, 'there had fallen-out a small Naval matter, which will be consolatory to Friedrich, and go to the other side of the account, when he hears of it: Kunersdorf was Sunday August 12th; this was Saturday and Sunday following. Besides their Grand Brest Fleet, with new Flat-bottoms, and world-famous land-preparations going on at Vannes, for Invasion of proud Albion, all which are at present under Hawke's strict keeping, the French have, ever since Spring last, a fine subsidiary Fleet at Toulon, of very exultant hopes at one time; which now come to finis.

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 201-204; Seyfarth, ii. 562 *n.*, and *Beylagen*, ii. 587; *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 283.

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 211, 237.

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'*Sea-Fight* (*properly Sea-Hunt of* 200 *miles*), *in the Cadiz Waters, August* 18*th*-19*th*. The fine Toulon Fleet, which expected at one time, Pitt's ships being so scattered over the world, to be "mistress of the Mediterranean," has found itself, on the contrary (such were Pitt's resources and promptitudes), cooped in harbour all Summer; Boscawen watching it in the usual strict way. No egress possible; till, in the sultry weather (8th July—4th August), Boscawen's need of fresh provisions, fresh water and of making some repairs, took him to Gibraltar, and gave the Toulon Fleet a transient opportunity, which it made use of.

'August 17th, at 8 in the evening, Boscawen, at Gibraltar (some of his ships still in dishabille or under repair), was hastily apprised by one of his Frigates, That the Toulon Fleet had sailed; been seen visibly at Ceuta Point so many hours ago. "Meaning," as Boscawen guesses, "to be through the Straits this very night!" By power of despatch, the dishabille ships were rapidly got buttoned together (in about two hours); and by 10 P.M. all were under sail. And soon were in hot chase; the game being now in view,—going at its utmost through the Straits, as anticipated. At 7 next morning (*Saturday August* 18*th*) Boscawen got clutch of the Toulon Fleet; still well east of Cadiz, somewhere in the Trafalgar waters, I should guess. Here Boscawen fought and chased the Toulon Fleet, for 24 hours coming; drove it finally ashore, at Lagos on the coast of Portugal, with five of its big ships burnt or taken, its crews and other ships flying by land and water, its poor Admiral mortally wounded; and the Toulon Fleet a ruined article. The wind had been capricious, here fresh, there calm; now favouring the hunters, now the hunted; both Fleets had dropped in two. De la Clue, the French Admiral, complained bitterly how his Captains lagged, or shore-off and forsook him. Boscawen himself, who for his own share had gone at it eagle-like, was heard grumbling, about want of speed in some people; and said: "It is well; but it might have been better!"[1]

'De la Clue,—fallen long ago from all notions of "dominating the Mediterranean,"—had modestly intended to get through, on any terms, into the Ocean; might then, if possible, have joined the grand "Invasion Squadron," now lying at Brest, till Vannes and the furnishings are ready, or have tried to be troublesome in the rear of Hawke, who is blockading all that. A modest outlook in comparison;—and this is what it also has come to. As for the Grand Invasion Squadron, Admiral Conflans, commanding it, still holds-up his head in Brest Harbour, and talks big. Makes little of Rodney's havoc on the Flatbottoms at Havre, "Will soon have Flatbottoms again; and you shall see!"—if only Hawke, and wind and weather and Fortune, will permit.'

[1] Beatson, ii. 313-9; *ib.* iii. 237-8, De la Clue, the French Admiral's Despatch; —Boscawen's Despatch, etc., in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 434.

Austrian Reichs Army does its crowning Feat (August 26th—September 4th): *Diary of what is called the 'Siege' of Dresden*

Since the first weeks of August there have been Austrian detachments, Wehla's Corps, Brentano's Corps, entering Saxony from the north-east or Daun-ward side, and posting themselves in the strong points looking towards Dresden; waiting there till the Reichs Army should capture its Leipzigs, Torgaus, Wittenbergs, and roll forward from north-west. To all which it is easy to fancy what an impetus was given by Kunersdorf and August 12th; the business after that, going-on double-quick, and pointing to immediate practical industry on Dresden. The Reichs Army hastens to settle its north-western Towns, puts due garrison in each, leaves a 10 or 12,000 movable for general protection, in those parts: and, August 23d, marches for Dresden. There are only some 15,000 left of it now; almost half the Reichs Army drunk-up in that manner; were not Daun now speeding forth his Maguire with a fresh 12,000; who is to command the Wehlas and Brentanos as well. And, in effect, to be Austrian Chief, and as regards practical matters, Manager of this important Enterprise,—all-important to Daun just now. Schmettau in Dresden sees clearly what mischief is at hand.

To Daun this Siege of Dresden is the alpha to whatever omegas there may be: he and his Soltikof are to sit waiting this; and can attempt nothing but eating of provender, till this be achieved. As the Siege was really important, though not quite the alpha to all omegas, and has in it curious points and physiognomic traits, we will invite readers to some transient inspection of it,—the rather as there exist ample contemporary Narratives, *Diariums* and authentic records, to render that possible and easy.[1]

[1] In Tempelhof (iii. 210-216-222) complete and careful Narrative; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iii. 371-377) express '*Day-book*' by some Eye-witness in Dresden.

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'Ever since the rumour of Kunersdorf,' says one Diarium, compiled out of many, 'in the last two weeks of August, Schmettau's need of vigilance and diligence has been on the increase, his outlooks becoming grimmer and grimmer. He has a poorish Garrison for number (3,700 in all[1]), and not of the best quality; deserters a good few of them: willing enough for strokes; fighting fellows all, and of adventurous turn, but uncertain as to loyalty in a case of pinch. He has endless stores in the place; for one item, almost a million sterling of ready-money. Poor Schmettau, if he knew it, has suddenly become the Leonidas of this Campaign, Dresden its Thermopylæ; and'—But readers can conceive the situation.

'*August 20th*, Schmettau quits the Neustadt, or northern part of Dresden, which lies beyond the River: unimportant that, and indefensible with garrison not adequate; Schmettau will strengthen the River-bank, blow-up the Stone Bridge if necessary, and restrict himself to Dresden Proper. The Court is here; Schmettau does not hope that the Court can avert a Siege from him; but he fails not to try, in that way too, and may at least gain time.

'*August 25th*, He has a Mine put under the main arch of the Bridge: "mine ill-made, uncertain of effect," reports the Officer whom he sent to inspect it. But it was never tried, the mere rumour of it kept-off attacks on that side. Same day, August 25th, Schmettau receives that unfortunate Royal Missive[2] written in the dark days of Reitwein, morrow of Kunersdorf (14th or 13th August),' which we read above. 'That there is another Letter on the road for him, indicating "Relief shall be tried," is unknown to Schmettau, and fatally continues unknown. While Schmettau is reading this (August 25th), General Wunsch has been on the road four days: Wunsch and Wolfersdorf with about 8,000, at their quickest pace, and in a fine winged frame of mind withal, are speeding on: will cross Elbe at Meissen to-morrow night,—did Schmettau only know. People say he did, in the way of rumour, understand that Kunersdorf had not been the fatal thing it was thought; and that efforts would be made by a King like his. In his place one might have, at least, shot-out a spy or two? But he did not, then or afterwards.

'Already, ever since the arrival of Wehla and Brentano in those parts, he has been labouring under many uncertainties; too many for a Leonidas! Hanging between Yes and No, even about that of quitting the Neustadt, for example: carrying over portions of his goods, but never heartily the whole; unable to resolve; now lifting visibly the Bridge pavement, then again visibly restoring it;—and, I think, though the contrary is asserted, he had at last to leave in the Neustadt, a great

[1] Schmettau's *Leben* (by his Son), p. 408.

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 208; Schmettau's *Leben* (p. 421) has 'August 27 th.'

deal of stores, horse-provender and other, not needful to him at present, or impossible to carry, when dubiety got ended. He has put a mine under the Bridge; but knows it will not go off.

'Schmettau has been in many wars, but this is a case that tries his soldier qualities as none other has ever done. A case of endless intricacy,—if he be quite equal to it; which perhaps he was not altogether. Nobody ever doubted Schmettau's high qualities as a man and captain; but here are requisite the very highest, and these Schmettau has not. The result was very tragical; I suppose, a pain to Friedrich all his life after; and certainly to Schmettau all his. This is Saturday night 25th August: before Tuesday week (September 4th) there will have sad things arrived, irremediable to Schmettau. Had Schmettau decided to defend himself, Dresden had not been taken. What a pity Schmettau had not been spared this Missive, calculated to produce mere doubt! Whether he could not, and should not, after a ten days of inquiry and new discernment, have been able to read the King's true meaning, as well as the King's momentary humour, in this fatal Document, there is no deciding. Sure enough, he did not read the King's true meaning in it, but only the King's momentary humour; did not frankly set about defending himself to the death,—or "seeing" in that way "whether he could not defend himself,"—with a good capitulation lying in the rear, after he had.

'*Sunday August 26th*, Trumpet at the gates. Messenger from Zweibrück is introduced blindfold; brings formal Summons to Schmettau. Summons duly truculent: "Resistance vain; the more you resist, the worse it will be,—and there is a worst" (that of being delivered to the Croats, and massacred every man), "of which why should I speak? Especially if in anything you fail of your duty to the Kur-Prinz" (Electoral Prince and Heir-Apparent, poor crook-backed young Gentleman, who has an excellent sprightly Wife, a friend of Friedrich's and daughter of the late Kaiser Karl VII., whom we used so beautifully), "imagine what your fate will be!"—To which Schmettau answers: "Can Durchlaucht think us ignorant of the common rules of behaviour to Persons of that Rank? For the rest, Durchlaucht knows what our duties here are, and would despise us if we did *not* do them";—and, in short, our answer again is, in polite forms, "Pooh, pooh; you may go your way!" Upon which the Messenger is blindfolded again; and Schmettau sets himself in hot earnest to clearing-out his goods from the Neustadt; building with huge intertwisted cross-beams and stone and earth-masses a Battery at his own end of the Bridge, batteries on each side of it, below and above;—locks the Gates; and is passionately busy all Sunday,—though divine service goes on as usual.

'Hardly were the Prussian guns got away, when Croat people in quantity came in, and began building a Battery at their end of the

Bridge, the main defence-work being old Prussian meal-barrels, handily filled with earth. "If you fire one cannon-ball across on us," said Schmettau, "I will bombard the Neustadt into flame in few minutes" (I have only to aim at our Hay Magazine yonder): "be warned!" nor did they once fire from that side; Electoral Highness withal and Royal Palace being quite contiguous behind the Prussian Bridge-Battery. Electoral Highness and Household are politely treated, make polite answer to every thing; intend going down into the "*Apotheke*" (Kitchen suite), or vaulted part of the Palace, and will lodge there when the cannonade begins.

'This same *Sunday August 26th*, Maguire arrived; and set instantly to building his bridge at Pillnitz, a little way above Dresden: at Uebigau, a little below Dresden, the Reichsfolk have another. Reichsfolk, Zweibrück in person, come all in on Wednesday; post themselves there, to north and west of the City. What is more important, the siege-guns, a superb stock, are steadily floating, through the Pirna regions, hitherward; get to hand on Friday next, the fifth day hence.[1] Korbitz (halfway out to Kesselsdorf) is Durchlaucht's headquarter:—Chief General is Durchlaucht, conspicuously he, at least in theory, and shall have all the glory; though Maguire, glancing on these cannon, were it nothing more, has probably a good deal to say. Maguire too, I observe, takes post on that north or Kesselsdorf side; contiguous for the Head General. Wehla and Brentano post themselves on the south or up-stream side; it is they that hand-in the siege-guns: batteries are already everywhere marked-out, 13 cannon-batteries and 5 howitzer. In short, from the morrow of that truculent Summons, Monday morning to Thursday, there is hot stir of multifarious preparation on Schmettau's part; and continual pouring-in of the hostile force, who are also preparing at the utmost. Thursday, the Siege, if it can be called a Siege, begins. Gradually, and as follows:

'*Thursday Morning* (August 30th), Schmettau, who is, night and day, "palisading the River," and much else,—discloses (that is, Break of Day discloses on his part) to the Dresden public a huge Gallows, black, huge, of impressive aspect; labelled "For Plunderers, Mutineers and their Helpers."[2] The Austrian heavy guns are not yet in battery; but multitudes of loose Croat people go swarming about everywhere, and there is plentiful firing from such artilleries as they have. This same Thursday morning, two or three battalions of them rush into the Pirna Suburb; attack the Prussian Guard-parties there. Schmettau instantly despatches Captain Kollas and a Trumpet:—"Durchlaucht, have the goodness to recall these Croat Parties; otherwise the Suburb goes into flame! And directly on arrival of this Messenger, may it please Durch-

[1] Tempelhof, p. 210.

[2] *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 373.

laucht. For we have computed the time; and will not wait beyond what is reasonable for his return!" Zweibrück is mere indignation and astonishment; "will burn Halle," burn Quedlinburg, Berlin itself, and utterly ruin the King of Prussia's Dominion in general:—the rejoinder to which is, burning of Pirna Suburb, as predicted; seventy houses of it, this evening, at six o'clock.

'Onward from which time there is on both sides, especially on Schmettau's, diligent artillery practice; cannonade kept-up wherever Schmettau can see the enemy busy; enemy responding with what artillery he has:—not much damage done, I should think, though a great deal of noise; and for one day (Saturday September 1st), our Diarist notes, "Not safe to walk the streets this day." But, in effect, the Siege, as they call it,—which fell dead on the fifth day, and was never well alive,—consists mainly of menace and counter-menace, in the way of bargain-making and negotiation;—and, so far as I can gather, that superb Park of Austrian Artillery, though built into batteries, and talked about in a bullying manner, was not fired from at all.

'Schmettau affects towards the enemy (and towards himself, I dare say) an air of iron firmness; but internally has no such feeling,—"calls a Council of War," and the like. Council of War, on sight of that King's Missive, confirms him with one voice: "Surely, surely, Excellenz; no defence possible!" Which is a prophecy and a fulfilment, both in one. Why Schmettau did not shoot-forth a spy or two, to ascertain for him What, or whether Nothing whatever, was passing outside Dresden? I never understand! Beyond his own Walls, the world is a vacancy and blank to Schmettau, and he seems content it should be so.

'*Sunday September 2d.* Though Schmettau's cannonade was very loud, and had been so all night, divine service was held as usual, streets safe again,—Austrians, I suppose, not firing with cannon. About 4 P.M., after a great deal of powder spent, General Maguire, stepping out on Elbe Bridge, blows or beats Appeal, three times; "wishes a moment's conversation with his Excellency." Granted at once; witnesses attending on both sides. "Defence is impossible; in the name of humanity, consider!" urges Maguire. "Defence to the last man of us is certain," answers Schmettau, from the teeth outwards;—but, in the end, engages to put on paper, in case he, by extremity of ill-luck, have at any time to accept terms, what his terms will inflexibly be. Upon which there is "Armistice till Tomorrow": and Maguire, I doubt not, reports joyfully on this feeling of the enemy's pulse. Zweibrück and Maguire are very well aware of what is passing in these neighbourhoods (General Wunsch back at Wittenberg by forced marches; blew it open in an hour); and are growing highly anxious that Dresden on any terms were theirs.

'*Monday September 3d,* The death-day of the Siege; an uncommonly

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busy day,—though Armistice lasted perfect till 3 P.M., and soon came back more perfect than ever. A Siege not killed by cannon, but by medical industry. Let us note with brevity the successive symptoms and appliances. About seven in the morning Maguire had his Messenger in Dresden, "Your Excellency's Paper ready?" "Nearly ready," answers Schmettau; "we will send it by a Messenger of our own." And about eleven of the day Maguire does get it;—the same Captain Kollas (whose name we recollect) handing it in; and statue-like waiting Answer. "Pshaw, this will never do," ejaculates Maguire; "terms irrationally high!" Captain Kollas "knows nothing of what is *in* the Paper; and is charged only to bring a Written Answer from Excellenz." Excellenz, before writing, "will have to consult with Durchlaucht"; can, however, as if confidentially and from feelings of friendship, can assure you, Sir, on my honour, That the Garrison will be delivered to the Croats, and every man of it put to the sword. "The Garrison will expect that (*wird Das erwarten*)," said Kollas, statue-like; and withdrew, with the proper bow.[1] Something interesting to us in these Military diplomatic passages, with their square-elbowed fashions, and politeness stiff as iron!

'Not till three of the afternoon does the Written Answer reach Schmettau: "Such Terms never could be accepted."—"Good," answers Schmettau: "To our last breath no others will be offered." And commences cannonading again, not very violently, but with the order, "Go on, then, night and day!"

'About 10 at night, General Guasco, a truculent kind of man, whom I have met with up and down, but not admitted to memory, beats Appeal on the Bridge: "Inform the Commandant that there will now straightway 13 batteries of cannon, and 5 ditto of howitzers open on him, unless he bethinks himself!" Which dreadful message is taken to Schmettau. "Wish the gentleman good-evening," orders Schmettau; "and say we will answer with 100 guns." Upon which Guasco vanishes;—but returns in not many minutes, milder in tone; requests "a sight of that Written Paper of Terms again." "There it still is," answers Schmettau, "not altered, nor ever shall be." And there is Armistice again:—and the Siege, as turns out, has fired its last shot; and is painfully expiring in paroxysms of negotiation, which continue a good many hours. Schmettau strives to understand clearly that his terms (of the King's own suggesting, as Schmettau flatters himself) are accepted: nor does Durchlaucht take upon him to refuse in any point; but he is strangely slow to sign, still hoping to mend matters.

'Much hithering and thithering there was, till 4 next morning (Durchlaucht has important news from Torgau, at that moment); till 11 next day; till 4 in the afternoon and later,—Guasco and others

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 211.

coming with message after message, hasty and conciliatory: "Durchlaucht at such a distance, his signature not yet come; but be patient; all is right, upon my honour!" Very great hurry evident on the part of Guasco and Company; but nothing suspected by Schmettau. Till, dusk or darkness threatening now to supervene, Maguire and Schmettau with respective suites have a Conference on the Bridge,—"rain falling very heavy." Durchlaucht's signature, Maguire is astonished to say, has not yet come; but Maguire pledges his honour "that all shall be kept without chicane"; and adds (what to some of us seemed not superfluous afterwards), "I am incapable of acting falsely or with chicane." In fact, till 9 in the evening there was no signature by Durchlaucht; but about 6, on such pledge by Maguire of his hand and his honour, the Siege entirely gave-up the ghost; and Dresden belonged to Austria. Tuesday evening 4th September 1759; Sun just setting, could anybody see him for the rain.

'Schmettau had been over-hasty; what need had Schmettau of haste? The terms had not yet got signature, perfection of settlement on every point; nor were they at all well kept, when they did! Considerable flurry, temporary blindness, needless hurry, and neglect of symptoms and precautions, must be imputed to poor Schmettau; whose troubles began from this moment, and went on increasing. The Austrians are already besetting Elbe Bridge, rooting-up the herring-bone balks; and approaching our Blockhouse,—sooner than was expected. But that is nothing. On opening the Pirna Gate, to share it with the Austrians, Friedrich's Spy (sooner had not been possible to the man) was waiting; who handed Schmettau that Second Letter of Friedrich's, "Courage; there is relief on the road!" Poor Schmettau!'

What Captain Kollas and the Prussian Garrison thought of all this, *they* were perhaps shy of saying, and we at such distance are not informed,—except by one symptom: that of Colonel Hoffman, Schmettau's Second, whose indignation does become tragically evident. Hoffman, a rugged Prussian veteran, is indignant at the Capitulation itself; doubly and trebly indignant to find the Austrians on Elbe Bridge, busy raising our Balks and Battery: 'How is this, Sir?' inquires he of Captain Sydow, who is on guard at the Prussian end; 'How dared you make this change, without acquainting the Second in Command? Order-out your men, and come along with me to clear the Bridge again!' Sydow hesitates, haggles; indignant Hoffman, growing loud as thunder, pulls-

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out a pistol, fatal-looking to disobedient Sydow; who calls to his men, or whose men spring-out uncalled; and shoot Hoffman down,—send two balls through him, so that he died at 8 that night. With noise enough, then and afterwards. Was drunk, said Schmettau's people. Friedrich answered, on report of it: 'I think as Hoffman did. If he was "drunk," it is pity the Governor and all the Garrison had not been so, to have come to the same judgment as he.'[1] Friedrich's unbearable feelings, of grief and indignation, in regard to all this Dresden matter,—which are not expressed except coldly in business form,—can be fancied by all readers. One of the most tragical bits of ill-luck that ever befell him. A very sore stroke, in his present condition; a signal loss and affront. And most of all, unbearable to think how narrowly it has missed being a signal triumph;—missed actually by a single hair's-breadth, which is as good as by a mile, or by a thousand miles!

Soon after 9 o'clock that evening, Durchlaucht in person came rolling through our battery and the herring-bone balks, to visit Electoral Highness,—which was not quite the legal time either. Durchlaucht had not been half an hour with Electoral Highness, when a breathless Courier came in: 'General Wunsch within ten miles' (took Torgau in no-time, as Durchlaucht well knows, for a week past); 'and will be here before we sleep!' Durchlaucht plunged-out, over the herring-bone balks again (which many carpenters are busy lifting); and the Electoral Highnesses, in like manner, hurry-off to Töplitz that same night, about an hour after. What a Tuesday Night! Poor Hoffman is dead at 8 o'clock; the Saxon Royalties, since 11, are galloping for Pirna, for Töplitz; Durchlaucht of Zweibrück we saw hurrying-off an hour before them,—Capitulation signature not yet dry, and terms of it beginning to be broken; and Wunsch reported to be within ten miles!

[1] P.S. in Autograph of Letter to Schmettau, 'Waldau, 11th September 1759' (Preuss, ii.: *Urkundenbuch*, p. 45).

The Wunsch report is perfectly correct. Wunsch is at Grossenhayn this evening; all in a fiery mood of swiftness, his people and he;—and indeed it is, by chance, one of Wolfersdorf's impetuosities that has sent the news so fast. Wunsch had been as swift with Torgau as he was with Wittenberg: he blew-out the poor Reichs Garrison there by instant storm, and packed it off to Leipzig, under charge of 'an Officer and Trumpet':—he had, greatly against his will, to rest two days there for a few indispensable cannon from Magdeburg. Cannon once come, Wunsch, burning for deliverance of Dresden, had again started at his swiftest, 'Monday 3d September' (death-day of the Siege), 'very early.'

'He is under 8,000; but he is determined to do it;—and would have done it, think judges, half-thinks Zweibrück himself: such a fire in that Wunsch and his Corps as is very dangerous indeed. At 4 this morning, Zweibrück heard of his being on march: "numbers uncertain"—(numbers seemingly not the important point,—blows any number of *us* about our business!)—and since that moment Zweibrück has driven the capitulation at such a pace; though the flurried Schmettau suspected nothing.

'Afternoon of *Tuesday 4th,* Wunsch, approaching Grossenhayn, had detached Wolfersdorf with 100 light horse rightwards to Grödel, a boating Village on Elbe shore, To seek news of Dresden; also to see if boats are procurable for carrying our artillery up thither. At Grödel, Wolfersdorf finds no boats that will avail: but certain boat-people, new from Dresden, report that no capitulation had been published when they left, but that it was understood to be going on. New spur to Wolfersdorf and Wunsch. Wolfersdorf hears farther in this Village, That there are some thirty Austrian horse in Grossenhayn:—"Possible these may escape General Wunsch!" Thinks Wolfersdorf; and decides to have them. Takes thirty men of his own; orders the other seventy to hold rightward, gather what intelligence is going, and follow more leisurely; and breaks-off for the Grossenhayn-Dresden Highway, to intercept those fellows.

'Getting to the highway, Wolfersdorf does see the fellows; sees also,—with what degree of horror I do not know,—that there are at least 100 of them against his 30! Horror will do nothing for Wolfersdorf, nor are his other 70 now within reach. Putting a bold face on the matter, he commands, Stentor-like, as if it were all a fact: "Grenadiers, *march;* Dragoons, to right forwards, *wheel;* Hussars, *forward:* MARCH!"—and

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does terrifically dash forward with the thirty Hussars, or last item of the invoice; leaving the others to follow. The Austrians draw bridle with amazement; fire-off their carbines; take to their heels, and do not stop for more. Wolfersdorf captures 68 of them, for behoof of Grossenhayn; and sends the remaining 32 galloping home.[1] Who bring the above news to Durchlaucht of Zweibrück: "12,000 of them, may it please your Durchlaucht; such the accounts we had!"—Fancy poor Schmettau's feelings!

'On the morrow Dresden was roused from its sleep by loud firing and battle, audible on the north side of the River: "before daybreak, and all day." It is Wunsch impetuously busy in the woody countries there. Durchlaucht had shot-out Generals and Divisions, Brentano, Wehla this General and then that, to intercept Wunsch: these the fiery Wunsch,—almost as if they had been combustible material coming to quench fire,—repels and dashes back, in a wonderful manner, General after General of them. And is lord of the field all day:—but cannot hear the least word from Dresden; which is a surprising circumstance.

'In the afternoon Wunsch summons Maguire in the Neustadt: "Will answer you in two hours," said Maguire. Wunsch thereupon is for attacking their two Pontoon Elbe-Bridges; still resolute for Dresden,—and orders Wolfersdorf on one of them, the Uebigau Bridge, who finds the enemy lifting it at any rate, and makes them do it faster. But night is now sinking; from Schmettau not a word or sign. "Silence over there, all day; not a single cannon to or from," say Wunsch and Wolfersdorf to one another. "Schmettau must have capitulated!" conclude they, and withdraw in the night-time, still thunderous if molested; bivouack at Grossenhayn, after twenty-four hours of continual march and battle, not time even for a snatch of food.[2]

'Resting at Grossenhayn, express reaches Wunsch from his Commandant at Torgau: "Kleefeld is come on me from Leipzig with 14,000; I cannot long hold-out, unless relieved." Wunsch takes the road again; two marches, each of twenty miles. Reaches Torgau late; takes post in the ruins of the North Suburb, finds he must fight Kleefeld. Refreshes his men "with a keg of wine per Company," surely a judicious step; and sends to Wolfersdorf, who has the rear-guard, "Be here with me tomorrow at 10." Wolfersdorf starts at 4, is here at 10: and Wunsch, having scanned Kleefeld and his Position' (a Position strong *if* you are dexterous to manœuvre in it; capable of being ruinous if you are not,—part of the Position of a bigger *Battle of Torgau*, which is coming),—'flies at Kleefeld and his 14,000 like a cat-o'-mountain; takes him on

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 214.

[2] *Bericht von der Action des General-Majors von Wunsch, bey Reichenberg, den* 5 *September* 1759: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 606-608.

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the left flank:—Kleefeld and such overplus of thousands are standing a little to west-and-south of Torgau, with the *Entefang'* (a desolate big reedy mere, or *Place of Ducks*, still offering the idle Torgauer a melancholy sport there) 'as a protection to their right; but with no evolution-talent, or none in comparison to Wunsch's;—and accordingly are cut to pieces by Wunsch, and blown to the winds, as their fellows have all been.'[1]

Wunsch, absolute Fate forbidding, could not save Dresden: but he is here lord of the Northern regions again,—nothing but Leipzig now in the enemy's hand;—and can await Finck, who is on march with a stronger party to begin business here. It is reckoned, there are few more brilliant little bits of Soldiering than this of Wunsch's. All the more, as his men, for most part, were not Prussian, but miscellaneous Foreign spirits of uncertain fealty: roving fellows, of a fighting turn, attracted by Friedrich's fame, and under a Captain who had the art of keeping them in tune. Wunsch has been soldiering, in a diligent though dim miscellaneous way, these five-and-twenty years; fought in the old Turk Wars, under disastrous Seckendorf,—Wunsch a poor young Würtemberg ensign, visibly busy there (1737-39), as was this same Schmettau, in the character of staff-officer, far enough apart from Wunsch at that time!—fought afterwards, in the Bavarian service, in the Dutch, at Roucoux, at Lauffeld, again under disastrous people. Could never, under such, find anything but subaltern work all this while; was glad to serve, under the eye of Friedrich, as Colonel of a Free Corps; which he has done with much diligence and growing distinction: till now, at the long last, his chance does come; and he shows himself as a real General. Possibly a high career lying ahead;—a man that may be very valuable to Friedrich, who has now so few such left? Fate had again decided otherwise for Wunsch; in what way will be seen before this Campaign ends: 'an infernal Campaign,' according to Friedrich, '*cette Campagne infernale*.'

[1] *Hofbericht von der am 8 September 1759, bey Torgau, vorgefallenen Action:* in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 609, 610. Tempelhof, iii. 219-222.

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Finck, whom Friedrich had just detached from Waldau (September 6th) with a new 8 or 6,000, to command in chief in those parts, and, along with Wunsch, put Dresden out of risk, as it were,—Finck does at least join Wunsch, as we shall mention in a little. And these Two, with such Wolfersdorfs and people under them, did prove capable of making front against Reichsfolk in great overplus of number. Nor are farther *sieges* of those Northern Garrisons, but recaptures of them, the news one hears from Saxony henceforth; —only that Dresden is fatally gone. Irrecoverably, as turned out, and in that unbearable manner. Here is the concluding scene :

Dresden, Saturday September 8th; Exit Schmettau. 'A thousand times over, Schmettau must have asked himself, "Why was I in such a hurry? Without cause for it I, only Maguire having cause!"—The Capitulation had been ended in a huddle, without signature: an unwise Capitulation; and it was scandalously ill kept. Schmettau was not to have marched till Monday 10th,—six clear days for packing and preparing;—but, practically, he has to make three serve him; and to go half-packed, or not packed at all. Endless chicanes do arise, "upon my honour!"—not even the 800 wagons are ready for us; "Can't your baggages go in boats, then?" "No, nor shall!" answers Schmettau, with blazing eyes, and heart ready to burst; a Schmettau living all this while as in Purgatory, or worse. Such bullyings from truculent Guasco, who is now without muzzle. Capitulation, most imperfect in itself, is avowedly infringed: King's Artillery,—which we had haggled for, and ended by "hoping for," to Maguire that rainy evening: why were we in such a hurry, too, and blind to Maguire's hurry!—King's Artillery, according to Durchlaucht of Zweibrück, when he actually signed within the walls, is "*Nicht accordirt* (Not granted), except the Field part." King's regimental furnishings, all and sundry, were "*accordirt*, and without visitation,"—but on second thoughts, the Austrian Officials are of opinion there must really be visitation, must be inspection. "May not some of them belong to Polish Majesty?" In which sad process of inspection there was incredible waste, Schmettau protesting; and above half of the new uniforms were lost to us. Our 80 pontoons, which were expressly bargained for, are brazenly denied us: "20 of them are Saxon," cry the Austrians: "who knows if they are not almost all Saxon,"—upon my honour! At this rate, only wait a day or two, and fewer wagons than 800 will be needed! thinks Schmettau; and

consents to 18 river-boats; Boats in part, then; and let us march at once. Accordingly,

'*Saturday 8th*, at 5 in the morning, Schmettau, with goods and people, does at last file out: across Elbe Bridge through the Neustadt; Prussians five deep; a double rank of Austrians, ranged on each side, in "espalier" they call it,—espalier with gaps in it every here and there, to what purpose is soon evident. The march was so disposed (likewise for a purpose) that, all along, there were one or two Companies of Prussian Foot; and then in the interval, carriages, cannon, cavalry and hussars. Schmettau's carriage is with the rearguard, Madam Schmettau's well in the van:—in two other carriages are two Prussian War-and-Domain Ministers.[1] "Managers of Saxon Finance," these Two;—who will have to manage elsewhere than in Dresden henceforth. Zinnow, Borck, they sit veritably there, with their multiform Account Papers: of whom I know absolutely nothing,—except (if anybody cared) that Zinnow, who "died of apoplexy in June following," is probably of pursy red-nosed type; and that Borck, for certain, has a very fine face and figure; delicacy, cheerful dignity, perfect gentlemanhood in short, written on every feature of him; as painted by Pesne, and engraved by Schmidt, for my accidental behoof.[2] Curious to think of that elaborate court-coat and flowing periwig, with this specific Borck, "old as the Devil" (whom I have had much trouble to identify), forming visible part of this dismal Procession: the bright eye of Borck not smiling as usual, but clouded, though impassive! But that of Borck or his Limners is not the point.

'The Prussians have been divided into small sections, with a mass of baggage-wagons and cavalry between every two. And no sooner is the mass got in movement, than there rises from the Austrian part, and continues all the way, loud invitation, "Whosoever is a brave Saxon, a brave Austrian, Reichsman, come to us! Gaps in the espalier, don't you see!" And Schmettau, in the rear, with baggage and cavalry intervening,—nobody can reach Schmettau. Here is a way of keeping your bargain! The Prussian Officers struggle stoutly; but are bellowed-at, struck-at, menaced by bayonet and bullet,—none of them shot, I think, but a good several of them cut and wounded;—the Austrian Officers themselves in passionate points behaving shamefully, "Yes, shoot them down, the (were it nothing else) heretic dogs"; and being throughout evidently in a hot shivery frame of mind, forgetful of the laws. Seldom was such a Procession; spite, rage and lawless revenge blazing out more

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[1] *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 376.

[2] *Fredericus Wilhelmus Borck* (*Pesne pinxit*, 1732; *Schmidt, sculptor Regis, culpsist, Berolini*, 1764): an excellent Print and Portrait.

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and more. On the whole, there deserted, through those gaps of the espalier, about half of the whole Garrison. On Madam Schmettau's hammercloth there sat, in the Schmettau livery, a hard-featured man, recognisable by keen eyes as lately a Nailer, of the Nailer Guild here; who had been a spy for Schmettau, and brought many persons into trouble: him they tear-down, and trample hither and thither,—at last, into some Guard-house near by.'[1]

Schmettau's Protest against all this is vehement, solemnly circumstantial: but, except in regard to the trampled Nailer (Zweibrück on that point 'heartily sorry for the insult to your Excellency's livery; and here the man is, with a thousand apologies'), Schmettau got no redress. Nor had Friedrich any, now or henceforth. Friedrich did at once, more to testify his disgust than for any benefit, order Schmettau: 'Halt at Wittenberg, not at Magdeburg as was pretended to be bargained. Dismiss your Escort of Austrians there; bid them home at once, and out of your sight.' Schmettau himself he ordered to Berlin, to idle waiting. Never again employed Schmettau: for sixteen years that they lived together, never saw his face more.

Schmettau's ill-fortune was much pitied, as surely it deserved to be, by all men. About Friedrich's severity there was, and still occasionally is, controversy held. Into which we shall not enter for Yes or for No. 'You are like the rest of them!' writes Friedrich to him; 'when the moment comes for showing firmness, you fail in it.'[2] Friedrich expects of others what all Soldiers profess,—and what is in fact the soul of all nobleness in their trade,—but what only Friedrich himself, and a select few, are in the habit of actually performing. Tried by the standard of common practice, Schmettau is clearly absolvable; a broken veteran, deserving almost tears. But that is not the standard which it will be safe for a King of men to go by. Friedrich, I should say,

[1] The Schmettau *Diarium* in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 364-376 (corrected chiefly from *Tempelhof*): Protest, and Correspondence in consequence, is in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 611-621; in *Helden-Geschichte*, etc., etc.

[2] 'Waldau, 10th September 1759': in Preuss, ii. *Urkunden*, p. 44.

would be ordered by his Office, if Nature herself did not order him, to pitch his ideal very high; and to be rather Rhadamanthine in judging about it. Friedrich was never accused of over-generosity to the unfortunate among his Captains.

After the War, Schmettau, his conduct still a theme of argument, was reduced to the Invalid List: age now sixty-seven, but health and heart still very fresh, as he pleaded; complaining that he could not live on his retiring Pension of 300*l.* a year. 'Be thankful you have not had your head struck-off by sentence of Court-Martial,' answered Friedrich. Schmettau, after some farther troubles from Court quarters, retired to Brandenburg, and there lived silent, poor but honourable, for his remaining fifteen years. Madam Schmettau came out very beautiful in those bad circumstances: cheery, thrifty, full of loyal patience; a constant sunshine to her poor man, whom she had preceded out of Dresden in the way we saw. Schmettau was very quiet, still studious of War matters;[1] 'sent the King' once,—in 1772, while Polish Prussia, and How it could be fortified, were the interesting subject,—'a *Journal*,' which he had elaborated for himself, '*of the Marches of Karl Twelfth in West Preussen*'; which was well received: 'Apparently the King not angry with me farther?' thought Schmettau. A completely retired old man; studious, social,—the best men of the Army still his friends and familiars:—nor, in his own mind, any mutiny against his Chief; this also has its beauty in a human life, my friend. So long as Madam Schmettau lived, it was well; after her death, not well, dark rather, and growing darker: and in about three years Schmettau followed (27th October 1775), whither that good soul had gone. The elder Brother, —who was a distinguished Academician, as well as Feldmarschall and Negotiator,—had died at Berlin, in Voltaire's time, 1751. Each of those Schmettaus had a Son, in the

[1] See *Leben* (by his Son, 'Captain Schmettau'; a modest intelligent Book), pp. 440-47.

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Prussian Army, who wrote Books, or each a short Book, still worth reading.[1] But we must return.

On the very morrow, September 5th, Daun heard of the glorious success at Dresden; had not expected it till about the 10th at soonest. From Triebel he sends the news at gallop to Lieberose and Soltikof: 'Rejoice with us, Excellenz: did not I predict it? Silesia and Saxony both are ours; fruits chiefly of your noble successes. Oh, continue them a very little!' 'Umph!' answers Soltikof, not with much enthusiasm: 'Send us meal steadily; and gain you, Excellenz's self, some noble success!' Friedrich did not hear of it for almost a week later; not till Monday 10th,—as a certain small Anecdote would of itself indicate.

Sunday Evening 9th September, General Finck, with his new 6,000, hastening on to join Wunsch for relief of Dresden, had got to Grossenhayn; and was putting-up his tents, when the Outposts brought him in an Austrian Officer, who had come with a Trumpeter inquiring for the General. The Austrian Officer 'is in quest of proper lodgings for General Schmettau and Garrison' (fancy Finck's sudden stare!);—'last night they lodged at Gross-Döbritz, tolerably to their mind: but the question for the Escort is, Where to lodge this night, if your Excellency could advise me?' 'Herr, I will advise you to go back to Gross-Döbritz on the instant,' answers Finck grimly; 'I shall be obliged to make you and your Trumpet prisoners, otherwise!' Exit Austrian Officer. That same evening, too, Captain Kollas, carrying Schmettau's sad news to the King, calls on Finck in passing; gives dismal details of the Capitulation and the Austrian way of keeping it; filling Finck's mind with sorrowful indignation.[2]

Finck,—let us add here, though in date it belongs a little elsewhere,—pushes on, not the less, to join Wunsch at Torgau;

[1] *Bavarian War of* 1778, by the Feldmarschall's Son; and this *Leben* we have just been citing, by the Lieutenant-General's.

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 237.

joins Wunsch, straightway recaptures Leipzig, garrison prisoners (September 13th): recaptures all those north-western garrisons, —multitudinous Reichsfolk trying, once, to fight him, in an amazingly loud, but otherwise helpless way (*'Action of Korbitz'* they call it); cannonading far and wide all day, and manœuvring about, here bitten-in upon, there trying to bite, over many leagues of Country; principally under Haddick's leading;[1] who saw good to draw-off Dresden-ward next day, and leave Finck master in those regions. To Daun's sad astonishment,—in a moment of crisis,—as we shall hear farther on! So that Saxony is not yet conquered to Daun; Saxony, no, nor indeed will be:—but Dresden is. Friedrich never could recover Dresden; though he hoped, and at intervals tried hard, for a long while to come.

CHAPTER VI

PRINCE HENRI MAKES A MARCH OF FIFTY HOURS; THE RUSSIANS CANNOT FIND LODGING IN SILESIA

THE eyes of all had been bent on Dresden latterly; and there had occurred a great deal of detaching thitherward, and of marching there and thence, as we have partly seen. And the end is, Dresden, and to appearance Saxony along with it, is Daun's. Has not Daun good reason now to be proud of the cunctatory method? Never did his game stand better; and all has been gained at other people's expense. Daun has not played one trump card; it is those obliging Russians that have played all the trumps, and reduced the Enemy to nothing. Only continue that wise course,—and cart meal, with your whole strength, for the Russians!—

Safe behind the pools of Lieberose, Friedrich between them

[1] *Hofbericht von der am* 21 *September bey Korbitz* (in Meissen Country, south of Elbe; Krögis too is a Village in this wide-spread 'Action') *vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 621-630). Tempelhof, iii. 248, 258.

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and Berlin, lie those dear Russians; extending, Daun and they, like an impassable military dike, with spurs of Outposts and cunningly devised Detachments, far and wide,—from beyond Bober or utmost Crossen on the east, to Hoyerswerda in Elbe Country on the west;—dike of eighty miles long, and in some eastern parts of almost eighty broad; so elaborate is Daun's detaching quality, in cases of moment. 'The King's broken Army on one side of us,' calculates Daun; 'Prince Henri's on the other; incommunicative they; reduced to isolation, powerless either or both of them against such odds. They shall wait there, please Heaven, till Saxony be quite finished. Zweibrück, and our Detachments and Maguires, let them finish Saxony, while Soltikof keeps the King busy. Saxony finished, how will either Prince or King attempt to recover it! After which, Silesia for us;—and we shall then be near our Magazines withal, and this severe stress of carting will abate or cease.' In fact, these seem sound calculations: Friedrich is 24,000; Henri 38,000; the military dike is, of Austrians 75,000, of Russians and Austrians together 120,000. Daun may fairly calculate on succeeding beautifully this Year: Saxony his altogether; and in Silesia some Glogau or strong Town taken, and Russians and Austrians wintering together in that Country.

If only Daun do not *too* much spare his trump cards! But there is such a thing as excess on that side too: and perhaps it is even the more ruinous kind,—and is certainly the more despised by good judges, though the multitude of bad may notice it less. Daun is unwearied in his vigilances, in his infinite cartings of provision for himself and Soltikof,—long chains of Magazines, big and little, at Guben, at Görlitz, at Bautzen, Zittau, Friedland;—and does, aided by French Montalembert, all that man can to keep those dear stupid Russians in tune.

Daun's problem of carting provisions, and guarding his multifarious posts, and sources of meal and defence, is not

without its difficulties. Especially with a Prince Henri opposite; who has a superlative manœuvring talent of his own, and an industry not inferior to Daun's in that way. Accordingly, ever since August 11th-13th, when Daun moved northward to Triebel, and Henri shot-out detachments parallel to him, 'to secure the Bober and our right flank, and try to regain communication with the King,'—still more, ever since August 22d, when Daun undertook that onerous cartage of meal for Soltikof as well as self, the manœuvring and mutual fencing and parrying, between Henri and him, has been getting livelier and livelier. Fain would Daun secure his numerous Roads and Magazines; assiduously does Henri threaten him in these points, and try all means to regain communication with his Brother. Daun has Magazines and interests everywhere; Henri is everywhere diligent to act on them.

Daun in person, ever since Kunersdorf time, has been at Triebel; Henri moved to Sagan after him, but has left a lieutenant at Schmöttseifen, as Daun has at Mark-Lissa:—here are still new planets, and secondary ditto, with revolving moons. In short, it is two interpenetrating solar systems, gyrating, osculating and colliding, over a space of several thousand square miles,—with an intricacy, with an embroiled abstruseness Ptolemean or more! Which indeed the soldier who would know his business,—(and not knowing it, is not he of all solecisms in this world the most flagrant?),—ought to study, out of Tempelhof and the Books; but which, except in its results, no other reader could endure. The result we will make a point of gathering: carefully riddled-down, there are withal in the details five or six little passages which have some shadow of interest to us; these let us note, and carefully omit the rest:

Of Fouquet at Landshut. 'Fouquet was twice attacked at Landshut; but made a lucky figure both times. Attack first was by Deville; attack second by Harsch. Early in July, not long after Friedrich had left for Schmöttseifen, rash Deville (a rash creature, and then again a

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laggard, swift where he should be slow, and *vice versâ*) again made trial on Landshut and Fouquet; but was beautifully dealt with; taken in rear, in flank, or I forget how taken, but sent galloping through the Passes again, with a loss of many Prisoners, most of his furnitures, and all his presence of mind: whom Daun thereupon summoned out of those parts, "Hitherward to Mark-Lissa with your Corps; leave Fouquet alone!"[1]

'After which, Fouquet, things being altogether quiet round him, was summoned, with most part of his force, to Schmöttseifen; left General Goltz (a man we have met before) to guard Landshut; and was in fair hopes of proving helpful to Prince Henri,—when Harsch' (Harsch by himself this time, not Harsch and Deville as usual) 'thought here was his opportunity; and came with a great apparatus, as if to swallow Landshut whole. So that Fouquet had to hurry-off reinforcements thither; and at length to go himself, leaving Stutterheim in his stead at Schmöttseifen. Goltz, however, with his small handful, stood well to his work. And there fell-out sharp fencings at Landshut:—especially one violent attack on our outposts; the Austrians quite triumphant; till 'a couple of cannon open on them from the next Hill,'—till some violent Werner or other charge-in upon them with Prussian Hussars;—a desperate tussle, that special one of Werner's; not only sabres flashing furiously on both sides, but butts of pistols and blows on the face:[2] till, in short, Harsch finds he can make nothing of it, and has taken himself away, before Fouquet come.' This Goltz, here playing Anti-Harsch, is the Goltz who, with Winterfeld, Schmettau and others, was in that melancholy Zittau march, of the Prince of Prussia's, in 1757: it was Goltz by whom the King sent his finishing compliment, 'You deserve, all of you, to be tried by Court-Martial, and to lose your heads!' Goltz is mainly concerned with Fouquet and Silesia, in late times; and we shall hear of him once again. Fouquet did not return to Schmöttseifen; nor was molested again in Landshut this year, though he soon had to detach, for the King's use, part of his Landshut force, and had other Silesian business which fell to him.

Fortress of Peitz. The poor Fortress of Peitz was taken again;—do readers remember it, 'on the day of Zorndorf,' last year? 'This year, a fortnight after Kunersdorf, the same old Half-pay Gentleman with his Five-and-forty Invalids have again been set adrift, "with the honours of war," poor old creatures; lest by possibility they afflict the dear Russians and our meal-carts up yonder.[3] I will forget who took Peitz: perhaps Haddick, of whom we have lately heard so much? He was captor

[1] *Hofbericht von den Unternehmungen des Fouquetschen Corps, im Julius* 1759: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 582-586.

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 238: 31st August.

[3] *Ibid.* 231: 27th August.

of Berlin in 1757, did the Inroad on Berlin that year,—and produced Rossbach shortly after. Peitz, if he did Peitz, was Haddick's last success in the world. Haddick has been most industrious, "guarding the Russian flank,"—standing between the King and it, during that Soltikof march to Müllrose, to Lieberose;—but that once done, and the King settled at Waldau, Haddick was ordered to Saxony, against Wunsch and Finck:—and readers know already what he made of these Two in the "Action at Korbitz, September 21st,"—and shall hear soon what befell Haddick himself in consequence.'

Colonel Hordt is captured. 'It was in that final marching of Soltikof to Lieberose that a distinguished Ex-Swede, Colonel Hordt, of the Free Corps *Hordt*, was taken prisoner. At Trebatsch; hanging on Soltikof's right flank on that occasion. It was not Haddick, it was a swarm of Cossacks who laid Hordt fast; his horse having gone to the girths in a bog.[1] Hordt, an Ex-Swede of distinction,—a Royalist Exile, on whose head the Swedes have set a price (had gone into "Brahe's Plot," years since, Plot on behalf of the poor Swedish King, which cost Brahe his life),—Hordt now might have fared ill, had not Friedrich been emphatic, "Touch a hair of him, retaliation follows on the instant!" He was carried to Petersburg; "lay twenty-six months and three days" in solitary durance there; and we may hear a word from him again.'

Ziethen almost captured. 'Prince Henri, in the last days of August, marched to Sagan in person;[2] Ziethen along with him; multifariously manœuvring "to regain communication with the King." Of course, with no want of counter-manœuvring, of vigilant outposts, cunningly-devised detachments and assiduous small measures on the part of Daun. Who, one day, had determined on a more considerable thing; that of cutting-out Ziethen from the Sagan neighbourhood. And would have done it, they say,—had not he been too cunctatory. September 2d, Ziethen, who is posted in the little Town of Sorau, had very nearly been cut-off. In Sorau, westward, Daun-ward, of Sagan a short day's march: there sat Ziethen, conscious of nothing particular,—with Daun secretly marching on him; Daun in person, from the west, and two others from the north and from the south, who are to be simultaneous on Sorau and the Zietheners. A well-laid scheme; likely to have finished Ziethen satisfactorily, who sat there aware of nothing. But it all miswent: Daun, on the road, noticed some trifling phenomenon (Prussian party of horse, or the like), which convinced his cautious mind that all was found out; that probably a whole Prussian Army, instead of a Ziethen only, was waiting at Sorau; upon which Daun turned home again, sorry that

[1] *Mémoires du Comte de Hordt* (à Berlin, 1789), ii. 53-58 (not dated or intelligible there): in Tempelhof (iii. 235-6) clear account, 'Trebatsch, September 4th.'

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 231: 29th August.

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he could not turn the other two as well. The other two were stronger than Ziethen, could they have come upon him by surprise; or have caught him before he got through a certain Pass, or bit of bad ground, with his baggage. But Ziethen, by some accident, or by his own patrols, got notice; loaded his baggage instantly; and was through the Pass, or half through it, and in a condition to give stroke for stroke with interest, when his enemies came up. Nothing could be done upon Ziethen; who marched on, he and all his properties, safe to Sagan that night,—owing to Daun's over-caution, and to Ziethen's own activity and luck.'[1]

All this was prior to the loss of Dresden. During the crisis of that, when everybody was bestirring himself, Prince Henri made extraordinary exertions: 'Much depends on me; all on me!' sighed Henri. A cautious little man; but *not* incapable of risking, in the crisis of a game for life and death. Friedrich and he are wedged asunder by that dike of Russians and Austrians, which goes from Bober river eastward, post after post, to Hoyerswerda westward, eighty miles along the Lausitz Brandenburg Frontier, rooting itself through the Lausitz into Bohemia, and the sources of its meal. Friedrich and he cannot communicate except by spies ('the first *Jäger*,' or regular express 'from the King, arrived September 13th'[2]): but both are of one mind; both are on one problem, 'What is to be done with that impassable dike?'—and coöperate sympathetically without communicating. What follows bears date *after* the loss of Dresden, but while Henri still knew only of the siege,—that *Jäger* of the 13th first brought him news of the loss.

'A day or two after Ziethen's adventure, Henri quits Sagan, to move southward for a stroke at the Bohemian-Lausitz magazines; a stroke, and series of strokes. *September 8th*, Ziethen and (in Fouquet's absence at Landshut) Stutterheim are pushed forward into the Zittau Country; first of all upon Friedland,—the Zittau Friedland, for there are Friedlands many! *September 9th*, Stutterheim summons Friedland, gets it; gets the bit of magazine there; and next day hastens on to Zittau. Is refused surrender of Zittau; learns, however, that the magazine has been mostly set on wheels again, and is a stage forward on the road to Bohemia; whitherward Stutterheim, quitting Zittau as too tedious,

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 233. [2] *Ibid.* 207.

hastens after it, and next day catches it, or the *un*burnt remains of it. A successful Stutterheim. Nor is Ziethen idle in the mean while; Ziethen and others; whom no Deville or Austrian Party thinks itself strong enough to meddle with, Prince Henri being so near.

'Here is a pretty tempest in the heart of our Bohemian meal-conduit! Continue that, and what becomes of Soltikof and me? Daun is off from Triebel Country to this dangerous scene; indignantly cashiers Deville, "Why did not you attack these Ziethen people? Had not you 10,000, Sir?" Cashiers poor Deville for not attacking;—does not himself attack: but carts away the important Görlitz magazine, to Bautzen, which is the still more important one; sits-down on the lid of that (according to wont); shoots-out O'Donnell (an Irish gentleman, Deville's successor), and takes every precaution. Prince Henri, in presence of O'Donnell, coalesces again; walks into Görlitz; encamps there, on the Landskron and other Heights (Moys Hill one of them, poor Winterfeld's Hill!),—and watches a little how matters will turn, and whether Daun, severely vigilant from Bautzen, seated on the lid of his magazine, will not perhaps rise.'

First and last, Daun in this business has tried several things; but there was pretty much always, and emphatically there now is, only one thing that could be effectual: To attack Prince Henri, and abolish him from those countries;—as surely might have been possible, with twice his strength at your disposal?—This, though sometimes he seemed to be thinking of such a thing, Daun never would try; for which the subsequent *Facts*, and all good judges, were and are inexorably severe on Daun. Certain it is, no rashness could have better spilt Daun's game than did this extreme caution.

Daun, Soltikof and Company again have a Colloquy (Bautzen, September 15th); *after which Everybody starts on his special Course of Action*

Soltikof's disgust at this new movement of Daun's was great and indignant. 'Instead of going at the King, and getting some victory for himself, he has gone to Bautzen, and sat down on his meal-bags! Meal? Is it to be a mere fighting for meal? I will march tomorrow for Poland, for

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Preussen, and find plenty of meal!' And would have gone, they say, had not Mercury, in the shape of Montalembert with his most zealous rhetoric, intervened; and prevailed with difficulty. 'One hour of personal interview with Excellency Daun,' urges Montalembert; 'one more!' 'No,' answers Soltikof.—'Alas, then, send your messenger!' To which last expedient Soltikof does assent, and despatches Romanzof on the errand.

September 15*th*, at Bautzen, at an early hour, there is meeting accordingly; not Romanzof, Soltikof's messenger, alone, but Zweibrück in person, Daun in person; and most earnest council is held. 'A noble Russian gentleman sees how my hands are bound,' pleads Daun. 'Will not Excellency Soltikof, who disdains idleness, go himself upon Silesia, upon Glogau for instance, and grant me a few days?' 'No,' answers Romanzof; 'Excellency Soltikof by himself will not. Let Austria furnish Siege-Artillery; daily meal I need not speak of; 10,000 fresh Auxiliaries beyond those we have: on these terms Excellency Soltikof will perhaps try it; on lower terms, positively not.' 'Well then, yes!' answers Daun, not without qualms of mind. Daun has a horror at weakening himself to that extent; but what can he do? 'General Campitelli, with the 10,000, let him march this night, then; join with General Loudon where you please to order: Excellency Soltikof shall see that in every point I conform.'[1]—An important meeting to us, this at Bautzen; and breaks-up the dead-lock into three or more divergent courses of activity; which it will now behove us to follow, with the best brevity attainable. 'Bautzen, Saturday 15th September, early in the morning,' that is the date of the important Colloquy. And precisely eight-and-forty hours before, 'on Thursday 13th, about 10 A.M., in the western Environs of Quebec, there has fallen out an Event, quite otherwise important in the History of Mankind! Of which readers shall have some notice at a time more convenient.—

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 247-249.

Romanzof returning with such answer, Soltikof straightway gathers himself, September 15th-16th, and gets on march. To Friedrich's joy; who hopes it may be homeward; waits two days at Waldau, for the Yes or No. On the second day, alas, it is No: 'Going for Silesia, I perceive; thither, by a wide sweep northward, which they think will be safer!' Upon which Friedrich also rises; follows, with another kind of speed than Soltikof's; and, by one of his swift clutchings, lays hold of Sagan, which he, if Soltikof has not, sees to be a key-point in this operation. Easy for Soltikof to have seized this key-point, key of the real road to Glogau; easy for Loudon and the new 10,000 to have rendezvoused there: but nobody has thought of doing it. A few Croats were in the place, who could make no debate.

From Sagan Friedrich and Henri are at length in free communication; Sagan to the Landskron at Görlitz is some fifty miles of country, now fallen vacant. From Henri, from Fouquet (the dangers of Landshut being over), Friedrich is getting what reinforcement they can spare (September 20th-24th); will then push forward again, industriously sticking to the flanks of Soltikof, thrusting out stumbling-blocks, making his march very uncomfortable.

Strange to say, from Sagan, while waiting two days for these reinforcements, there starts suddenly to view, suddenly for Friedrich and us, an incipient Negotiation about Peace! Actual Proposal that way (or as good as actual, so Voltaire thinks it), on the part of Choiseul and France; but as yet in Voltaire's name only, by a sure though a backstairs channel, of his discovering. Of which, and of the much farther corresponding that did actually follow on it, we purpose to say something elsewhere, at a better time. Meanwhile Voltaire's announcement of it to the King has just come in, through a fair and high Hand: how Friedrich receives it, what Friedrich's inner feeling is, and has been for a fortnight past— Here are some private utterances of his, throwing a straggle of light on those points:

Four Letters of Friedrich's (10th-24th September)

No. 1. '*To Prince Ferdinand* (at Berlin).' Poor little Ferdinand, the King's Brother, fallen into bad health, has retired from the Wars, and gone to Berlin; much an object of anxiety to the King, who diligently corresponds with the dear little man,—giving earnest medical advices, and getting Berlin news in return.

'Waldau, 10th September 1759.

'Since my last Letter, Dresden has capitulated,—the very day while Wunsch was beating Maguire at The Barns' (north side of Dresden, September 5th, day *after* the capitulation). 'Wunsch went back to Torgau, which St. André, with 14,000 Reich's-people under him, was for retaking; him too Wunsch beat, took all his tents, kettles, haversacks and utensils, 300 prisoners, six cannon and some standards. Finck is uniting with Wunsch; they will march on the Prince of Zweibrück, and retake Dresden' (hopes always, for a year and more, to have Dresden back very soon). 'I trust before long to get all these people gathered round Dresden, and our own Country rid of them: that, I take it, will be the end of the Campaign.

'Many compliments to the Prince of Würtemberg' (wounded at Kunersdorf), 'and to all our wounded Generals: I hope Seidlitz is now out of danger: that bleeding fit (*ébullition de sang*) will cure him of the cramp in his jaw, and of his colics; and as he is in bed, he won't take cold. I hope the viper-broth will do you infinite good; be assiduous in patching your constitution, while there is yet some fine weather left: I dread the winter for you; take a great deal of care against cold. I have still a couple of cruel months ahead of me before ending this Campaign. Within that time, there will be, God knows what upshot.'[1]—This is "September 10th": the day of Captain Kollas's arrival with his bad Dresden news; Daun and Soltikof profoundly quiet for three days more.

No. 2. '*To the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha*' (at Gotha). Voltaire has enclosed his Peace-Proposal to that Serene Lady, always a friend of Friedrich's and his; to whom Friedrich, directly on receipt of it, makes answer:

'Sagan, 22d September 1759.

'Madam,—I receive on all occasions proofs of your goodness, to which I am as sensible as a chivalrous man can be. Certainly it is not through your hands, Madam, that my Correspondence with V.' (with Voltaire, if one durst write it in full) 'ought to be made to pass! Nevertheless, in

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 544.

present circumstances, I will presume to beg that you would forward to him the Answer here enclosed, on which I put no Address. The difficulty of transmitting Letters has made me choose my Brother,' Ferdinand, at Berlin, 'to have this conveyed to your hand.

'If I gave bridle to my feelings, now would be the moment for developing them; but in these critical times I judge it better not; and will restrict myself to simple assurances of— F.'

No. 3. '*To Voltaire*, at the Délices' (so her Serene Highness will address it). Here is part of the Enclosure to 'V.' Friedrich is all for Peace; but keeps on his guard with such an Ambassador, and writes in a proud, light, only half-believing style:

'Sagan, 22d September 1759.

'The Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha sends me your Letter. I never received your "packet of the 29th": communications all interrupted here; "with much trouble I get this passed-on to you, if it is happy enough to pass.

'"My position is not so desperate as my enemies give out. I expect to finish my Campaign tolerably; my courage is not sunk:—it appears, however, there is talk of Peace. All I can say of positive on this article is, That I have honour for ten; and that, whatever misfortune befall me, I feel myself incapable of doing anything to wound, the least in the world, this principle,—which is so sensitive and delicate for one who thinks like a gentleman (*pense en preux chevalier*); and so little regarded by rascally politicians, who think like tradesmen.

'"I know nothing of what you have been telling me about" (your back-stairs channels, your Duc de Choiseul and his humours): "but for making Peace there are two conditions which I never will depart from: 1°. To make it conjointly with my faithful Allies" (Hessen and England; I have no other); "2°. To make it honourable and glorious. Observe you, I have still honour remaining; I will preserve that, at the price of my blood.

'"If your people want Peace, let them propose nothing to me which contradicts the delicacy of my sentiments. I am in the convulsions of military operations; I do as the gamblers who are in ill-luck, and obstinately set themselves against Fortune. I have forced her to return to me, more than once, like a fickle mistress, when she had run away. My opponents are such foolish people, in the end I bid fair to catch some advantage over them: but, happen whatsoever his Sacred Majesty Chance may please, I don't disturb myself about it. Up to this point, I have a clear conscience in regard to the misfortunes that have come to me. As to you, the Battle of Minden, that of Cadiz" (Boscawen *versus* De la Clue; Toulon Fleet running out, and caught by the English, as

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we saw), these things perhaps, "and the loss of Canada, are arguments capable of restoring reason to the French, who had got confused by the Austrian hellebore.

'"This is my way of thinking. You do not find me made of rose-water: but Henri Quatre, Louis Quatorze,—my present enemies even, whom I could cite" (Maria Theresa, twenty years ago, when your Belleisle set-out to cut her in Four),—"were of no softer temper either. Had I been born a private man, I would yield everything for the love of Peace; but one has to take the tone of one's position. This is all I can tell you at present. In three or four weeks the ways of correspondence will be freer.— F."[1]

No. 4. '*To Prince Ferdinand.*' Two days later: has got on foot again,—end of his first march upon Soltikof again:

'Baunau, 24th September 1759.

'"Thank you for the news you send of the wounded Officers," Würtemberg, Seidlitz and the others. "You may well suppose that in the pass things are at, I am not without cares, inquietudes, anxieties; it is the frightfulest crisis I have had in my life. This is the moment for dying unless one conquer. Daun and my Brother Henri are marching side by side" (not exactly!). "It is possible enough all these Armies may assemble hereabouts, and that a general Battle may decide our fortune and the Peace. Take care of your health, dear Brother.— F.'[2]

Baunau is on Silesian ground, as indeed Sagan itself is; at Baunau Friedrich already, just on arriving, has done a fine move on Soltikof, and surprisingly flung the toll-gate in Soltikof's face. As we shall see by and by;—and likewise that Prince Henri, who emerges tomorrow morning (September 25th), has not been 'marching side by side with Daun,' but at a pretty distance from that gentleman!—

Soltikof is a man of his word; otherwise one suspects he already saw his Siege of Glogau to be impossible. Russians are not very skilful at the War-minuet: fancy what it will be dancing to such a partner! Friedrich, finding they are for Glogau, whisks across the Oder, gets there before them: 'No Glogau for you!' They stand agape for some time; then think, 'Well then, Breslau!' Friedrich again whisks across from them, farther up, and is again ahead of them when they cross: 'No Breslau either!' In effect, it is hopeless; and

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 60, 61. [2] *Ib.* xxvi. 545.

we may leave the two manœuvring in those waste parts, astride of Oder, or on the eastern bank of it, till a fitter opportunity; and attend to Henri, who is now the article in risk.

Zweibrück's report of himself, on that day of the general Colloquy, was not in the way of complaint, like that of the Russians, though there did remain difficulties. 'Dresden gloriously ours; Maguire Governor there, and everything secure; upon my honour. But in the north-west part, those Fincks and Wunsches, Excellenz?'—And the actual truth is, Wunsch has taken Leipzig, day before yesterday (September 13th), as Daun sorrowfully knows, by news come in overnight. And six days hence (September 21st), Finck and Wunsch together will do their '*Action of Korbitz*,' and be sending Haddick a bad road! These things Zweibrück knows only in part; but past experience gives him ominous presentiment, as it may well do; and he thinks decidedly: 'Excellenz, more Austrian troops are indispensable there; in fact, your Excellenz's self, were that possible; which one feels it is not, in the presence of these Russians!'

Russians and Reichsfolk, these are a pair of thumbscrews on both thumbs of Daun; screwing the cunctation out of him; painfully intimating: 'Get rid of this Prince Henri; you must, you must!' And, in the course of the next eight days Daun has actually girt himself to this great enterprise. Goaded on, I could guess, by the 'Action of Korbitz' (done on Friday, thirty hours ago); the news of which, and that Haddick, instead of extinguishing Finck, is retreating from him upon Dresden,—what a piece of news! thinks Daun: 'You, Zweibrück, Haddick, Maguire and Company, you are 36,000 in Saxony; Finck has not 12,000 in the field: How is this?'—and indignantly dismisses Haddick altogether: 'Go, Sir, and attend to your health!'[1] News poignantly astonishing to Daun, as would seem;—like an oxgoad in the

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 276, 258-261.

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lazy rear of Daun. Certain it is, Daun had marched out to Görlitz in collected form; and, on Saturday afternoon, *September 22d*, is personally on the Heights (not Moys Hill, I should judge, but other points of vision), taking earnest survey of Prince Henri's position on the Landskron there. 'Tomorrow morning we attack that Camp,' thinks Daun; 'storm Prince Henri and it: be rid of him, at any price!'[1]

'Tomorrow morning,' yes:—but this afternoon, and earlier, Prince Henri has formed a great resolution, his plans all laid, everything in readiness; and it is not here you will find Prince Henri tomorrow. This is his famous March of Fifty Hours, this that we are now come to; which deserves all our attention,—and all Daun's much more! Prince Henri was habitually a man cautious in War; not aggressive, like his Brother, but defensive, frugal of risks, and averse to the lion-springs usual with some people; though capable of them, too, in the hour of need. Military men are full of wonder at the bold scheme he now fell upon; and at his style of executing it. Hardly was Daun gone home to his meditations on the storm of the Landskron tomorrow, and tattoo beaten in Prince Henri's Camp there, when, at 8 that Saturday evening, issuing softly, with a minimum of noise, in the proper marching columns, baggage-columns, Henri altogether quitted this Camp; and vanished like a dream. Into the Night; men and goods, every item:—who shall say whitherward? Leaving only a few light people to keep-up the watchfires and sentry-cries, for behoof of Daun! Let readers here, who are in the secret, watch him a little from afar.

Straight northward goes Prince Henri, down Neisse Valley, 20 miles or so, to Rothenburg;* in columns several-fold, with much delicate arranging, which was punctually followed: and in the course of tomorrow Prince Henri is bivouacked, for a short rest of three hours,—hidden in unknown space,

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 253-256 (for the March now ensuing): iii. 228-234, 241-247 (for Henri's anterior movements).

* Map, at end of Volume.

20 miles from Daun, when Daun comes marching up to storm him on the Landskron! Gone veritably; but whitherward Daun cannot form the least guess. Daun can only keep his men under arms there, all day; while his scouts gallop far and wide,—bringing-in this false guess and the other; and at length returning with the eminently false one, misled by some of Henri's baggage-columns, which have to go many routes, That the Prince is on march for Glogau:—'Gone north-east; that way went his wagons; these we saw with our eyes.' 'North-east? Yes, to Glogau possibly enough,' thinks Daun: 'Or may not he, cunning as he is and full of feints, intend a stroke on Bautzen, in my absence?'—and hastens thither again, and sits-down on the magazine-lid, glad to find nothing wrong there.

This is all that Daun hears of Henri for the next four days. Plenty of bad news from Saxony in these four days: the Finck-Haddick Action of Korbitz, a dismal certainty before one started,—and Haddick on his road to some Watering Place by this time! But no trace of Henri farther; since that of the wagons winding north-east. 'Gone to Glogau, to his Brother: no use in pushing him, or trying to molest him there!' thinks Daun; and waits, in stagnant humour, chewing the cud of bitter enough thoughts, till confirmation of that guess arrive:—as it never will in this world! Read an important Note:

'To northward of Bautzen forty miles, and to westward forty miles, the country is all Daun's; only towards Glogau, with the Russians and Friedrich thereabouts, does it become disputable, or offer Prince Henri any chance. Nevertheless it is not to Glogau, it is far the reverse, that the nimble Henri has gone. Resting himself at Rothenburg "three hours" (speed is of all things the vitalest), Prince Henri starts again, *Sunday* afternoon, straight westward this time. Marches, with his best swiftness, with his best arrangements, through many sleeping Villages, to Klitten, not a wakeful one: a march of 18 miles from Rothenburg; —direct for the Saxon side of things, instead of the Silesian, as Daun had made sure.

'At Klitten, *Monday* morning, bivouack again, for a few hours,—

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"has no Camp, only waits three hours," is Archenholtz's phrase: but I suppose the meaning is, Waits till the several Columns, by their calculated routes, have all got together; and till the latest in arriving has had "three hours" of rest,—the earliest having perhaps gone on march again, in the interim? There are 20 miles farther, still straight west, to Hoyerswerda, where the outmost Austrian Division is: "Forward towards that; let us astonish General Wehla and his 3,000, and our March is over!" All this too Prince Henri manages; never anything more consummate, more astonishing to Wehla and his Master.

'Wehla and Brentano, readers perhaps remember them busy, from the Pirna side, at the late Siege of Dresden. Siege gloriously done, Wehla was ordered to Hoyerswerda, on the north-west frontier; Brentano to a different point in that neighbourhood; where Brentano escaped ruin, and shall not be mentioned; but Wehla suddenly found it, and will require a word. Wehla, of all people on the War-theatre, had been the least expecting disturbance. He is on the remotest western flank; to westward of him nothing but Torgau and the Finck-Wunsch people, from whom is small likelihood of danger: from the eastern what danger can there be? A Letter of Daun's, some days ago, had expressly informed him that, to all appearance, there was none.

'And now suddenly, on the Tuesday morning, What is this? Prussians reported to be visible in the Woods! "Impossible!" answered Wehla;—did get ready, however, what he could; Croat Regiments, pieces of Artillery behind the Elster River and on good points; labouring more and more diligently, as the news proved true. But all his efforts were to no purpose. General Lentulus with his Prussians (the mute Swiss Lentulus, whom we sometimes meet), who has the Vanguard this day, comes streaming out of the woods across the obstacles; cannonades Wehla both in front and rear; entirely swallows Wehla and Corps: 600 killed; the General himself, with 28 Field-Officers, and of subalterns and privates 1,785, falling prisoners to us; and the remainder scattered on the winds, galloping each his own road towards covert and a new form of life. Wehla is eaten, in this manner, Tuesday September 25th:—metaphorically speaking, the March of Fifty Hours ends in a comfortable *two*fold meal (military-cannibal, as well as of common culinary meat), and in well-deserved rest.'[1]

The turning-point of the Campaign is reckoned to be this March of Henri's; one of the most extraordinary on record. Prince Henri had a very fast march *into* these Silesian-Lausitz Countries, early in July,[2] and another very fast, from

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 255, 256; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*; etc.

[2] Seyfarth, ii. 545.

Bautzen, to intersect with Schmöttseifen, in the end of July: but these were as nothing compared with the present. Tempelhof, the excellent solid man,—but who puts all things, big and little, on the same level of detail, and has unparalleled methods of arranging (what he reckons to be 'arranging'), and no vestige of index,—is distressingly obscure on this grand Incident; but at length, on compulsion, does yield clear account.[1] In Archenholtz it is not *dated* at all; who merely says as follows: 'Most extraordinary march ever made; went through 50 miles of Country wholly in the Enemy's possession; lasted 56 hours, in which long period there was no Camp pitched, and only twice a rest of three hours allowed the troops. During the other 50 hours the march, day and night, continually proceeded. Ended (*no* date) in surprise of General Wehla at Hoyerswerda, cutting-up 600 of his soldiers, and taking 1,800 prisoners. Kalkreuth, since so famous,' in the Anti-Napoleon Wars, 'was the Prince's Adjutant.'[2]

This is probably Prince Henri's cleverest feat,—though he did a great many of clever; and his Brother used to say, glancing towards him, 'There is but one of us that never committed a mistake.' A highly ingenious dextrous little man in affairs of War, sharp as needles, vehement but cautious; though of abstruse temper, thin-skinned, capricious, and giving his Brother a great deal of trouble with his jealousies and shrewish whims. By this last consummate little operation he has astonished Daun as much as anybody ever did; shorn his elaborate tissue of cunctations into ruin and collapse at one stroke; and in effect, as turns out, wrecked his campaign for this Year.

Daun finds there is now no hope of Saxony, unless he himself at once proceed thither. At once thither;—and leave Glogau and the Russians to their luck,—which in such case, what is it like to be? Probably, to Daun's own view, ominous enough; but he has no alternative. To this pass

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 253-258. [2] Archenholtz, i. 426.

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has the March of Fifty Hours brought us. There is such a thing as being too cunctatory, is not there, your Excellency? Every mortal, and more especially every Feldmarschall, ought to strike the iron while it is hot. The remainder of this Campaign, we will hope, can be made intelligible in a more summary manner.

Friedrich manages (September 24th—October 24th) *to get the Russians sent Home; and Himself falls lamed with Gout*

Friedrich's manœuvres against Soltikof,—every reader is prepared to hear that Soltikof was rendered futile by them; and none but military readers could take delight in the details. Two beautiful short-cuts he made upon Soltikof; pulled him up both times in mid career, as with hard check-bit. The first time was at Zöbelwitz: September 24th, Friedrich cut across from Sagan, which is string to bow of the Russian march; posted himself on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, of Baunau, Milkau (at Baunau Friedrich will write a *Letter* this night, if readers bethink themselves; Milkau is a place he may remember for rain-deluges, in the First Silesian War [1]): 'Let the Russians, if they now dare, try the Pass of Neustädtel here!' A fortunate hour, when he got upon this ground. Quartermaster-General Stoffel, our old Cüstrin acquaintance, is found marking-out a Camp with a view to that Pass of Neustädtel; [2] is greatly astonished to find the Prussian Army emerge on him there; and at once vanishes, with his Hussar-Cossack retinues. 'September 24th,' it is while Prince Henri was on the last moiety of his March of Fifty Hours. This severe twitch flung Soltikof quite out from Glogau,—was like to fling him home altogether, had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence;—did fling him across the Oder. Where, again thanks to Montalembert, he

[1] Suprà, p. 131; *ib.* vol. iv. p. 24.
[2] Tempelhof, iii. 293: Retzow, ii. 163.

was circling on with an eye to Breslau, when Friedrich, by the diameter, suddenly laid bridges, crossed at Köben, and again brought Soltikof to halt, as by turnpike suddenly shut: 'Must pay first; must beat us first!'

These things had raised Friedrich's spirits not a little. Getting on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, he was heard to exclaim, 'This is a lucky day; worth more to me than a battle with victory.'[1] Astonishing how he blazed-out again, quite into his old pride and effulgence, after this, says Retzow. Had been so meek, so humbled, and even condescended to ask advice or opinion from some about him. Especially 'from two Captains,' says the Opposition Retzow, whose heads were nearly turned by this sunburst from on high. Captain Marquart and another,—I believe, he did employ them about Routes and marking of Camps, which Retzow calls consulting: a King fallen tragically scarce of persons to consult; all his Winterfelds, Schwerins, Keiths, and Council of Peers now vanished, and nothing but some intelligent-looking Captain Marquart, or the like, to consult:—of which Retzow, in his splenetic Opposition humour, does not see the tragedy, but rather the comedy: how the poor Captains found their favour to be temporary, conditional, and had to collapse again. One of them wrote an '*Essay* on the *Coup-d'œil Militaire*,' over which Retzow pretends to weep. This was Friedrich's marginal Note upon the MS., when submitted to his gracious perusal: 'You (*Er*) will do better to acquire the Art of marking Camps than to write upon the Military Stroke of Eye.' Beautifully written too, says Retzow; but what, in the eyes of this King, is beautiful writing, to knowing your business well? No friend he to writing, unless you have got something really special, and urgent to be written.

Friedrich crossed the Oder twice. Took Soltikof on both sides of the Oder, cut him out of this fond expectation, then of that; led him, we perceive, a bad life. Latterly the

[1] Retzow, ii. 163.

scene was on the right bank; Sophienthal, Köben, Herrnstadt and other poor places,—on that big eastern elbow, where Oder takes his final bend, or farewell of Poland. Ground, naturally, of some interest to Friedrich: ground to us unknown; but known to Friedrich as the ground where Karl XII. gave Schulenburg his beating,[1] which produced the 'beautiful retreat' of Schulenburg. The old Feldmarschall Schulenburg whom we used to hear of once,—whose Nephew, a pipeclayed little gentleman, was well known to Friedrich and us.

For the rest, I do not think he feels this outmanœuvring of the Russians very hard work. Already, from Zöbelwitz Country, 25th September, day of Henri at Hoyerswerda, Friedrich had written to Fouquet: 'With 21,000 your beaten and maltreated Servant has hindered an Army of 50,000 from attacking him, and compelled them to retire on Neusatz!' Evidently much risen in hope; and Henri's fine news not yet come to hand. By degrees, Soltikof, rendered futile, got very angry; especially when Daun had to go for Saxony. 'Meal was becoming impossible, at any rate,' whimpers Daun: 'Oh Excellency, do but consider, with the nobleness natural to you! Our Court will cheerfully furnish money, instead of meal.'—'Money? My people cannot eat money!' growled Soltikof, getting more and more angry; threatening daily to march for Posen and his own meal-stores. What a time of it has Montalembert, has the melancholy Loudon, with temper so hot!

At Sophienthal, October 10th, Friedrich falls ill of gout; —absolutely lamed; for three weeks cannot stir from his room. Happily the outer problem is becoming easier and easier; almost bringing its own solution. At Sophienthal the lame Friedrich takes to writing about *Charles XII. and his Military Character*,—not a very illuminative Piece, on the

[1] 'Near Guhrau' (while chasing August the Strong and him out of Poland), '12th October 1704'; vague account of it, dateless, and as good as placeless, in Voltaire (*Charles Douze*, liv. iii.), *Œuvres*, xxx. 142-5.

first perusal, but I intend to read it again;[1]—which at least helps him to pass the time. Soltikof, more and more straitened, meal itself running low, gets angrier and angrier. His treatment of the Country, Montalembert rather encouraging, is described as 'horrible.' One day he takes the whim, whim or little more, of seizing Herrnstadt; a small Town, between the Two Armies, where the Prussians have a Free-Battalion. The Prussian Battalion resists; drives Soltikof's people back. 'Never mind,' think they: 'a place of no importance to us; and Excellency Soltikof has ridden elsewhither.' By ill-luck, in the afternoon, Excellency Soltikof happened to mention the place again. Hearing that the Prussians still have it, Soltikof mounts into a rage; summons the place, with answer still No; thereupon orders instant bombardment of it, fiery storms of grenadoes for it; and has the satisfaction of utterly burning poor Herrnstadt; the Prussian Free-Corps still continuing obstinate. It was Soltikof's last act in those parts, and betokens a sulphurous state of humour.

Next morning (October 24th), he took the road for Posen, and marched bodily home.[2] Home verily, in spite of Montalembert and all men. 'And for me, what orders has Excellency?' Loudon had anxiously inquired, on the eve of that event. 'None whatever!' answered Excellency: 'Do your own pleasure; go whithersoever seems good to you.' And Loudon had to take a wide sweep round, by Kalish, through the western parts of Poland; and get home to the Troppau-Teschen Country as he best could.

By Kalish, by Czenstochow, Cracow, poor Loudon had to go: a dismal march of 300 miles or more,—waited-on latterly by Fouquet, with Werner, Goltz and others, on the Silesian Border; whom Friedrich had ordered thither for such end. Whom Loudon skilfully avoided to fight; having

[1] *Réflexions sur les talens militaires et sur le caractère de Charles XII.* (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 69-88).

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 299, 291-300 (general account, abundantly minute).

already, by desertion and by hardships, lost half his men on the road. Glad enough to get home and under roof, with his 20,000 gone to 10,000; and to make bargain with Fouquet: 'Truce, then, through Winter; neither of us to meddle with the other, unless after a fortnight's warning given.'[1] *November 1st*, a month before this, the King, carried on a litter by his soldiers, had quitted Sophienthal; and, crossing the River by Köben, got to Glogau.[2] The greater part of his force, 13,000 under Hülsen, he had immediately sent on for Saxony; he himself intending to wait recovery in Glogau, with this Silesian wing of the business happily brought to finis for the present.

On the Saxon side, too, affairs are in such a course that the King can be patient at Glogau till he get well. Everything is prosperous in Saxony since that March on Hoyerswerda; Henri, with his Fincks and Wunsches, beautifully posted in the Meissen-Torgau region; no dislodging of him, let Daun, with his big mass of forces, try as he may. Daun, through the month of October, is in various Camps, in Schilda last of all: Henri successively in two; in Strehla for some ten days; then in Torgau for about three weeks, carefully intrenched,[3]—where traces of him will turn-up (not too opportunely) next year. Daun, from whatever Camp, goes labouring on this side and on that; on every side the deft Henri is as sharp as needles; nothing to be made of him by the cunning movements and contrivances of Daun. Very fine manœuvring it was, especially on Henri's part; a charm to the soldier mind;—given minutely in Tempelhof, and capable of being followed (if you have Maps and Patience) into the last details. Instructive really to the soldier;—but must be, almost all, omitted here. One beautiful slap to Duke d'Ahremberg (a poor old friend of Daun's and ours) we will

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 328-331. [2] Rödenbeck, i. 396.

[3] Tempelhof, iii. 276, 281, 284 (Henri in Strehla, October 4th-17th; thence to Torgau: 22d October, Daun 'quits his Camp of Belgern' for that of Schilda, which was his last in those parts).

remember: 'Action of Pretsch' they call it; defeat, almost capture of poor D'Ahremberg; who had been sent to dislodge the Prince, by threatening his supplies, and had wheeled, accordingly, eastward, wide away; but, to his astonishment, found, after a march or two, Three select Prussian Corps emerging on him, by front, by rear, by flank, with Horse-artillery (quasi-miraculous) bursting-out on hill-tops, too,—and, in short, nothing for it but to retreat, or indeed to run, in a considerably ruinous style: poor D'Ahremberg![1] On the whole, Daun is reduced to a panting condition; and knows not what to do. His plans were intrinsically bad, says Tempelhof; without beating Henri in battle, which he cannot bring himself to attempt, he, in all probability, will, were it only for difficulties of the commissariat kind, have to fall-back Dresden-ward, and altogether, take himself away.[2]

After this sad slap at Pretsch, Daun paused for consideration; took to palisading himself to an extraordinary degree, slashing the Schilda Forests almost into ruin for this end; and otherwise sat absolutely quiet. Little to be done but take care of oneself. Daun knows withal of Hülsen's impending advent with the Silesian 13,000;—November 2d, Hülsen is actually at Muskau, and his 13,000 magnified by rumour to 20,000. Hearing of which, Daun takes the road (November 4th); quits his gloriously palisaded Camp of Schilda; feels that retreat on Dresden, or even home to Bohemia altogether, is the one course left.

And now, the important Bautzen Colloquy of *Saturday September 15th* having here brought its three or more Courses of Activity to a pause,—we will glance at the far more important *Thursday 13th*, other side the Ocean:

Above Quebec, Night of September 12th-13th, In profound silence, on the

[1] Seyfarth (*Beylagen*, ii. 634-637), '*Hofbericht von der am 29 October 1759 bey Meuro*' (chiefly *bey Pretsch*) '*vorgefallenen Action*'; *ib.* ii. 543 *n.*

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 287-289.

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stream of the St. Lawrence far away, a notable adventure is going on. Wolfe, from two points well above Quebec ('As a last shift, we will try that way'), with about 5,000 men, is silently descending in boats; with purpose to climb the Heights somewhere on this side the City, and be in upon it, if Fate will. An enterprise of almost sublime nature; very great, if it can succeed. The cliffs all beset to his left hand, Montcalm in person guarding Quebec with his main strength.

Wolfe silently descends; mind made up; thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters, under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people, he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's *Elegy*, lately come out to those parts; of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration to an enthusiastic degree: 'Ah, these are tones of the Eternal Melodies, are not they? A man might thank Heaven had he such a gift; almost as *we* might for succeeding here, Gentlemen!'[1] Next morning (Thursday 13th September 1759), Wolfe, with his 5,000, is found to have scrambled-up by some woody Neck in the heights, which was not quite precipitous; has trailed one cannon with him, the seamen busy bringing up another; and by 10 of the clock stands ranked (really somewhat in the Friedrich way, though on a small scale); ready at all points for Montcalm, but refusing to be over-ready.

Montcalm, on first hearing of him, had made haste: '*Oui, je les vois où ils ne doivent pas être; je vais les écraser* (to smash them)!' said he, by way of keeping his people in heart. And marches up, beautifully skilful, neglecting none of his advantages. Has numerous Canadian sharp-shooters, preliminary Indians in the bushes, with a provoking fire: 'Steady!' orders Wolfe; 'from you not one shot till they are within thirty yards.' And Montcalm, volleying and advancing, can get no response, more than from Druidic stones; till *at* thirty yards the stones become vocal,—and continue so at a dreadful rate; and, in a space of seventeen minutes, have blown Montcalm's regulars, and the gallant Montcalm himself, and their second in command, and their third, into ruin and destruction. In about seven minutes more the agony was done; 'English falling-on with the bayonet, Highlanders with the claymore'; fierce pursuit, rout total:—and Quebec and Canada as good as finished. The thing is yet well known to every Englishman;[2] and how Wolfe himself died in it, his beautiful death.

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[1] Professor Robison, then a Naval junior, in the boat along with Wolfe, afterwards a well-known Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh, was often heard, by persons whom I have heard again, to repeat this Anecdote. See Playfair, *Biographical Account of Professor Robison*,—in *Transactions* of Royal Society of Edinburgh, vii. 495 et seq.

[2] The military details of it seem to be very ill known (witness Colonel Beatson's

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Truly a bit of right soldierhood, this Wolfe. Manages his small resources in a consummate manner; invents, contrives, attempts and re-attempts, irrepressible by difficulty or discouragement. How could a Friedrich himself have managed this Quebec in a more artistic way? The small Battle itself, 5,000 to a side, and such odds of Savagery and Canadians, reminds you of one of Friedrich's: wise arrangements; exact foresight, preparation corresponding; caution with audacity; inflexible discipline, silent till its time come, and then blazing-out as we see. The prettiest soldiering I have heard of among the English for several generations. Amherst, Commander-in-chief, is diligently noosing, and tying-up, the French military settlements, Niagara, Ticonderago; Canada all round: but this is the heart or windpipe of it; keep this firm, and, in the circumstances, Canada is yours.

Colonel Beatson, in his recent Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*,—which, especially on the military side, is distressingly ignorant and shallow, though *not* intentionally incorrect anywhere,—gives Extracts from a Letter of Montcalm's ('Quebec, 24th August 1759'), which is highly worth reading, had we room. It predicts to a hairsbreadth, not only the way 'M. Wolfe, if he understands his trade, will take to beat and ruin me if we meet in fight'; but also,—with a sagacity singular to look at, in the years 1775-7, and perhaps still more in the years 1860-3, —what will be the consequences to those unruly English, Colonial and other. 'If he beat me here, France has lost America utterly,' thinks Montcalm: 'Yes;—and one's only consolation is, In ten years farther, America will be in revolt against England!' Montcalm's style of writing is not exemplary; but his power of faithful observation, his sagacity, and talent of prophecy are so considerable, we are tempted to give the *ipsissima verba* of his long Letter in regard to those two points,—the rather as it seems to have fallen much out of sight in our day:

Montcalm to a Cousin in France

'Camp before Quebec, 24th August 1759.

'*Monsieur et cher Cousin*,—Here I am, for more than three months past, at handgrips with M. Wolfe; who ceases not day or night to bom-

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otherwise rather careful Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*, written quite lately, which we are soon to cite farther); and they would well deserve describing in the *Seyfarth-Beylagen*, or even in the *Tempelhof* way,—could an English Officer, on the spot as this Colonel was, be found to do it!—Details are in Beatson (quite another 'Beatson'), *Naval and Military History*, ii. 300-308; in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, the Despatches and particulars; see also Walpole, *George the Second*, iii. 217-222.

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bard Quebec, with a fury which is almost unexampled in the Siege of a Place one intends to retain after taking it.' . . . "Will never take it in that way, however, by attacking from the River or south shore; only ruins us, but does not enrich himself. Not an inch nearer his object than he was three months ago; and in one month more the equinoctial storms will blow his Fleet and him away.—Quebec, then, and the preservation of the Colony, you think, must be as good as safe?" 'Alas, the fact is far otherwise. The capture of Quebec depends on what we call a stroke-of-hand'—(But let us take to the Original now, for Prediction First):

'*La prise de Quebec dépend d'un coup de main. Les Anglais sont maîtres de la rivière: ils n'ont qu'à effectuer une descente sur la rive où cette Ville, sans fortifications et sans défense, est située. Les voilà en état de me présenter la bataille; que je ne pourrais plus refuser, et que je ne devrais pas gagner. M. Wolfe, en effet, s'il entend son métier, n'a qu'à essuyer le premier feu, venir ensuite à grands pas sur mon armée, faire à bout portant sa décharge; mes Canadiens, sans discipline, sourds à la voix du tambour et des instrumens militaires, dérangés par cette escarre, ne sauront plus reprendre leurs rangs. Ils sont d'ailleurs sans baionettes pour répondre à celles de l'ennemi: il ne leur reste qu'à fuir,—et me voilà battu sans ressource.*' (This is a curiously exact Prediction!) "I won't survive, however; defeat here, in this stage of our affairs, means loss of America altogether:" '*il est des situations où il ne reste plus à un Général que de périr avec honneur.*'—'*Mes sentimens sont français, et ils le seront jusque dans le tombeau, si dans le tombeau on est encore quelque chose.*

'*Je me consolerai du moins de ma défaite, et de la perte de la Colonie, par l'intime persuasion où je suis.*' (Prediction Second, which is still more curious), '*que cette défaite vaudra, un jour, à ma Patrie plus qu'une victoire; et que le vainqueur, en s'agrandissant, trouvera un tombeau dans son agrandissement même.*

'*Ce que j'avance ici, mon cher Cousin, vous paraîtra un paradoxe: mais un moment de réflexion politique, un coup d'œil sur la situation des choses en Amérique, et la vérité de mon opinion brillera dans tout son jour.*' "Nobody will obey, unless necessity compel him: *voilà les hommes; gêne* of any kind a nuisance to them; and of all men in the world *les Anglais* are the most impatient of obeying anybody." '*Mais si ce sont-là les Anglais de l'Europe, c'est encore plus les Anglais d'Amérique. Une grande partie de ces Colons sont les enfans de ces hommes qui s'expatrièrent dans ces temps de trouble où l'ancienne Angleterre, en proie aux divisions, était attaquée dans ses privilèges et droits; et allèrent chercher en Amérique une terre où ils pûssent vivre et mourir libres et presque indépendants:—et ces enfans n'ont pas dégénéré des sentimens républicains de leurs pères*

D'autres sont des hommes ennemis de tout frein, de tout assujétissement, que le gouvernement y a transportés pour leurs crimes. D'autres, enfin, sont un ramas de différentes nations de l'Europe, qui tiennent très-peu à l'ancienne Angleterre par le cœur et le sentiment; tous, en général, ne ce soucient guères du Roi ni du Parlement d'Angleterre.

*'Je les connais bien,—non sur des rapports étrangers, mais sur des correspondances et des informations secrètes, que j'ai moi-même menagées; et dont, un jour, si Dieu me prête vie, je pourrai faire usage à l'avantage de ma Patrie. Pour surcroît de bonheur pour eux, tous ces Colons sont parvenues, dans un état très-florissant; ils sont nombreux et riches:—ils recueillent dans le sein de leur patrie toutes les nécessités de la vie. L'ancienne Angleterre a été assez sotte, et assez dupe, pour leur laisser établir chez eux les arts, les métiers, les manufactures:—c'est à dire, qu'elle leur a laissé briser la chaîne de besoins qui les liait, qui les attachait à elle, et qui les fait dépendants. Aussi toutes ces Colonies Anglaises auraient-elles depuis longtemps secoué le joug, chaque province aurait formé une petite république indépendante, si la crainte de voir les Français à leur porte n'avait été un frein qui les avait retenu. Maîtres pour maîtres, ils ont préféré leurs compatriotes aux étrangers; prenant cependant pour maxime de n'obéir que le moins qu'ils pourraient. Mais que le Canada vînt à être conquis, et que les Canadiens et ces Colons ne fussent plus qu'une seul peuple,—et la première occasion où ancienne Angleterre semblerait toucher à leurs intérêts, croyez-vous, mon cher Cousin, que ces Colons obéiront? Et qu'auraient-ils à craindre en se révoltant?' * * 'Je suis si sûr de ce que j'écris, que je ne donnerais pas dix ans après la conquête du Canada pour en voir l'accomplissement.*

'Voilà ce que, comme Français, me console aujourd'hui du danger imminent, que court ma Patrie, de voir cette Colonie perdue pour elle.' [1]

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[1] In Beatson, Lieutenant-Colonel R.E., *The Plains of Abraham; Notes original and selected* (Gibraltar, Garrison Library Press, 1858), pp. 38 et seq.: Extract from '*Lettres de M. le Marquis de Montcalm à MM. De Berryer et De la Molé*: 1757-1759 (Londres, 1777),'—which is not in the British-Museum Library, on applying; and seems to be a forgotten Book. (*Note of First Edition*, 1865.)

'A Copy is in the *Boston Athenæum Library*, New-England: it is a Pamphlet rather than a Book; contains Two Letters to Berryer *Ministre de la Marine*, besides this to Molé the Cousin: Publisher is the noted J. Almon,—in French and English.' (From *Boston Sunday Courier*, of 19th April 1868, where this Letter is reproduced.)

In the Temple Library, London, I have since found a Copy: and, on strict survey, am obliged to pronounce the whole Pamphlet *a Forgery*,—especially the Two Letters to 'Berryer *Minister of Marine*'; who was not yet Minister of anything, nor thought of as likely to be, for many months after the date of these Letters addressed to him as such! Internal evidence too, were such at all

Montcalm had been in the Belleisle *Retreat from Prag* (December 1742); in the terrible *Exilles* Business (July 1747), where the Chevalier de Belleisle and 4 or 5,000 lost their lives in about an hour. Captain Cook was at Quebec, Master in the Royal Navy: 'sounding the River, and putting down buoys.' Bougainville, another famous Navigator, was Aide-de-Camp of Montcalm. There have been far-sounding Epics built together on less basis than lies ready here, in this *Capture of Quebec*;—which itself, as the Decision that America is to be English and not French, is surely an Epoch in World-History! Montcalm was 48 when he perished; Wolfe 33. Montcalm's skull is in the Ursulines Convent at Quebec,—shown to the idly curious to this day.[1]

It was on October 17th,—while Friedrich lay at Sophienthal, lamed of gout, and Soltikof had privately fixed for home (went that day week),—that this glorious bit of news reached England. It was only three days after that other, bad and almost hopeless news, from the same quarter; news of poor Wolfe's Repulse, on the other or eastern side of Quebec, July 31st, known to us already, not known in England till October 14th. Heightened by such contrast, the news filled all men with a strange mixture of emotions. 'The incidents of Dramatic Fiction,' says one who was sharer in it, 'could not have been conducted with more address to lead an audience from despondency to sudden exultation, than Accident had here prepared to excite the passions of a whole People. They despaired; they triumphed; and they wept,—for Wolfe had

wanted, is abundant in these *Berryer* Letters; which are of gross and almost stupid structure in comparison to the *Molé* one. As this latter has already got into various Books, and been argued of in Parliaments and high places (Lord Shelburne asserting it to be spurious, Lord Mansfield to be genuine: *Report of Parliamentary Debates* in *Gentleman's Magazine* for *November* and for *December* 1777, pp. 515, 560),—it may be allowed to continue here in the *condemned* state. Forger, probably, some Ex-Canadian, or other American *Royalist*, anxious to do the Insurgent Party and their British Apologists an ill turn, in that critical year; —had shot-off his Pamphlet to voracious Almon; who prints without preface or criticism, and even without correcting the press. (*Note of July* 1868.)

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Beatson, pp. 28, 15.

fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, grief, curiosity, astonishment, were painted in every countenance: the more they inquired, the higher their admiration rose. Not an incident but was heroic and affecting.'[1] America ours; but the noble Wolfe now not!

What Pitt himself said of these things, we do not much hear. On the meeting of his Parliament, about a month hence, his Speech, somebody having risen to congratulate and eulogise him, is still recognisably of royal quality, if we evoke it from the Walpole Notes. Very modest, very noble, true; and with fine pieties and magnanimities delicately audible in it: 'Not a week all Summer but has been a crisis, in which I have not known whether I should not be torn to pieces, instead of being commended, as now by the Honourable Member. The hand of Divine Providence; the more a man is versed in business, the more he everywhere traces that!' . . . 'Success has given us unanimity, not unanimity success. For my own poor share, I could not have dared as I have done, except in these times. Other Ministers have hoped as well, but have not been so circumstanced to dare so much.' . . . 'I think the stone almost rolled to the top of the hill; but let us have a care; it may rebound, and hideously drag us down with it again.'[2]

The essential truth, moreover, is, Pitt has become King of England; so lucky has poor England, in its hour of crisis, again been. And the difference between an England guided by some kind of Friedrich (temporary Friedrich, absolute, though of insecure tenure), and by a Newcastle and the Clack of Tongues, is very great! But for Pitt, there had been no Wolfe, no Amherst; Duke Ferdinand had been the Royal Highness of Cumberland,—and all things going round him in St. Vitus, at their old rate. This man is a King, for the time being,—King really of the Friedrich type;—and rules Friedrich himself not more despotically, where need is. Pitt's War Offices, Admiralties, were not of themselves quick-going

[1] Walpole, iii. 219. [2] *Ib.* iii. 225; Thackeray, i. 446.

entities; but Pitt made them go. Slow-paced Lords in Office have remonstrated, on more than one occasion: 'Impossible, Sir; these things cannot be got ready at the time you order!' 'My Lord, they indispensably must,' Pitt would answer (a man always reverent of coming facts, knowing how inexorable they are); and if the Negative continued obstinate in argument, he has been known to add: 'My Lord, to the King's service, it is a fixed necessity of time. Unless the time is kept, I will impeach your Lordship!' Your Lordship's head will come to lie at your Lordship's feet! Figure a poor Duke of Newcastle, listening to such a thing;—and knowing that Pitt will do it; and that he can, such is his favour with universal England;—and trembling and obeying. War-requisites for land and for sea are got ready with a Prussian punctuality,—at what multiple of the Prussian expense, is a smaller question for Pitt.

It is about eighteen months ago that Pownal, Governor of New England, a kind of half-military person, not without sound sense, though sadly intricate of utterance,—of whom Pitt, just entering on Office, has, I suppose, asked an opinion on America, as men do of Learned Counsel on an impending Lawsuit of magnitude,—had answered, in his long-winded, intertwisted, nearly inextricable way, to the effect, 'Sir, I incline to fear, on the whole, that the Action will *not* lie,—that, on the whole, the French will eat America from us in spite of our teeth.'[1] January 15th, 1758, that is the Pownal Opinion-of-Counsel;—and on September 13th, 1759, this is what we have practically come to. And on September 7th, 1760, within twelve months more,—Amherst, descending the Rapids from Ticonderago side, and two other little Armies, ascending from Quebec and Louisburg, to meet him at Montreal, have proved punctual almost to an hour; and are in condition to extinguish, by triple pressure (or what we call

[1] In *Thackeray*, ii. 421-452, Pownal's intricate *Report* (his '*Discourse*,' or whatever he calls it, '*on the Defence of the Inland Frontiers*,' his etc. etc.), of date '15th January 1758.'

noosing), the French Governor-General in Montreal, a Monsieur de Vaudreuil, and his Montreal and his Canada altogether; and send the French bodily home out of those Continents.[1] Which may dispense us from speaking farther on the subject.

From the Madras region, too, from India and outrageous Lally, the news are good. Early in Spring last, poor Lally, —a man of endless talent and courage, but of dreadfully emphatic loose tongue, in fact of a blazing ungoverned Irish turn of mind,—had instantly, on sight of some small Succours from Pitt, to raise his siege of Madras, retire to Pondichery; and, in fact, go plunging and tumbling downhill, he and his India with him, at an ever-faster rate, till they also had got to the Abyss. 'My policy is in these five words, *No Englishman in this Peninsula*,' wrote he, a year ago, on landing in India; and now it is to be No *Frenchman*, and there is one word in the five to be altered!—Of poor Lally, zealous and furious over-much, and nearly the most unfortunate and worst-used 'man of genius' I ever read of, whose lion-like struggles against French Official people, and against Pitt's Captains and their sea-fights and siegings, would deserve a volume to themselves, we have said, and can here say, as good as nothing,—except that they all ended, for Lally and French India, in total surrender, 16th January 1761; and that Lally, some years afterwards, for toils undergone and for services done, got, when accounts came to be liquidated, death on the scaffold. Dates I give below.[2] 'Gained Fontenoy for

[1] Capitulation between Amherst and Vaudreuil ('Montreal, 8th September 1760'), in 55 Articles: in *Beatson*, iii. 274-283.

[2] 28th April 1758, Lands at Pondichery; instantly proceeds upon Fort St. David. 2d June 1758, Takes it: meant to have gone now on Madras; but finds he has no money;—goes extorting money from Black Potentates about, Rajah of Travancore, etc., in a violent and extraordinary style; and can get little. Nevertheless, 14th December 1758, Lays Siege to Madras.

16th February 1759, Is obliged to quit trenches at Madras, and retire dismally upon Pondichery,—to mere indigence, mutiny ('ten mutinies'), Official conspiracy, and chaos come again.

22d January 1760, Makes outrush on Wandewash, and the English posted

13th Nov. 1759]
us,' said many persons;—undoubtedly gained various things for us, fought for us Berserkir-like on all occasions; hoped, in the end, to be Maréchal de France, and undertook a Championship of India, which issues in this way! America and India, it is written, are both to be Pitt's. Let both, if possible, remain silent to us henceforth.

As to the Invasion-of-England Scheme, Pitt says he does not expect the French will invade us; but if they do, he is ready.[1]

CHAPTER VII

FRIEDRICH REAPPEARS ON THE FIELD, AND IN SEVEN DAYS AFTER COMES THE CATASTROPHE OF MAXEN

November 6th-8th, Daun had gone to Meissen Country: fairly ebbing homeward; Henri following, with Hülsen joined, —not vehemently attacking the rhinoceros, but judiciously pricking him forward. Daun goes at his slowest step: in many divisions, covering a wide circuit; sticking to all the strong posts, till his own time for quitting them: slow, sullenly cautious; like a man descending dangerous precipices back foremost, and will not be hurried. So it had lasted about a week; Daun for the last four days sitting restive, obstinate, but Henri pricking into him more and more, till the rhinoceros seemed actually about lifting himself,—when Friedrich in person arrived in his Brother's Camp.[2]

there; is beaten, driven back into Pondichery. April 1760, Is besieged in Pondichery. 16th January 1761, Is taken, Pondichery, French India and he;—to Madras he, lest the French Official party kill him, as they attempt to do.

23d September 1761, Arrives, prisoner, in England; thence, on parole, to France and Paris, 21st October. November 1762, To Bastille; waits trial nineteen months; trial lasts two years. 6th May 1766, To be *beheaded*,—9th May *was*. See *Beatson*, ii. 369-372, 96-110, etc.; Voltaire (*Fragments sur l'Inde*), in *Œuvres*, xxix. 183-253; *Biographie Universelle*, § Lally.

[1] Speech, 4th November, suprà.

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 301-305.

At the Schloss of Herschstein, a mile or two behind Lommatsch, which is Henri's headquarter (still to westward of Meissen; Daun hanging on, seven or eight miles to south-eastward ahead; loath to go, but actually obliged),—it was there, Tuesday November 13th, that the King met his Brother again. A King free of his gout; in joyful spirits; and high of humour,—like a man risen indignant, once more got to his feet, after three-months oppressions and miseries from the unworthy. 'Too high,' mourns Retzow, in a gloomy tone, as others do in perhaps a more indulgent one. Beyond doubt, Friedrich's farther procedures in this grave and weighty Daun business were more or less imprudent; of a too rapid and rash nature; and turned out bitterly unlucky to him. 'Had he left the management to Henri!' sighed everybody, after the unlucky event.

Friedrich had not arrived above four-and-twenty hours, when news came in: 'The Austrians in movement again; actually rolling off Dresden-ward again.' 'Haha, do they smell me already!' laughed he: 'Well, I will send Daun to the Devil,'—not adding, 'if I can.' And instantly ordered sharp pursuit,—and sheer stabbing with the ox-goad, not soft and delicate pricking, as Henri's lately.[1] Friedrich, in fact, was in a fiery condition against Daun: 'You trampled on me, you heavy buffalo, these three months; but that is over now!'—and took personally the vanguard in this pursuit. And had a bit of hot fighting in the Village of Korbitz (scene of that Finck-Haddick 'Action,' 21st September last, and of poor Haddick's ruin, and retirement to the Waters);—where the Austrians now prove very fierce and obstinate; and will not go, till well slashed into, and torn out by sheer beating:—which was visibly a kind of comfort to the King's humour. 'Our Prussians do still fight, then, much as formerly! And it was all a hideous Nightmare, all that, and Daylight and Fact are come, and Friedrich is himself again!'

They say Prince Henri took the liberty of counselling him,

[1] Retzow, ii. 168; Tempelhof, iii. 306.

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even of entreating him: 'Leave well alone, why run risks?' said Henri. Daun, it was pretty apparent, had no outlook at the present but that of sauntering home to Böhmen; leaving Dresden to be an easy prey again, and his whole Campaign to fall futile, as the last had. Under Henri's gentle driving he would have gone slower; but how salutary, if he only went! These were Henri's views: but Friedrich was not in the slow humour; impatient to be in Dresden; 'will be quartered there in a week,' writes he, 'and more at leisure than now.'[1] He is thinking of Leuthen, of Rossbach, of Campaign 1757, so gloriously restored after ruin; and, in the fire of his soul, is hoping to do something similar a second time. That is Retzow's notion: who knows but there may be truth in it? A proud Friedrich, got on his feet again after such usage;—nay, who knows whether it was quite so unwise to be impressive on the slow rhinoceros, and try to fix some thorn in his snout, or say (figuratively), to hobble his hind-feet; which, I am told, would have been beautifully ruinous; and though riskish, was not impossible?[2] Ill it indisputably turned out; and we have, with brevity, to say how, and leave readers to their judgment of it.

It was in the Village of Krögis, about six miles forward, on the Meissen-Freyberg road, a mile or two on from Korbitz, and directly after the fierce little tussle in that Village,—that Friedrich, his blood still up, gave the Order for Maxen, which proved so unlucky to him. Wunsch had been shot-off in pursuit of the beaten Austrians; but they ran too fast; and Wunsch came back without farther result, still early in the day. Back as far as Krögis, where the next Headquarter is to be;—and finds the King still in a fulminant condition; none the milder, it is likely, by Wunsch's returning without result. 'Go straight to General Finck; bid him march at once!' orders the King; and rapidly gives Wunsch the Instructions Finck is to follow. Finck and his Corps are near Nossen, some ten miles ahead of Krögis, some twenty west from Dresden. There, since yesterday, stands Finck, infesting the left or western flank of the Austrians,—what *was* their left, and will be again, when they call

[1] 'Wilsdruf, 17th November 1759,' and still more '19th November,' Friedrich to Voltaire, in high spirits that way (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 66).

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 317, etc.

halt and face round on us :—Let Finck now march at once, quite round that western flank ; by Freyberg, Dippoldiswalde, thence east to Maxen ; plant himself at Maxen (a dozen miles south of Dresden, among the rocky Hills), and stick diligently in the rear of those Austrians, cutting-off, or threatening to cut-off, their communications with Bohemia, and block the Pirna Country for them.

Friedrich calculates that, if Daun is for retreating by Pirna Country, this will, at lowest, be a method to quicken him in that movement ; or perhaps it may prove a method to cut-off such retreat altogether, and force Daun to go circling by the Lausitz Hills and Wildernesses, exposed to tribulations which may go nigh to ruin him. That is Friedrich's proud thought : 'an unfortunate Campaign ; winding-up, nevertheless, as 1757 did, in blazes of success!' And truly, if Friedrich could have made himself into Two ; and, while flashing and charging in Daun's front, have been in command at Maxen in Daun's rear,—Friedrich could have made a pretty thing of this Maxen Enterprise ; and might in good part have realised his proud program. But there is no getting two Friedrichs. Finck a General of approved quality, he is the nearest approach we can make to a second Friedrich ;—and he, ill-luck too superadding itself, proves tragically inadequate. And sets all the world, and Opposition Retzow, exclaiming, 'See : Pride goes before a fall!'—

At 3 in the afternoon, Friedrich, intently surveying from the heights of Krögis the new Austrian movements and positions, is astonished, not agreeably ('What, still only here, Herr General!'), by a personal visit from Finck. Finck finds the Maxen business intricate, precarious ; wishes farther instructions, brings forward this objection and that. Friedrich at last answers, impatiently : 'You know I can't stand making of difficulties (*Er weiss dass ich die Difficultäten nicht leiden kann ; mache dass Er fort kommt*) ; contrive to get it done!' With which poor comfort, Finck has to ride back to Nossen ; and scheme-out his dispositions overnight.

Next morning, Thursday 15th, Finck gets on march ; drives the Reichsfolk out of Freyberg ; reaches Dippoldiswalde :—'Freyberg is to be my Magazine,' considers Finck ; 'Dippoldiswalde my halfway house ; Four Battalions of my poor Eighteen shall stand there, and secure the meal-carts.' Friday 16th, Finck has his Vanguard, Wunsch leading it, in possession of Maxen and the Heights ; and on Saturday gets there himself, with all his people and equipments. I should think about 12,000 men : in a most intersected, intertwisted Hill Country ; full of gullets, dells, and winding brooks ;—it is forecourt of the Pirna rocks, our celebrated Camp of Gahmig lies visible to north, Dohna and the

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Rothwasser bounding us to east;*—in grim November weather, some snow falling, or snow-powder, alternating with sleet and glazing frosts: by no means a beautiful enterprise to Finck. Nor one of his own choosing, had one a choice in such cases.

To Daun nothing could be more unwelcome than this news of Finck, embattled there at Maxen in the inextricable Hill-country, direct on the road of Daun's meal-carts and Bohemian communications. And truly withal,—what Daun does not yet hear, but can guess,—there is gone, in supplement or as auxiliary to Finck, a fierce Hussar party, under *Grüne* Kleist, their fiercest Hussar since Mayer died; who this very day, at Aussig, burns Daun's first considerable Magazine; and has others in view for the same fate.[1] An evident thing to Daun, that Finck being there, meal has ceased.

On the instant, Daun falls back on Dresden; Saturday 17th, takes post in the Dell of Plauen (*Plauen'sche Grund*); an impassable Chasm, with sheer steeps on both sides, stretching southward from Dresden in front of the Hill Country: thither Daun marches, there to consider what is to be done with Finck. Amply safe this position is; none better in the world: a Village, Plauen, and a Brook, Weistritz, in the bottom of this exquisite Chasm; sheer rock-walls on each side,—high especially on the Daun, or south side;—headquarters can be in Dresden itself; room for your cavalry on the plain ground between Dresden and the Chasm. A post both safe and comfortable; only you must not loiter in making-up your mind as to Finck; for Friedrich has followed on the instant. Friedrich's headquarter is already Wilsdruf, which an hour or two ago was Daun's: at Kesselsdorf vigilant Ziethen is vanguard. So that Friedrich looks over on you from the northern brow of your Chasm; delays are not good near such a neighbour.

Daun,—urged-on by Lacy, they say,—is not long in deciding that, in this strait, the short way out will be to attack Finck in the Hills. Daun is in the Hills, as well as Finck (this Plauen Chasm is the boundary-ditch of the Hills): Daun, with 27,000 horse and foot, moving on from this western part; 3,000 light people (one Sincere the leader of them) moving simultaneously from Dresden itself, that is, from northward or north-westward; 12,000 Reichsfolk, horse and foot, part of them already to south-eastward of Finck, other part stealing-on by the Elbe bank thitherward: here, from three different points of the compass, are 42,000. These simultaneously dashing-in, from west, north, south, upon Finck, may surely give account of his 12,000 and him! If only we can keep Friedrich dark upon it; which surely our Pandours will contrive to do.

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* Map, p. 158.

[1] Friedrich's second Letter to Voltaire, Wilsdruf, '19th November 1759.'

Finck, directly on arriving at Maxen, had reported himself to the King; and got answer before next morning: 'Very well; but draw-in those Four Battalions you have left at Dippoldiswalde; hit with the whole of your strength, when a chance offers.' Which order Finck, literally and not too willingly, obeys; leaves only some light remnant in Dippoldiswalde, and reinforcement to linger within reach, till a certain Bread-convoy come to him, which will be due next morning (Monday 19th); and which does then safely get home, though under annoyances from cannonading in the distance.

Sunday 18*th*, Finck fails not to reconnoitre from the highest Hill-top; to inquire by every method: he finds, for certain, that the enemy are coming in upon him. With his own eyes he sees Reichsfolk marching, in quantity, south-eastward by the Elbe shore: 'Intending towards Dohna, as is like?'—and despatched Wunsch, who, accordingly, drove them out of Dohna. Of all this Finck, at once, sent word to Friedrich. Who probably enough received the message; but who would get no new knowledge from it,—vigilant Ziethen having, by Austrian deserters and otherwise, discovered this of the Reichsfolk; and furthermore that Sincere, with 3,000 was in motion, from the north, upon Finck. Sunday evening, Friedrich despatches Ziethen's Report; which punctually came to Finck's hand; but was the last thing he received from Friedrich, or Friedrich from him. The intervening Pandours picked-up all the rest. The Ziethen *Report*, of two or three lines, most succinct but sufficient, like a cutting of hard iron, is to be read in many Books: we may as well give the Letter and it:

Friedrich's Letter (*Wilsdruf*, 18*th November* 1759). 'My dear General-Lieutenant von Finck,—I send you the enclosed *Report* from General Ziethen, showing what is the lie of matters as seen from this side; and leave the whole to your disposition and necessary measures. I am your well-affectioned King,—F.' The Enclosure is as follows:

General Ziethen's Report (*Kesselsdorf*, 18*th November* 1759). 'To your Royal Majesty, send' (no pronoun 'I' allowed) 'herewith a Corporal, who has deserted from the Austrians. He says, Sincere with the Reserve did march with the Reichs Army; but a league behind it, and turned towards Dippoldiswalde. General Brentano' (Wehla's old comrade, luckier than Wehla), 'as this Deserter heard last night in Daun's head-quarter,—which is in the southern Suburb of Dresden, in the Countess Moschinska's Garden,—was yesterday to have been in Döhlen' (looking into our outposts from the hither side of their Plauen Dell), 'but was not there any longer,' as our Deserter passed, 'and it was said that he had gone to Maxen at three in the afternoon.'[1]

Thus curtly is Finck authorised to judge for himself in the new

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 309.

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circumstances. Marginally is added, in Friedrich's own hand: '*Er wird entweder mit den Reichern oder mit Sinceren einen Gang haben,* —Either with the Reichers or with Sincere you will have a bout, I suppose.'

Finck, from his own Hilltop, on Sunday and Monday, sees all this of Ziethen, and much more. Sees the vanguard of Daun himself approaching Dippoldiswalde, cannonading his meal-carts as they issue there; on all sides his enemies encompassing him like bees;—and has a sphinx-riddle on his mind, such as soldier seldom had. Shall he manœuvre himself out, and march away, bread-carts, baggages and all entire? There is still time, and perfect possibility, by Dippoldiswalde there, or by other routes and methods. But again, did not his Majesty expect, do not these words 'a bout' still seem to expect, a bit of fighting with somebody or other? Finck was an able soldier, and his skill and courage well known; but probably another kind of courage was wanted this day, of which Finck had not enough. Finck was not king of this matter; Finck was under a King who perhaps misjudged the matter. If Finck saw no method of doing other than hurt and bad service to his King by staying here, Finck should have had the courage to come away, and front the King's unreasonable anger, expecting redress one day, or never any redress. That was Finck's duty: but everybody sees how hard it was for flesh and blood.

Finck, truer to the letter than to the spirit, determined to remain. Did, all that Monday, his best to prepare himself; called-in his outposts ('Was not I ordered?' thinks Finck, too literally); and sees his multitudes of enemies settle round him;—Daun alone has 27,000 men, who take camp at Dippoldiswalde; and in sum-total they are as 4 to 1 of Finck:—a Finck still resolute of face, though internally his thoughts may be haggard enough. Doubtless he hopes, too, that Friedrich will do something:—unaware that none of his messages reach Friedrich. As for Daun, having seen his people safely encamped here, he returns to Dresden for the night, to see that Friedrich is quiet. Friedrich is quiet enough: Daun, at seven next morning (*Tuesday 20th*), appeared on the ground again; and from all sides Finck is assaulted,—from Daun's side nearest and soonest, with Daun's best vigour.

Dippoldiswalde is some seven miles from Maxen. Difficult hill-road all the way: but the steepest, straitest and worst place is at Reinhartsgrimma, the very first Hamlet after you are out of Dippoldiswalde. There is a narrow gullet there, overhung with heights all round. The roads are slippery, glazed with sleet and frost; Cavalry, unroughened, make sad sliding and sprawling; hardly the Infantry are secure on their feet: a terrible business getting masses of artillery-wagons, horse and man,

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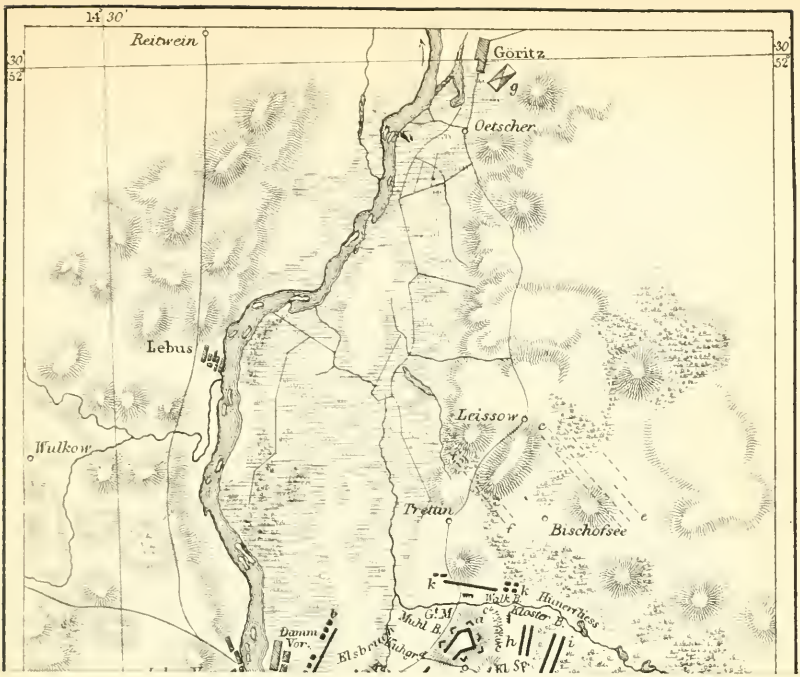
through such a Pass! It is thought, had Finck garnished this Pass of Reinhartsgrimma with the proper batteries, the proper musketries, Daun never would have got through. Finck had not a gun or a man in it: 'Had not I order?' said he,—again too literally. As it was, Daun, sliding and sprawling in the narrow steeps, had difficulties almost too great; and, they say, would have given it up, had it not been that a certain Major urged, 'Can be done, Excellenz, and shall!' and that the temper of his soldiers was everywhere excellent. Unfortunate Finck had no artillery to bear on Daun's transit through the Pass. Nothing but some weak body of hussars and infantry stood looking into it, from the Hill of Hausdorf: even these might have given him some slight hindrance; but these were played-upon by endless Pandours, 'issuing from a wood near by,' with musketries, and at length with cannon batteries, one and another;—and had to fall back, or to be called back, to Maxen Hill, where the main force is.

In the course of yesterday, by continual reconnoitering, by Austrian deserters, and intense comparison of symptoms, Finck had completely ascertained where the Enemy's Three Attacks were to be,—'on Maxen, from Dippoldiswalde, Trohnitz, Dohna, simultaneously three attacks,' it appears;—and had with all his skill arranged himself on the Maxen summits to meet these. He stands now elaborately divided into Three groups against those Three simultaneities; forming (sadly wide apart, one would say, for such a force as Finck's) a very obtuse-angled triangle: —the obtuse vertex of which (if readers care to look on their Map) is Trohnitz, the road Brentano and Sincere are coming.* On the base-angles, Maxen and Dohna, Finck expects Daun and the Reich. From Trohnitz to Maxen is near two miles; from Maxen to Dohna above four. At Dohna stands Wunsch against the Reich; Finck himself at Maxen, expecting Daun, as the pith of the whole affair. In this triangular way stands Finck at the topmost heights of the country,—'Maxen highest, but Hausdorf only a little lower,'—and has not thought of disputing the climb upwards. Too literal an eye to his orders: alas, he was not himself king, but only king's deputy!

The result is, about 11 A.M., as I obscurely gather, Daun has conquered the climb; Daun's musketries begin to glitter on the top of Hausdorf; and 26 or 32 heavy cannon open their throats there; and the Three Attacks break loose. Finck's Maxen batteries (scarcely higher than Daun's, and far inferior in weight) respond with all diligence, the poor regimental field-pieces helping what they can. Mutual cannonade, very loud for an hour and half; terrific, but doing little mischief; after which Daun's musketries (the ground now sufficiently clear to Daun), which are the practical thing, begin opening, first from one point, then from

* Sketch of Plan opposite.



there are roads.—perish or get through! And the Generals (who are rallied now 'on the Heights of Falkenhain and Bloschwitz,' midway between Maxen and Dohna) get that Order from him. And proceed to

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 307-317. *Journal und Nachricht von der Gefangennehmung des Finck'schen Corps bey Maxen, im Jahrè* 1759 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 637-654).

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* Sketch of Plan opposite.

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another; and there ensues, for five hours coming, at Maxen and at the other two points of Finck's triangle, such a series of explosive chargings, wheelings, worryings and intricate death-wrestlings, as it would provoke every reader to attempt describing to him. Except indeed he were a soldier, bound to know the defence of posts; in which case I could fairly promise him that there are means of understanding the affair, and that he might find benefit in it.[1]

Daun's Grenadiers, and Infantry generally, are in triumphant spirits; confident of victory, as they may reasonably be. Finck's people, too, behave well, some of them conspicuously well, though in gloomier mood; and make stubborn fight, successful here and there, but, as a whole, not capable of succeeding. By 3 in the afternoon, the Austrians have forced the Maxen Post; they 'enter Maxen with great shoutings'; extrude the obstinate Prussian remnants; and, before long, have the poor Village 'on fire in every part.' Finck retreating northward to Schmörsdorf, towards the obtuse angle of his triangle, if haply there may be help in that quarter for him. Daun does not push him much; has Maxen safely burning in every part.

From Schmörsdorf Finck pushes-out a Cavalry charge on Brentano. 'Could we but repulse Brentano yonder,' thinks he, 'I might have those Four Battalions to hand, and try again!' But Brentano makes such cannonading, the Cavalry swerve to a Hollow on their right; then find they have not ground, and retire quite fruitless. Finck's Cavalry, and the Cavalry generally, with their horses all sliding on the frosty mountain-gnarls, appear to be good for little this day. Brentano, victorious over the Cavalry, comes on with such storm, he sweeps through the obtuse angle, home upon Finck; and sweeps him out of Schmörsdorf Village to Schmörsdorf Hill, there to take refuge, as the night sinks,—and to see himself, if his wild heart will permit him to be candid, a ruined man. Of the Three Attacks, Two have completely succeeded on him; only Wunsch, at Dohna, stands victorious; he has held-back the Reich all day, and even chased it home to its posts on the Rothwasser (*Red Water*), multitudinous as it was.

Finck's mood, as the November shadows gathered on him,—the equal heart may at least pity poor Finck! His resolution is fixed: 'Cut ourselves through, this night: Dohna is ours: other side that Red Water there are roads:—perish or get through!' And the Generals (who are rallied now 'on the Heights of Falkenhain and Bloschwitz,' midway between Maxen and Dohna) get that Order from him. And proceed to

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 307-317. *Journal und Nachricht von der Gefangennehmung des Finck'schen Corps bey Maxen, im Jahre* 1759 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 637-654).

arrange for executing it,—though with outlook more and more desperate, as their scouts report that every pass and post on the Red Water is beset by Reichsfolk. 'Wunsch, with the Cavalry, he at least may thread his way out, under cloud of night, by the opposite or Daun side,' calculates Finck. And Wunsch sets out accordingly: a very questionable, winding, subterranean march; difficult in the extreme,—the wearied *slip*shod horses going at a snail's pace; and, in the difficult passes, needing to be dragged through with bridle, and even to be left altogether:—in which, withal, it will prove of no use for Wunsch to succeed! Finck's Generals, endeavouring to rank and rearrange through the night, find that their very cartridges are nearly spent, and that of men, such wounding, such deserting has there been, they have, at this time, by precise count, 2,836 rank and file. Evidently desperate.

At daylight, Daun's cannon beginning again from the Maxen side, Finck sends to capitulate. 'Absolute surrender,' answers Daun: 'prisoners of war, and you shall keep your private baggage. General Wunsch with the Cavalry, he too must turn back and surrender!' Finck pleaded hard, on this last score: 'General Wunsch, as head of the Cavalry, is not under me; is himself chief in that department.' But it was of no use: Wunsch had to return (not quite got through Daun's Lines, after such a night), and to surrender, like everybody else. Like Eight other Generals; like Wolfersdorf of Torgau, and many a brave Officer and man. Wednesday morning 21st November 1759: it is Finck's fourth day on Maxen; his last in the Prussian Service.

That same Wednesday Afternoon there were ranked in the *Grosse Garten* at Dresden, of dejected Prussian Prisoners from Maxen, what exact number was never known: the Austrians said 15,000; but nobody well believed them; their last certain instalment being only, in correct numbers, 2,836. Besides the killed, wounded and already captured, many had deserted, many had glided clear off. It is judged that Friedrich lost, by all these causes, about 12,000 men. Gone wholly,—with their equipments and appurtenances wholly, which are not worth counting in comparison. Finck and the other Generals, 8 of them, and 529 Officers,—Finck, Wunsch, Wolfersdorf, Mosel (of the Olmütz Convoy), not to mention others of known worth, this is itself a sore loss to Friedrich, and in present circumstances an irreparable.[1]

The outburst and paroxysm of Gazetteer rumour, which arose in Europe over this, must be left to the imagination; still more the whirlwind of astonishment, grief, remorse and

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 576; in *Helden-Geschichte* (v. 1115), the Vienna Account.

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indignation that raged in the heart of Friedrich on first hearing of it. 'The Caudine Forks'; 'Scene of Pirna over again, in reverse form'; 'Is not your King at last over with it?' said and sang multifariously the Gazetteers. As counter-chorus to which, in a certain Royal Heart: 'That miserable purblind Finck, unequal to his task;—that over-hasty I, who drove him upon it! This disgrace, loss nigh ruinous; in fine, this infernal Campaign (*cette Campagne infernale*)!' The Anecdote-Books abound in details of Friedrich's behaviour at Wilsdruf that day; mythical all, or in good part, but symbolising a case that is conceivable to everybody. Or would readers care to glance into the very fact with their own eyes? As happens to be possible.

1°. *Before Maxen: Friedrich to D'Argens and Others*

'*To D'Argens* (Krögis, 15th November,' order for Maxen just given). 'Yesterday I joined the Army' (day before yesterday, but took the field yesterday), 'and Daun decamped. I have followed him thus far, and will continue it to the frontiers of Bohemia. Our measures are so taken' (Finck, to wit), 'that he will not get out of Saxony without considerable losses. Yesterday cost him 500 men taken at Krögis here. Every movement he makes will cost him as many.'[1]

'*To Voltaire* (Wilsdruf, 17th November).' 'We are verging on the end of our Campaign: and I will write to you in eight days from Dresden, with more composure and coherency than now.'[2]

'*To the same* (Wilsdruf, 19th November).' 'The Austrians are packing-off to Bohemia,—where, in reprisal for the incendiary operations they have done in my countries, I have burnt them two big magazines. I render the beatified Hero's retreat as difficult as possible; and I hope he will come upon some bad adventures within a few days.'[2]

'*Same day and place, to D'Argens.*' A volley of most rough-paced off-hand Rhyming, direct from the heart; '*Ode*' (as he afterwards terms it, or irrepressible extempore *Lilt*) '*to Fortune*':

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 101.
[2] *Ib.* xxiii. 66.

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'*Marquis, quel changement*, what a change! I, a poor heretic creature, never blessed by the Holy Father; indeed, little frequenting Church, nor serving either Baal or the God of Israel; held-down these many months, and reported by more than one shaven scoundrel' (priest-pamphleteer at Vienna) 'to be quite extinct, and gone vagabond over the world,—see how capricious Fortune, after all her hundred preferences of my rivals, lifts me with helpful hand from the deep, and packs this Hero of the Hat and Sword,—whom Popes have blessed what they could, and who has walked in Pilgrimage before now' (to Marienzell once, I believe, publicly at Vienna),—'out of Saxony; panting, harassed goes he, like a stranger dog from some kitchen where the cook had flogged him out!'[1] * * (A very exultant Lilt, and with a good deal more of the chanticleer in it than we are used to in this King!)

2°. *After Maxen*

'*To D'Argens* (Wilsdruf, 22d November).' 'Do with that' (some small piece of business) 'whatever you like, my dear Marquis. I am so stupefied (*étourdi*) with the misfortune which has befallen General Finck, that I cannot recover from my astonishment. It deranges all my measures; it cuts me to the quick. Ill-luck, which persecutes my old age, has followed me from the Mark' (Kunersdorf, in the Mark of Brandenburg) 'to Saxony. I will still strive what I can. The little *Ode* I sent you, addressed *To Fortune*, had been written too soon! One should not sing victory till the battle is over. I am so crushed-down by these incessant reverses and disasters, that I wish a thousand times I were dead; and from day to day I grow wearier of dwelling in a body worn-out and condemned to suffer. I am writing to you in the first moment of my grief. Astonishment, sorrow, indignation, scorn, all blended together, lacerate my soul. Let us get to the end, then, of this execrable Campaign; I will then write to you what is to become of me; and we will arrange the rest. Pity me;—and make no noise about me; bad news go fast enough of themselves. Adieu, dear Marquis.'[2]

All this, of course, under such pressing call of actualities, had very soon to transform itself into silence; into new resolution, and determinate despatch of business. But the King retained a bitter memory of it all his days. To Finck he was inexorable:—ordered him, the first thing on his return from Austrian Captivity, Trial by Court-Martial; which (Ziethen presiding, June 1763) censured Finck in

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 103-106. [2] *Ib.* xix. 107.

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various points, and gave him, in supplement to the Austrian detention, a Year's Imprisonment in Spandau. No ray of pity visible for him, then or afterwards, in the Royal mind. So that the poor man had to beg his dismissal; get it, and go to Denmark for new promotion and appreciation.—'Far too severe!' grumbled the Opposition voices, with secret counter-severity. And truly it would have been more beautiful to everybody, for the moment, to have made matters soft to poor Finck,—had Friedrich ever gone on that score with his Generals and Delegates; which, though the reverse of a cruel man, he never did. And truly, as we often observe, the Laws of Fact are still severer than Friedrich was:—so that, in the long-run, perhaps it is beautifulest of all for a King, who is just, to be rhadamanthine in important cases.

Exulting Daun, instead of Bohemia for winter-quarters, pushes-out now for the prize of Saxony itself. Daun orders Beck to attack suddenly another Outpost of Friedrich's, which stands rearward of him at Meissen, under a General Dierecke,—the same whom, as Colonel Dierecke, we saw march out of flamy Zittau, summer gone two years. Beck goes in accordingly, 3d December; attacks Dierecke, not by surprise, but with overwhelming superiority; no reinforcement possible: Dierecke is on the wrong side of the Elbe, no retreat or reinforcement for him; has to fight fiercely all day, Meissen Bridge being in a broken state; then, at night, to ship his people across in Elbe boats, which are much delayed by the floating ice, so that daylight found 1,500 of them still on that northern side; all of whom, with General Dierecke himself, were made prisoners by Beck.[1] A comfortable supplement to Maxen, though not of the same magnificence.

After which, Daun himself issued minatory from the Plauen Chasm; expecting, as all the world did, that Friedrich, who is 36,000 of Unfortunate against, say, 72,000

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 321: '3d-4th December 1759.'

of Triumphant, will, under penalty, take himself away. But it proved otherwise. 'If you beat us, Excellency Feldmarschall, yes; but till then — !' Friedrich draws-out in battalia; Leo in wild ragged state and temper, *versus* Bos in the reverse: 'Come on, then!' Rhinoceros Bos, though in a high frame of mind, dare not, on cool survey; but retires behind the Plauen Chasm again. Will at least protect Dresden from recapture; and wait here, in the interim: carting his provision out of Bohemia,—which is a rough business, with Elbe frozen, and the passes in such a choked wintry state. Upon whom Friedrich, too, has to wait under arms, in grim neighbourhood, for six weeks to come: such a time as poor young Archenholtz never had before or after.[1] It was well beyond Newyears-day before Friedrich could report of himself, and then only in a sense, as will be seen: 'We retired to this poor cottage' (cottage still standing, in the little Town of Freyberg); 'Daun did the like; and this unfortunate Campaign, as all things do, came actually to an end.'

Daun holds Dresden and the Dell of Plauen; but Saxony, to the world's amazement, he is as far as ever from holding. 'Daun's front is a small arc of a circle, bending round from Dresden to Dippoldiswalde; Friedrich is at Freyberg in a bigger concave arc, concentric to Daun, well overlapping Daun on that southward or landward side, and ready for him, should he stir out; Kesselsdorf is his nearest post to Daun; and the Plauen Chasm for boundary, which was not overpassed by either.' In Dresden, and the patch of hill-country to the south-eastward of it by Elbe side, which is in-step or glacis of the Pirna rock-country, seventy square miles or so, there rules Daun; and this,—with its heights of Gahmig, valuable as a defence for Dresden against Austria, but not otherwise of considerable value,—was all that Daun this year, or pretty much in any coming year, could realise of conquest in Saxony.

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 11-13.

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Fabius Cunctator has not succeeded, as the public expected. In fact, ever since that of Hochkirch and the Papal Hat, he has been a waning man, more and more questionable to the undiscerning public. Maxen was his last gleam upwards; a round of applause rose again on Maxen, feeble in comparison with Hochkirch, but still arguing hope,—which, after this, more and more died out; so that in two years more, poor Madam Daun, going to Imperial Levee, 'had her state-carriage half-filled with nightcaps, thrown into it by the Vienna people, in token of her husband's great talent for sleep.' [1]

CHAPTER VIII

MISCELLANEA IN WINTER-QUARTERS, 1759-60

Friedrich was very loath to quit the field this Winter. In spite of Maxen and ill-luck and the unfavourablest weather, it still was, for about two months, his fixed purpose to recapture Dresden first, and drive Daun home. 'Had I but a 12,000 of Auxiliaries to guard my right flank, while trying it!' said he. Ferdinand magnanimously sent him the Hereditary Prince with 12,000, who stayed above two months; [2] and Friedrich did march about, attempting that way,[3] — pushed forward to Maguire and Dippoldiswalde, looked passionately into Maguire on all sides; but found him, in those frozen chasms, and rock-labyrinths choked with snow, plainly unattackable: him and everybody, in such frost-element;—and renounced the passionate hope.

It was not till the middle of January that Friedrich put his troops into partial cantonments, Headquarter Freyberg;

[1] Archenholtz (Anno 1762, 'last Siege of Schweidnitz').

[2] 'Till February 15th'; List of the Regiments (German-all), in *Seyfarth*, ii. 578 *n*.

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 32. Old Newspaper rumours: in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 605, '29th December,' etc.

troops still mainly in the Villages from Wildruf and southward, close to their old Camp there. Camp still left standing, guarded by Six Battalions; six after six, alternating week about: one of the grimmest camps in Nature; the canvas roofs grown mere ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost:—never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you, while the other was freezing.[1] But Daun's people, on the opposite side of Plauen Dell, did the like; their tents also were left standing in the frozen state, guarded by alternating battalions, no better off than their Prussian neighbours. This of the tents, and Six frost-bitten Battalions guarding them, lasted till April. An extraordinary obstinacy on the part both of Daun and of Friedrich; alike jealous of even seeming to yield one inch more of ground.

The Hereditary Prince, with his 12,000, marched home again in February; indeed, ever after the going into cantonments, all use of the Prince and his Force here visibly ceased; and, on the whole, no result whatever followed those strenuous antagonisms, and frozen tents left standing for three months; and things remained practically what they were. So that, as the grand 'Peace Negotiations' also came to nothing, we might omit this of Winter-quarters altogether; and go forward to the opening of Campaign Fifth;—were it not that characteristic features do otherwise occur in it, curious little unveilings of the secret hopes and industries of Friedrich:—besides which, there have minor private events fallen out, not without interest to human readers. For whose behoof mainly a loose intercalary Chapter may be thrown together here.

[1] Archenholtz (*ut suprà*), ii. 11-15.

Serene Highness of Würtemberg, at Fulda (November 30th 1759), *is just about 'firing Victoria,' and giving a Ball to Beauty and Fashion, in Honour of a certain Event;—but is unpleasantly interrupted*

November 21st, the very day while Finck was capitulating in the Hills at Maxen, Duke Ferdinand, busy ever since his Victory at Minden, did, after a difficult Siege of Münster, Siege by Imhof, with Ferdinand protecting him, get Münster into hand again, which was reckoned a fine success to him. Very busy has the Duke been; industriously reaping the fruits of his Victory at Minden; and this, the conclusive rooting-out of the French from that Westphalian region, is a very joyful thing; and puts Ferdinand in hopes of driving them over the Mayn altogether. Which some think he would have done; had not he, with magnanimous oblivion of self and wishes, agreed to send the Hereditary Prince and those 12,000 to assist in Friedrich's affairs, looking upon that as the vital point in these Allied Interests. Friedrich's attempts, we have said, turned out impossible; nor would the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000, though a good deal talked about in England and elsewhere,[1] require more than mention; were it not that on the road thither, at Fulda ('Fulda is half-way house to Saxony,' thinks Ferdinand, 'should Pitt and Britannic Majesty be pleased to consent, as I dare presume they will'), the Hereditary Prince had, in his swift way, done a thing useful for Ferdinand himself, and which caused a great emotion, chiefly of laughter, over the world, in those weeks.

'No Enemy of Friedrich's,' says my Note, 'is of feller humour than the Serenity of Würtemberg, Karl Eugen, Reigning Duke of that unfortunate Country; for whom, in past days, Friedrich had been so fatherly, and really took such pains. "Fatherly? *Step*-fatherly, you mean; and for his own vile uses!" growls the Serenity of Würtemberg:—always an ominous streak of gloom in that poor man; streak which is spread now

[1] Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 248 (in a sour Opposition tone); etc. etc.

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to whole skies of boiling darkness, owing to deliriums there have been! Enough, Karl Eugen, after divorcing his poor Wife, had distinguished himself by a zeal without knowledge, beyond almost all the enemies of Friedrich;—and still continues in that bad line of industry. His poor Wife he has made miserable in some measure; also himself; and, in a degree, his poor soldiers and subjects, who are with him by compulsion in this Enterprise. The Würtembergers are Protestants of old type; and want no fighting against "the Protestant Hero," but much the reverse! Serene Karl had to shoot a good few of these poor people, before they would march at all; and his procedures were indeed, and continued to be, of a very crying nature, though his poor Populations took them silently. Always something of perverse in this Serene Highness; has it, I think, by kind.

'Besides his quota to the Reich, Karl Eugen has 12,000 more on foot,—and it is of them we are treating at present. In 1757 he had lent these troops to the Empress Queen, for a consideration; it was they that stood on the Austrian left, at Leuthen; and were the first that got beaten, and had to cease standing,—as the Austrians were abundantly loud in proclaiming. To the disgust of Serene Highness: "Which of you did stand, then? Was it their blame, led as they were!" argued he. And next year, 1758, after Crefeld, he took his 12,000 to the French ("subsidy," or consideration, "to be paid in *salt*," it appears[1]); with whom they marched about, and did nothing considerable. The Serenity had pleaded, "I must command them myself!" "You?" said Belleisle, and would not hear of it. Next year again, however, that is 1759, the Duke was positive, "I must"; Belleisle not less so, "You cannot";—till Minden fell out; and then, in the wreck of Contades, Belleisle had to consent. Serenity of Würtemberg, at that late season, took the field accordingly; and Broglio now has him at Fulda, "To cut-off Ferdinand from Cassel": to threaten Ferdinand's left flank and his provision-carts in that quarter. May really become unpleasant there to Ferdinand;—and ought to be cut-out by the Hereditary Prince. "To Fulda, then, and cut him out!"

'*Fulda, Friday 30th November* 1759. Serene Highness is lying here for a week past; abundantly strong for the task on hand,—has his own 12,000 supplemented by 1,000 French Light Horse;—but is widely scattered withal, posted in a kind of triangular form; his main posts being Fulda itself, and a couple of others, each thirty miles from Fulda, and five miles from one another,—"with patrols to connect them," better or worse. Abundantly strong for the task, and in perfect security; and indeed intends this day to "fire *victoria*" for the Catastrophe at Maxen, and in the evening will give a Ball in farther honour of so

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 10.

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salutary an event:—when, about 9 A.M., news arrives at the gallop, "Brunswickers in full march; are within an hour of the Town Bridge!" Figure to what flurry of Serene Highness; of the victoria-shooting apparatus; of busy man-milliner people, and the Beauty and Fashion of Fulda in general!

'The night before, a rumour of the French Post being driven-in by somebody, had reached Serene Highness; who gave some vague order, not thinking it of consequence. Here, however, is the Fact come to hand in a most urgent and undeniable manner! Serene Highness gets on horseback; but what can that help? One cannon (has nothing but light cannon) he does plant on the Bridge; but see, here come premonitory bombshells one and another, terrifying to the mind;—and a single Hessian dragoon, plunging forward on the one unready cannon, and in the air making horrid circles,—the gunners leave said cannon to him, take to their heels; and the Bridge is open. The rest of the affair can be imagined. Retreat at our swiftest, "running fight," we would fain call it, by various roads; lost two flags, two cannon; prisoners were above 1,200, many of them Officers. "A merciful Providence saved the Duke's Serene Person from hurt," say the Stuttgard Gazetteers: which was true,—Serene Highness having been inspired to gallop instantly to rearward and landward, leaving an order to somebody, "Do the best you can!"

'So that the Ball is up; dress-pumps and millineries getting all locked into their drawers again,—with abundance of teehee-ing (I hope, mostly in a light vein) from the fair creatures disappointed of their dance for this time. Next day Serene Highness drew farther back, and next day again farther,—towards Frankenland and home, as the surest place;—and was no more heard of in those localities.'[1]

Making his first exit, not yet quite his final, from the War-Theatre, amid such tempests of haha-ing and teehee-ing. With what thoughts in his own lofty opaque mind;—like a crowned mule, of such pace and carriage, who had unexpectedly stepped upon galvanic wires!—

As to those poor Würtembergers, and their notion of the 'Protestant Hero,' I remark farther, that there is a something of real truth in it. Friedrich's Creed, or Theory of the Universe, differed extremely, in many important points, from that of Dr. Martin Luther: but in the vital all-essential point,

[1] Buchholz, ii. 332; Mauvillon, ii. 80; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1184-1193; Old Newspapers, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603.

what we may call the heart's-core of all Creeds which are human, human and not simious or diabolic, the King and the Doctor were with their whole heart at one : That it is not allowable, that it is dangerous and abominable, to attempt believing what is not true. In that sense, Friedrich, by nature and position, was a Protestant, and even the chief Protestant in the world. What kind of 'Hero,' in this big War of his, we are gradually learning;—in which too, if you investigate, there is not wanting something of '*Protestant* Heroism,' even in the narrow sense. For it does appear,—Maria Theresa having a real fear of God, and poor Louis a real fear of the Devil, whom he may well feel to be getting dangerous purchase over him,—some hope-gleams of acting upon Schism, and so meriting Heaven, did mingle with their high terrestrial combinations, on this unique opportunity, more than are now supposed in careless History-Books.

What is Perpetual President Maupertuis doing, all this While? Is he still in Berlin; or where in the Universe is he? Alas, poor Maupertuis!

In the heat of this Campaign, 'July 27th,'—some four days after the Battle of Züllichau, just while Friedrich was hurrying-off for that Intersection at Sagan, and breathless Hunt of Loudon and Haddick,—poor Maupertuis had quitted this world. July 27th, 1759; at Basel, on the Swiss Borders, in his friend Bernouilli's house, after long months of sickness painfully spent there. And our poor Perpetual President, at rest now from all his Akakia burns, and pains and labours in flattening the Earth and otherwise, is gone.

Many beautifuler men have gone within the Year, of whom we can say nothing. But this is one whose grandly silent, and then occasionally fulminant procedures, Akakia controversies, Olympian solemnities and flamy pirouettings under the contradiction of sinners, we once saw; and think

with a kind of human pathos that we shall see no more. From his goose of an adorer, La Beaumelle, I have riddled-out the following particulars, chiefly chronological,—and offer them to susceptible readers. La Beaumelle is, in a sort, to be considered the speaker; or La Beaumelle and this Editor in concert.

Final Pilgrimings of the Perpetual President. 'Maupertuis had quitted Berlin soon after Voltaire. That threat of visiting Voltaire with pistols,—to be met by "my syringe and vessel of dishonour" on Voltaire's part,—was his last memorability in Berlin. His last at that time; or indeed altogether, for he saw little of Berlin farther.

'End of April 1753, he got leave of absence; set-out homewards, for recovery of health. Was at Paris through summer and autumn: very taciturn in society; "preferred pretty women to any man of science"; would sententiously say a strong thing now and then, "bitter but not without *bonhomie*," shaking slightly his yellow wig. Disdainful, to how high a degree, of *Akakia* brabbles, and Voltaire gossip for or against! In winter went to St. Malo; found his good Father gone; but a loving Sister still there.

'June 1754, the King wrote to him, "*Venez vite*, Come quickly": July 1754, he came accordingly,[1] saw Berlin again; did nothing noticeable there, except get worse in health; and after eleven months, June 1756, withdrew again on leave,—never to return this time, though he well intended otherwise. But at St. Malo, when, after a month or two of Paris, he got thither (Autumn 1756), and still more, next summer, 1757, when he thought of leaving St. Malo,—what wars, and rumours of war, all over the world!

'June 1757, he went to Bordeaux, intending to take ship for Hamburg, and return; but the sea was full of English cruisers' (Pitt's Descents lying in store for St. Malo itself). 'No getting to Berlin by the Hamburg or sea route! "Never mind, then," wrote the King: "Improve your health; go to Italy, if you can."

'Summer 1757, Maupertuis made for Italy; got as far as Toulouse;—stayed there till May following; sad, tragically stoical; saying, sparingly, and rather to women than men, strong things, admired by the worthier sort. Renounced thoughts of Italy: "Europe bleeding, and especially France and Prussia, how go idly touring?'

'May 1758, Maupertuis left Toulouse; turned towards Berlin; slow, sad, circuitous;—never to arrive. Saw Narbonne, Montpellier, Nimes; with what meditations! At Lyons, under honours sky-high, health

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 49.

getting worse, stays two months; vomits clots of blood there. Thence, July 24th, to Neufchâtel and the Lord Marischal; happy there for three months. Hears there of Professor König's death (*Akakia* König): "One scoundrel less in the world," ejaculated he; "but what is one!"—October 16th, to the road again, to Basel; stays perforce, in Bernouilli's house there, all Winter; health falling lower and lower.

'April 1759, one day he has his carriage at the door ("Homeward, at all rates!"); but takes violent spasms in the carriage; can't; can no farther in this world. Lingers here, under kind care, for above three months more: dying slowly, most painfully. With much real stoicism; not without a stiff-jointed algebraic kind of piety, almost pathetic in its sort. "Two Capuchins from a neighbouring Convent daily gave him consolations," not entirely satisfactory; for daily withal, "unknown to the Capuchins, he made his Valet, who was a Protestant, read to him from the Geneva Bible";—and finds many things hard to the human mind. July 27th, 1759, he died.'[1]

Poor Maupertuis; a man of rugged stalwart type; honest, of an ardour, an intelligence, not to be forgotten for La Beaumelle's pulings over them. A man of good and even of high talent; unlucky in mistaking it for the highest! His poor Wife, a born Borck,—hastening from Berlin, but again and again delayed by industry of kind friends, and at last driving on in spite of everything,—met, in the last miles, his Hearse and Funeral Company. Adieu, a pitying adieu to him forever,—and even to his adoring La Beaumelle, who is rather less a blockhead than he generally seems.

This of the Two Capuchins, the last consummation of collapse in man, is what Voltaire cannot forget, but crows over with his shrillest mockery; and seldom mentions Maupertuis without that last touch to his life-drama.

Grand French Invasion-Scheme comes entirely to Wreck (Quiberon Bay, 20th November 1759): *of Controller General Silhouette, and the Outlooks of France, financial and other*

On the very day of Maxen, Tuesday November 20th, the grand French Invasion found its terminus,—not on the shores

[1] La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis*, pp. 196-216.

20th Nov. 1759]
of Britain, but of Brittany, to its surprise. We saw Rodney burn the Flatbottom manufactory at Havre; Boscawen chase the Toulon Squadron, till it ended on the rocks of Lagos. From January onwards, as was then mentioned, Hawke had been keeping watch, off Brest Harbour, on Admiral Conflans, who presides there over multifarious preparations, with the last Fleet France now has. At Vannes, where Hawke likewise has ships watching, are multifarious preparations; new Flatbottoms, 18,000 troops,—could Conflans and they only get to sea. At the long last, they did get;—in manner following:

'November 9th, a wild gale of wind had blown Hawke out of sight; away home to Torbay, for the moment. "Now is the time!" thought Conflans, and put to sea (November 14th); met by Hawke, who had weighed from Torbay to his duty; and who, of course, crowded every sail, after hearing that Conflans was out. At break of day, November 20th' (in the very hours when poor Finck was embattling himself round Maxen, and Daun sprawling-up upon him through the Passes), 'Hawke had had signal, "A Fleet in sight"; and soon after, "Conflans in sight," —and the day of trial come.

'Conflans is about the strength of Hawke, and France expects much of him; but he is not expecting Hawke. Conflans is busy, at this moment, in the mouth of Quiberon Bay, opening the road for Vannes and the 18,000;—in hot chase, at the moment, of a Commodore Duff and his small Squadron, who have been keeping watch there, and are now running all they can. On a sudden, to the astonishment of Conflans, this little Squadron whirls round, every ship of it (with a sky-rending cheer, could he hear it), and commences chasing! Conflans, taking survey, sees that it is Hawke; he, sure enough, coming down from windward yonder at his highest speed; and that chasing will not now be one's business!—

'About 11 A.M. Hawke is here; eight of his vanward ships are sweeping on for action. Conflans, at first, had determined to fight Hawke; and drew-up accordingly, and did try a little: but gradually thought better of it; and decided to take shelter in the shoaly coasts and nooks thereabouts, which were unknown to Hawke, and might ruin him if he should pursue, the day being short, and the weather extremely bad. Weather itself almost to be called a storm. "Shoreward, then; eastward, every ship!" became, ultimately, Conflans's plan. On the whole, it was 2 in the afternoon before Hawke, with those vanward Eight, could get clutch

of Conflans. And truly he did then strike his claws into him in a thunderously fervid manner, he and all hands, in spite of the roaring weather :—a man of falcon, or accipitral, nature as well as name.

'Conflans himself fought well ; as did certain of the others,—all, more or less, so long as their plan continued steady :—thunderous miscellany of cannon and tempest ; Conflans with his plan steady, or Conflans with his plan wavering, *versus* those vanward Eight, for two hours or more. But the scene was too dreadful ; this ship sinking, that obliged to strike ; things all going awry for Conflans. Hawke, in his own Flagship, bore down specially on Conflans in his,—who did wait, and exchange a couple of broadsides ; but then sheered off, finding it so heavy. French Vice-Admiral next likewise gave Hawke a broadside ; one only, and sheered off, satisfied with the return. Some Four others, in succession, did the like ; "One blast, as we hurry by" (making for the shore, mostly)! So that Hawke seemed swallowed in volcanoes (though, indeed, their firing was very bad, such a flurry among them), and his Blue Flag was invisible for some time, and various ships were hastening to help him,—till a Fifth French ship coming up with her broadside, Hawke answered her in particular (*La Superbe*, a Seventy-four) with all his guns together ; which sent the poor ship to the bottom, in a hideously sudden manner. One other (the *Thésée*) had already sunk in fighting ; two (the *Soleil* and the *Héros*) were already running for it,—the *Héros* in a very *un*heroic manner ! But on this terrible plunge-home of the *Superbe*, the rest all made for the shore ;—and escaped into the rocky intricacies and the darkness. Four of Conflans's ships were already gone,—struck, sunk, or otherwise extinct,—when darkness fell, and veiled Conflans and his distresses. "Country people, to the number of 10,000," crowded on the shore, had been seen watching the Battle ; and, "as sad witnesses of the White Flag's disgrace," disappeared into the interior.[1]

It was such a night as men never witnessed before. Walpole says : 'The roaring of the elements was redoubled by the thunder from our ships ; and both concurred in that scene of horror to put a period to the Navy and hopes of France. Seven ships of the line got into the River Vilaine' (lay there fourteen months, under strict watching, till their backs were broken, 'thumping against the shallow bottom every tide,' and only 'three, with three frigates,' ever got out again) ; 'eight more escaped to different ports,' into the River Charente ultimately. Conflans's own ship and another were run on shore, and burnt. One we took.' Two, with their crews, had gone to the bottom ; one under Hawke's cannon ; one partly by its own mismanagement. 'Two of ours were lost in the storm' (chasing that *Soleil* and *Héros*), 'but the crews saved.

[1] Beatson, ii. 327-345 ; and *Ib.* iii. 244-250. In *Gentleman's Magazine* (xxix. 557), 'A Chaplain's Letter,' etc.

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Lord Howe, who attacked *La Formidable*, bore-down on her with such violence, that her prow forced-in his lower tier of guns. Captain Digby in the *Dunkirk*, received the fire of twelve of the enemy's ships, and lost not a man. Keppel's was full of water, and he thought it sinking: a sudden squall emptied his ship; but he was informed all his powder was wet; "Then," said he, "I am sorry I am safe." They came and told him a small quantity was undamaged; "Very well," said he; "then attack again." Not above eight of our ships were engaged in obtaining that decisive victory. The Invasion was heard of no more.'[1]

Invasion had been fully intended, and even, in these final days, considerably expected. In the old London Newspapers we read this notice: *Monday November 19th*: 'Today there came three Expresses,'—Three Expresses, with what haste in their eyes, testifying successively of Conflans's whereabouts. But it was believed that Hawke would still manage. And, at any rate, Pitt wore such a look,—and had, in fact, made such preparation on the coasts, even in failure of Hawke,—there was no alarm anywhere. Indignation rather;—and naturally, when the news did come, what an outburst of Illumination in the windows and the hearts of men!

'Hawke continued watching the mouths of the Vilaine and Charente Rivers for a good while after, and without interruption henceforth,—till the storms of Winter had plainly closed them for one season. Supplies of fresh provisions had come to him from England all Summer; but were stopped latterly by the wild weather. Upon which, in the Fleet, arose this gravely-pathetic Stave of Sea-Poetry, with a wrinkle of briny humour grinning in it:

> 'Till Hawke did bang Monsieur Conflans' (*Congflang*),
> You sent us beef and beer;
> Now Monsieur's beat, we 've nought to eat,
> Since you have nought to fear.'[2]

The French mode of taking this catastrophe was rather peculiar. Hear Barbier, an Eyewitness; dating *Paris*, *December* 1759: 'Since the first days of December, there has been cried, and sold in the streets, a Printed Detail of all that

[1] Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 232.—Here is the List, accurately riddled-out: 1. *Formidable*, struck (about 4 P.M.): 2. *Thésée*, sunk (by a tumble it made, while in action, under an unskilful Captain): 3. *Superbe*, sunk: 4. *Héros*, struck; could not be boarded, such weather; and recommenced next day, but had to run and strand itself, and be burnt by the English;—as did (5.) the *Soleil Royal* (Conflans's Flagship), Conflans and crew (like those of the *Héros*) getting out in time.

[2] Beatson, ii. 342 *n.*

concerns the *Grand Invasion* projected this long while: to wit, the number of Ships of the Line, of Frigates, Galiots,—among others 500 Flatbottomed Boats, which are to carry over, and land in England, more than 54,000 men;—with list of the Regiments, and number of the King's Guards, that are also to go: there are announced for Generals-in-Chief, M. le Prince de Conti' (do readers remember him since the Broglio-Maillebois time, and how King Louis prophesied in autograph that he would be 'the Grand Conti' one day?) —'Prince de Conti, Prince de Soubise' (left his Conquest of Frankfurt for this greater Enterprise), 'and Milord Thomont' (Irish Jacobite, whom I don't know). 'As sequel to this Detail, there is a lengthy Song on the *Disembarkment in England*, and the fear the English must have of it!' Calculated to astonish the practical forensic mind.

'It is inconceivable,' continues he, 'how they have permitted such a Piece to be printed; still more to be cried, and sold price one halfpenny (*deux liards*). This Song is indecent, in the circumstances of the actual news from our Fleet at Brest (20th of last month;—in regard to which bad adventure M. le Marquis de Conflans has come to Versailles, to justify himself, and throw the blame on M. le Marquis de Beauffremont' his Rear-Admiral, now safe in the Charente, with eight of our poor ships). 'Such things are the more out of place, as we are in a bad-enough position,—no Flatbottoms stirring from the ports, no Troops of the *Maison du Roi* setting out;—and have reason to believe that we are now to make no such attempt.'[1]

Silhouette, the Controller-General, was thought to have a creative genius in finance: but in the eighth month of his gestation, what phenomena are these? October 26th, there came out Four Decrees of Council, setting forth, That, 'as the expenses of the War exceed not only the King's ordinary revenues, but the extraordinaries he has had to lay on his

[1] Barbier, iv. 336.

people, there is nothing for it but,' in fact, Suspension of Payment; actual Temporary Bankruptcy:—'Cannot pay you; part of you not for a year, others of you not till the War end; will give you 5 per-cent interest instead.' Coupled with which, by the same creative genius, is a Declaration in the King's name, 'That the King compels nobody, but does invite all and sundry of loyal mind to send their Plate (on loan, of course, and with due receipt for it) to the Mint to be coined, lest Majesty come to have otherwise no money,'—his very valets, as is privately known, having had no wages from him for ten months past.

Whereupon the rich Princes of the Blood, Duc d'Orléans foremost, and Official persons, Pompadour, Belleisle, Choiseul, do make an effort; and everybody that has Plate feels uneasily that he cannot use it, and that he ought to send it. And, November 5th, the King's own Plate, packed ostentatiously in carts, went to the Mint;—the Dauphiness, noble Saxon Lady, had already volunteered with a silver toilet-table of hers, brand-new and of exquisite costly pattern; but the King forbade her. On such examples, everybody had to make an effort, or uneasily try to make one. King Friedrich, eight days after Maxen, is somewhat amused at these proceedings in the distance:

'The kettles and spoons of the French seem to me a pleasant resource for carrying on War!' writes he to D'Argens.[1] 'A bit of mummery to act on the public feeling, I suppose. The result of it will be small: but as the Belleisle *Letters*' (taken in Contades's baggage, after Minden, and printed by Duke Ferdinand for public edification) 'make always such an outcry about poverty, those people are trying to impose on their enemies, and persuade them that the carved and chiselled silver of the Kingdom will suffice for making a vigorous Campaign. I see nothing else that can have set them on imagining the farce they are now at. There is Münster taken from them by the English-Hanoverian

[1] 'Wilsdruf, 28th November 1759,' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 108.

people; it is affirmed that the French, on the 25th, quitted Giessen, to march on Friedberg and repass the Rhine' (might possibly have done so;—but the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000 come to be needed elsewhere!)—'Poor we are opposite our enemies here, cantoned in the Villages about; the last truss of straw, the last loaf of bread will decide which of us is to remain in Saxony. And as the Austrians are extremely squeezed together, and can get nothing out of Böhmen,'—one hopes it will not be they!

All through November, this sending of Plate, I never knew with what net-result of moneys coinable, goes on in Paris; till, at the highest tables, there is nothing of silver dishes left;—and a new crockery kind (rather clumsy; '*culs noirs*,' as we derisively call them, pigment of *bottom* part being *black*) has had to be contrived instead. Under what astonishments abroad and at home, and in the latter region under what execrations on Silhouette, may be imagined. '*Tout le monde jure beaucoup contre M. de Silhouette*, All the world swears much against him,' says Barbier;—but I believe probably he was much to be pitied: 'A creative genius, you; and this is what you come to?'

November 22d, the poor man got dismissed; France swearing at him, I know not to what depth; but howling and hissing, evidently, with all its might. The very tailors and milliners took him up,—trousers without pockets, dresses without flounce or fold, which they call *à la Silhouette*;—and, to this day, in France and Continental Countries, the old-fashioned Shadow-Profile (mere outline, and vacant black) is practically called a *silhouette*. So that the very Dictionaries have him; and, like bad Count Reinhart, or *Reynard*, of earlier date, he has become a Noun Appellative, and is immortalised in that way. The first of that considerable Series of Creative Financiers, Abbé Terray and the rest,—brought in successively with blessings, and dismissed with cursings and hissings,—who end in Calonne, Loménie de Brienne, and what Mirabeau Père called 'the General Overturn (*Culbute*

Générale).' Thitherward, privately, straight towards the General Overturn, is France bound;—and will arrive in about thirty years.

Friedrich, strange to say, publishes (March—June 1760) *an Edition of his Poems. Question, 'Who wrote* Matinées du Roi de Preusse?'—*for the second, and positively the last Time*

In this avalanche of impending destructions, what can be more surprising than to hear of the Editing of Poems on his Majesty's part! Actual publication of that *Œuvre de Poésie*, for which Voltaire, poor gentleman, suffered such tribulation seven years ago. Now coming out from choice: Reprint of it, not now to the extent of twelve copies for highly special friends, but in copious thousands, for behoof of mankind at large! The thing cost Friedrich very little meditating, and had become necessary,—and to be done with speed.

Readers recollect the *Œuvre de Poésie*, and satirical hits said to be in it. At Paris, about New-year's time 1760, some helpful Hand had contrived to bring out, under the pretended date 'Potsdam,' a cheap edition of that interesting Work.[1] Merely in the way of theft, as appeared to cursory readers, to D'Argens, for example:[2] but, in deeper fact, for the purpose of apprising certain Crowned Heads, friendly and hostile,—Czarish Majesty and George II. of England the main two,—what this poetising King was pleased to think of them in his private moments. D'Argens declares himself glad of this theft, so exquisitely clever is the Book. But Friedrich knows better: 'March 17th, when a Copy of it came to him,' Friedrich sees well what is meant,—and what he himself has to do in it. He instantly sets about making a few suppressions, changes of phrase; sends the thing to

[1] '*Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci*': 1 vol. 12mo, 'Potsdam' (*Paris*, in truth), '1760.'

[2] His Letter to the King, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xlx. 138.

D'Argens: 'Publish at once, with a little prefatory word.' And, at the top of his speed, D'Argens has, in three-weeks time, the suitable *Avant-propos*, or *Avis au Libraire*, 'circulating in great quantities, especially in London and Petersburg' ('Thief Editor has omitted; and, what is far more, has malignantly interpolated: here is the poor idle Work itself, not a Counterfeit of it, if anybody care to read it'), and an Orthodox Edition ready.[1] The diligent Pirate Booksellers, at Amsterdam, at London, copiously reproduced this authorised Berlin Edition too,—or added excerpts from it to their reprints of the Paris one, by way of various-readings. And everybody read and compared, what nobody will now do; theme, and treatment of theme, being both now so heartily indifferent to us.

Who the Perpetrator of this Parisian maleficence was, remained dark;—and would not be worth inquiring into at all, except for two reasons intrinsically trifling, but not quite without interest to readers of our time. First, that Voltaire, whom some suspected (some, never much Friedrich, that I hear of), appears to have been perfectly innocent;—and indeed had been incapacitated for guilt, by Schmidt and Freytag, and their dreadful Frankfurt procedures! This is reason *first;* poor Voltaire mutely asking us, Not to load him with more sins than his own. Reason *second* is, that, by a singular opportunity, there has, in these very months,[2] a glimmering of light risen on it to this Editor; illustrating two other points as well, which readers here are acquainted with, some time ago, as riddles of the insignificant sort. The *Demon Newswriter*, with his '*Idea*' of Friedrich, and the '*Matinées du Roi de Prusse*': readers recollect both those

[1] 'Came out April 9th' (see *Mitchell*, ii. 153), 'and a second finer Edition in June': in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. p. x. xix. 137 *n.*, 138; especially in *Preuss*, i. 467, 468 (if you will compare him with *himself* on these different occasions, and patiently wind-out his bit of meaning), all manner of minutest details.

[2] Spring 1863.

Productions; both enigmatic as to authorship;—but both now become riddles which can more or less be read.

For the surprising circumstance (though in certain periods, when the realm of very Chaos reëmerges, fitfully, into upper sunshine now and then, nothing ought to surprise one as happening there) is, That, only a few months ago, the incomparable *Matinées* (known to my readers five years since) has found a new Editor and reviver. Editor illuminated 'by the Secretary of the Great Napoleon,' 'by discovery of manuscripts,' 'by the Duc de Rovigo,' and I know not what; animated also, it is said, by religious views. And, in short, the *Matinées* is again abroad upon the world,—'your London Edition twice reprinted in Germany, by the Jesuit party since' (much good may it do the Jesuit party!)—a *Matinées* again in comfortable circumstances, as would seem. Probably the longest-eared Platitude now walking the Earth, though there are a good many with ears long. Unconscious, seemingly, that it has been killed thrice and four times already; and that indeed, except in the realm of Nightmare, it never was alive, or needed any killing; belief in it, doubt upon it (I must grieve to inform the Duc de Rovigo and honourable persons concerned), being evidence conclusive that you have not yet the faintest preliminary shadow of correct knowledge about Friedrich or his habits or affairs, and that you ought first to try and acquire some.

To me argument on this subject would have been too unendurable. But argument there was on it, by persons capable and willing, more than one: and in result this surprising brand-new London mooncalf of a *Matinées* was smitten through, and slit in pieces, for the fifth time,—as if that could have hurt it much! '*Mit der Dummheit*,' sings Schiller; 'Human Stupidity is stronger than the very Gods.' However, in the course of these new inspections into matters long since obsolete, there did,—what may truly be considered as a kind of profit by this Resuscitating of the mooncalf *Matinées* upon afflicted mankind, and is a net outcome from it, real,

though very small,—some light rise as to the origin and genesis of *Matinées;* some twinkles of light, and, in the utterly dark element, did disclose other monstrous extinct shapes looming to right and left of said monster: and, in a word, the Authorship of *Matinées*, and not of *Matinées* only, becomes now at last faintly visible or guessable. To one of those industrious Matadors, as we may call them, Slayers of this mooncalf for the fourth or fifth time, I owe the following Note; which, on verifying, I can declare to be trustworthy:

'The Author of *Matinées,* it is nearly certain,' says my Correspondent, 'is actually a "M. de Bonneville,"—contrary to what you wrote five years ago.[1] Not indeed the Bonneville who is found in Dictionaries, who is visibly impossible; but a Bonneville of the preceding generation, who was Maréchal de Saxe's Adjutant or Secretary, old enough to have been the Uncle or the Father of that revolutionary Bonneville. Maréchal de Saxe died November 30th, 1750; this senior Bonneville, still a young man, had been with him to Potsdam on visit there. Bonneville, conscious of genius, and now out of employment, naturally went thither again; lived a good deal there, or went between France and there: and authentic History knows of him, by direct evidence, and by reflex, the following Three Facts (the *second* of them itself threefold), of which I will distinguish the indubitable from the inferentially credible or as good as certain:

'1°. Indubitable, That Bonneville sold to Friedrich certain Papers, military Plans, or the like, of the late Maréchal, and was paid for them; but by no means met the recognition his genius saw itself to merit. These things are certain, though not dated, or datable except as of the year 1750 or 1751. After which, for above twenty years, Bonneville entered upon a series of adventures, caliginous, underground, for most part; "soldiering in America," "writing anonymous Pamphlets or Books," roaming wide over the world; and led a busy but obscure and uncertain life, hanging by Berlin as a kind of centre, or by Paris and Berlin as his two centres; and had a miscellaneous series of adventures, subterranean many of them, unluminous all of them, not courting the light; which lie now in naturally a very dark condition. Dimly discernible, however, in the general dusk of Bonneville, dim and vague of outline, but definitely steady beyond what could have been expected, it does appear farther,—what alone entitles Bonneville to the least memory here, or anywhere in Nature now or henceforth,—

[1] A.D. 1858 (*suprà*, i. 169-70).

'2°. Inferentially credible, That, shortly after that first rebuff in Potsdam, he, not another, in 1752, was your "*Demon Newswriter*," whom we gazed at, some time since, devoutly crossing ourselves, for a little while!

'Likewise that, in 1759-60, after or before his American wanderings, he, the same Bonneville, as was suspected at the time,[1] stole and edited this surreptitious mischief-making *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci* (Paris or Lyon, pretending to be "Potsdam," January 1760),' which we are now considering! 'Encouraged, probably enough, by Choiseul himself, who, in any case, is now known to have been the promoter of this fine bit of mischief,[2]—and who may thereupon' (or may as probably, *not* 'thereupon,' if it were of the least consequence to gods or men) 'have opened to Bonneville a new military career in America? Career which led to as good as nothing; French soldiering in America being done for, in the course of 1760. Upon which Bonneville would return to his old haunts, to his old subterranean industries in Paris and Berlin.

'And that, finally, in 1765, he, as was again suspected at the time,[1] he and no other, did write those *Matinées*, which appeared next year in print (1766), and many times since; and have just been reprinted, as a surprising new discovery, at London, in Spring 1863.

'3°. Again indubitable, That either after or before those Editorial exploits, Bonneville had sold the Maréchal de Saxe's Plans and Papers, which were already the King's, to some second person, and been a second time paid for them. And was, in regard to this Swindling exploit, found out; and by reason of that sale, or for what reason is not known, was put into Spandau, and, one hopes, ended his life there.'[3]

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[1] 'Nicolai, *Ueber Zimmermanns Fragmente*, i. 181, 182, ii. 253, 254. Sketch of what is authentically known about Bonneville: "suspected both of *Matinées* and of the Stolen *Edition*."'

[2] Choiseul's own Note, 'To M. de Malesherbes, *Directeur de la Libraire*, 10th December 1759: "By every method screen the King's Government from being suspected;—and get the Edition out at once."' (Published in the *Constitutionnel*, 2d December 1850, by M. Sainte-Beuve; copied in Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 168 *n.*)

[3] 'Nicolai, *ubi suprà*;—and besides him, only the two following references, out of half a cartload: 1°. Bachaumont, *Mémoires secrètes*, "7th February 1765" (see Barbier, *Dictionnaire des Anonymes*, § Matinées), who calls *Matinées* "a development of the *Idée de la Personne*," etc. (that is, of your "*Demon Newswriter*"; already known to Bachaumont, this "*Idée*," it seems, as well as the *Matinées* in Manuscript). 2°. *Letter* of Grimm to Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha' (*our* Duchess), 'dated "Paris, 15th April 1765": not in printed *Correspondance de Grimm*, but still in the Archives of Gotha, in company with a MS. of *Matinées*, probably the oldest extant (see, — in the *Grenzboten* Periodical,

Fact No 2, which alone concerns us here,—and which, in its three successive stages, does curiously cohere with itself and with other things,—comes, therefore, not by direct light, which indeed, by the nature of the case, would be impossible. Not by direct light, but by various reflex lights, and convergence of probabilities old and new, which become the stronger the better they are examined; and may be considered as amounting to what is called a moral certainty,—'certain' enough for an inquiry of that significance. To a kind of moral certainty: kind of moral consolation too; only One individual of Adam's Posterity, not Three or more, having been needed in these multifarious acts of scoundrelism; and that One receiving payment, or part payment, so prompt and appropriate, in the shape of a permanent cannon-ball at his ankle.

This is the one profit my readers or I have yet derived from the late miraculous Resuscitation of *Matinées Royales;* the other items of profit in that Enterprise shall belong, not to us in the least measure, but to Bonneville, and to his well or ill-disposed Coadjutors and Copartners in the Adventure. Adieu to it, and to him and to them, forever and a day!

Peace-Negotiations hopeful to Friedrich all through Winter; but the French won't. Voltaire, and his Style of Corresponding

This Winter there was talk of Peace, more specifically than ever. November 15th, at the Hague, as a neutral place, there had been, by the two Majesties, Britannic and Prussian,

Leipzig, 1863, pp. 473-484, 500-519,—*K. Samwer*, who is Chief *Malleus* of this new London mooncalf, and will inform the curious of every particular).'

Matinées was first printed 1766 (no place), and seven or eight times since, in different Countries; twice or thrice over, as 'an interesting new discovery':—very wearisome to this Editor; who read *Matinées* (in poor *London* print, that too) many years ago,—with complete satisfaction as to *Matinées*, and sincere wish not to touch it again even with a pair of tongs;—and has since had three 'priceless MS. of it' offered him, at low rates, as a guerdon to merit.

official *Declaration*, 'We, for our part, deeply lament these horrors, and are ready to treat of Peace.' This Declaration was presented November 15th, 1759, by Prince Ludwig of Brunswick (Head General of the Dutch, and a Brother of Prince Ferdinand our General's, suitable for such case), to the Austrian-French Excellencies at the Hague. By whom it had been received with due politeness, 'Will give it our profoundest consideration';[1]—which indeed the French, for some time, privately did; though the Austrians privately had no need to do so, being already fixed for a negative response to the proposal. But hereby rose actual talk of a 'Congress'; and wagging of Diplomatic wigs as to where it shall be. 'In Breda,' said some; 'Breda a place used to Congresses.' 'Why not in Nanci here?' said poor old Ex-Polish Stanislaus, alive to the calls of benevolence, poor old Titular soul. Others said 'Leipzig'; others 'Augsburg';—and indeed in Augsburg, according to the Gazetteers, at one time, there were 'upholsterers busy getting ready the apartments.' So that, with such rumour in the Diplomatic circles, the Gazetteer and outer world was full of speculation upon Peace; and Friedrich had lively hopes of it, and had been hoping three months before, as we transiently saw, though again it came to nothing. All to nothing; and is not, in itself, worth the least attention from us here,—a poor extinct fact, loud in those months and filling the whole world, now silent and extinct to everybody,—except, indeed, that it offers physiognomic traits here and there of a certain King, and of those about him. For which reason we will dwell on it a few minutes longer.

Nobody, in that Winter 1759-60, could guess where, or from whom, this big world-interesting Peace-Negotiation had its birth; as everybody now can, when nobody now is curious

[1] *Declaration* (by the two Majesties) that they are ready to treat of Peace, 15th November 1759, presented by etc. (as above); *Answer* from France, in stingy terms, and not till 3d April 1760: are in *London Gazette*: in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603, xxx. 188; in etc. etc.

on the question! At Sagan, in September last, we all saw the small private source of it, its first outspurt into daylight; and read Friedrich's *Answers* to Voltaire and the noble Duchess on it:—for the sake of which Two private Correspondents, and of Friedrich's relation to them, possibly a few more Excerpts may still have a kind of interest, now when the thing corresponded on has ceased to have any. To the Duchess, a noble-minded Lady, beautifully zealous to help if she could, by whose hand these multifarious Peace-Papers have to pass, this is always Friedrich's fine style in transmitting them. Out of many specimens, following that of Sagan which we gave, here are the Next Three:

Friedrich to the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha (Three other Letters on the 'Peace')

1

'Wilsdruf, 21st November 1759' (day after Maxen, *surrender* was *this* morning,—of which he has not heard).

'MADAM,—Nothing but your generosities and your indulgence could justify my incongruity' (*incongruité*, in troubling you with the Enclosed). 'You will have it, Madam, that I shall still farther abuse those bounties, which are so precious to me: at least remember that it is by your order, if I forward through your hand this Letter, which does not merit such honour.

'Chance, which so insolently mocks the projects of men, and delights to build up and then pull down, has led us about, thus far,—to the end of the Campaign' (not quite ended yet, if we knew). 'The Austrians are girt-in by the Elbe on this side; I have had two important Magazines of theirs in Bohemia destroyed' (Kleist's doing). 'There have been some bits of fighting (*affaires*), that have turned entirely to our advantage:—so that I am in hopes of forcing M. Daun to repass the Elbe, to abandon Dresden, and to take the road for Zittau and Bohemia.

'I talk to you, Madam, of what I am surrounded with; of what, being in your neighbourhood, may perhaps have gained your attention. I could go to much greater length, if my heart dared to explain itself on the sentiments of admiration, gratitude and esteem, with which I am,—Madam my Cousin,—Your most faithful Cousin, Friend and Servant,— F.'

2

'Freyberg, 18th December 1759.

'MADAM,—You spoil me so by your indulgence, you so accustom me to have obligations to you, that I reproach myself a hundred times with this presumption. Certainly I should not continue to enclose these Letters to your care, had not I the hope that perhaps the Correspondence may be of some use to England, and even to Europe,—for without doubt Peace is the desirable, the natural and happy state for all Nations. It is to accelerate Peace, Madam, that I abuse your generosities. This motive excuses me to myself for the incongruity of my procedures.

'The goodness you have to take interest in my situation obliges me to give you some account of it. We have undergone all sorts of misfortune here' (Maxen, what not), 'at the moment we were least expecting them. Nevertheless, there remains to us courage and hope; here are Auxiliaries' (Hereditary Prince and 12,000) 'on the point of arriving; there is reason to think that the end of our Campaign will be less frightful than seemed likely three weeks ago. May you, Madam, enjoy all the happiness that I wish you. May all the world become acquainted with your virtues, imitate them, and admire you as I do. May you be persuaded that . . . — F.'

3

'Freyberg, 16th February 1760.

'MADAM,—It is to my great regret that I importune Your Highness so often with my Letters. Your bounties, Madam, have spoiled me;—it will teach you to be more chary of them to others. I regard you as an estimable Friend, to whose friendship I have recourse in straits. The question is still Peace, Madam; and were not the object of my importunities so beautiful, Madam, I should be inexcusable.'—Goes then into practical considerations, about 'Cocceji' (King's Aide-de-Camp, once Keith's, who carries this Letter), about a 'Herr von Edelsheim,' a 'Bailli de Froulay,' and the possible 'Conditions of Peace,'—not of consequence to us just now.[1]

As to Voltaire again, and the new Friedrich-Voltaire Style of Correspondence, something more of detail will be requisite. Ever since the black days of 1757, when poor Wilhelmina,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 174, 173, 172. Correspondence on this subject lasts from 22d September 1759 to 8th May 1760: *ib.* pp. 170-186. In that final Letter of 8th May is the phrase, hardly worth restoring to its real ownership, though the context considerably redeems it there,—'the prejudice I can't get rid of, that, in war, *Dieu est pour les gros escadrons.*'

with Rossbach and Leuthen still hidden from her in a future gloomy as death, desperately brought Voltaire to bear upon Cardinal Tencin in this matter, without success, there has been a kind of regular corresponding between Voltaire and Friedrich; characteristic on both sides. A pair of Lovers hopelessly estranged and divorced; and yet, in a sense, unique and priceless to one another. The Past, full of heavenly radiances, which issued, alas, in flames and sooty conflagrations as of Erebus,—let us forget it, and be taught by it! The Past is painful, and has been too didactic to some of us: but here still is the Present with its Future; better than blank nothing. Pleasant to hear the sound of that divine voice of my loved one, were it only in commonplace remarks on the weather,—perhaps intermixed with secret gibings on myself:—let us hear it while we can, amid those world-wide crashing discords and piping whirlwinds of war.

Friedrich sends his new Verses or light Proses, which he is ever and anon throwing-off; Voltaire sends his, mostly in print, and of more elaborate turn: they talk on matters that are passing round them, round this King, the centre of them, —Friedrich usually in a rather swaggering way (lest his Correspondent think of blabbing), and always with something of banter audible in him;—as has Voltaire too, but in a finer *treble* tone, being always female in this pretty duet of parted lovers. It rarely comes to any scolding between them; but there is or can be nothing of cordiality. Nothing, except in the mutual admiration, which one perceives to be sincere on both sides; and also, in the mutual practical estrangement: 'Nothing more of you,—especially of *you*, Madam,—as a practical domestic article!'

After long reading, with Historical views, in this final section of the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, at first so barren otherwise and of little entertainment, one finds that this too, when once you *can* 'read' it (that is to say, when the scene and its details are visible to you), becomes highly

dramatic, Shakspearean-comic or more, for this is Nature's self, who far excels even Shakspeare;—and that the inextricably dark condition of these Letters is a real loss to the ingenuous reader, and especially to the student of Friedrich. Among the frequently-recurring topics, one that oftenest turns-up on Voltaire's side is that of Peace: Oh, if your Majesty would but make Peace! Does it depend on me? thinks Friedrich always; and is, at last, once provoked to say so:

Friedrich to Voltaire

'Reich-Hennersdorf, 2d July 1759' (shortly before Schmöttseifen, while waiting Daun's slow movements)

'Asking *me* for Peace: there is a bitter joke!'—(In verse, this; flings-off a handful of crackers on the *Bien-Aimé*, whose Chamberlain you are, on the *Hongroise qu'il adore*, on the Russian *que j'abhorre*;—then continues in prose):

'It is to him,' the Well-beloved Louis, 'that you must address yourself, or to his Amboise in Petticoats' (his Pompadour, acting the Cardinal-Premier on this occasion). 'But these people have their heads filled with ambitious projects: these people are the difficulty; they wish to be the sovereign arbiters of sovereigns;—and that is what persons of my way of thinking will by no means put-up with. I love Peace quite as much as you could wish; but I want it good, solid and honourable. Socrates or Plato would have thought as I do on this subject, had they found themselves placed in the accursed position which is now mine in the world.

'Think you there is any pleasure in leading this dog of a life' (*chienne*, she-dog)? 'In seeing and causing the butchery of people you know nothing of; in losing daily those you do know and love; in seeing perpetually your reputation exposed to the caprices of chance; in passing year after year in disquietudes and apprehensions; in risking, without end, your life and your fortune?

'I know right well the value of tranquillity, the sweets of society, the charms of life; and I love to be happy, as much as anybody whatever. But much as I desire these blessings, I will not purchase them by basenesses and infamies. Philosophy enjoins us to do our duty; faithfully to serve our Country, at the price of our blood, of our repose, and of every sacrifice that can be required of us. The illustrious *Zadig* went through a good many adventures which were not to his taste, *Candide* the

like: and nevertheless took their misfortune in patience. What finer example to follow than that of those heroes?

'Take my word, our "curt jackets" as you call them' (*habits écourtés*, peculiar to the Prussian soldier at that time), 'are as good as your red heels, as the Hungarian pelisses, and the green frocks of the Roxelans' (Russians). 'We are actually on the heels of the latter' (at least poor Dohna is, and poor Dictator Wedell will be, not with the effect anticipated!)—'who by their stupidities give us fine chance. You will see I shall get out of the scrape this Year too, and deliver myself both from the Greens and the Dirty-Whites' (Austrian colour of coat). 'My neighbour of the Sacred Hat,—I think, in spite of Holy Father's benediction, the Holy Ghost must have inspired him the reverse way; he seems to have a great deal of lead in his bottom. * * F.'[1]

Voltaire in answer

'The Délices,' guessed to be some time in 'August 1759.'

'In whatever state you are, it is very certain that you are a great man. It is not to weary your Majesty that I now write; it is to confess myself,—on condition you will give me absolution! I have betrayed you; that is the fact'—(really guilty this time, and *have* shown something of your writing; as your Majesty, oh how unjustly, is often suspecting that I do, and with mischievous intention, instead of good, ah, Sire!)—'In fact, I have received that fine "*Marcus-Aurelius*" Letter' (Letter we have just read); 'exquisite Piece, though with biting "*Juvenal*" qualities in it too; and have shown it, keeping back the biting parts, to a beautiful gillflirt of the Court, *minaudière*' (who seems to be a Mistress of Choiseul's), 'who is here attending Tissot for her health: *minaudière* charmed with it; insists on my sending it to Choiseul, "He admires the King of Prussia, as he does all nobleness and genius; send it!" And I did so;—and look here, what an Answer from Choiseul' (Answer lost): 'and may it not have a fine effect, and perhaps bring Peace—Oh, forgive me, Sire. But read that Note of the great man. "Try if you can decipher his writing. One may have very honest sentiments, and a great deal of *esprit*, and yet write like a cat."——

'Sire, there was once a lion and a mouse (*rat*); the mouse fell in love with the lion, and went to pay him court. The lion, tired of it, gave him a little scrape with his paw. The mouse withdrew into his mouse-hole (*souricière*); but he still loved the lion; and seeing one day a net they were spreading out to catch the lion and kill him, he gnawed asunder one mesh of it. Sire, the mouse kisses very humbly your beautiful

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 53.

claws, in all submissiveness :—he will never die between two Capuchins, as, at Bâle, the mastiff (*dogue*) of St. Malo has done' (27th July last). 'He would have wished to die beside his lion. Believe that the mouse was more attached than the mastiff.'— V.[1]

To which we saw the Answer, pair of Answers, at Sagan, in September last. This Note from Choiseul, conveyed by Voltaire, appears to have been the trifling well-spring from which all those wide-spread waters of Negotiation flowed. Pitt, when applied to, on the strength of Friedrich's hopes from this small Document of Choiseul's, was of course ready, 'How welcome every chance of a just Peace!' and agreed to the Joint Declaration at the Hague; and took what farther trouble I know not,—probably less sanguine of success than Friedrich. Friedrich was ardently industrious in the affair; had a great deal of devising and directing on it, a great deal of corresponding with Voltaire and the Duchess, only small fractions of which are now left. He searched-out, or the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha did it for him, a proper Secret Messenger for Paris: Secret Messenger, one Baron von Edelsheim, properly veiled, was to consult a certain Bailli de Froulay, a friend of Friedrich's in Paris;—which loyal-hearted Bailli did accordingly endeavour there; but made-out nothing. Only much vague talking; part of it, or most of it, subdolous on Choiseul's side. Pitt would hear of no Peace which did not include Prussia as well as England: some said this was the cause of failure;—the real cause was that Choiseul never had any serious intention of succeeding. Light Choiseul, a clever man, but an unwise, of the sort called 'dashing,' had entertained the matter merely in the optative form,—and when it came nearer, wished to use it for making mischief between Pitt and Friedrich, and for worming-out Edelsheim's secrets, if he had any,—for which reason he finally threw Edelsheim into the Bastille for a few days.[2]

About the end of March I guess it to have been that

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 59, 60.

[2] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 38-41, detailed account of the Affair.

Choiseul, by way of worming-out poor Edelsheim's secrets, flung him into the Bastille for a day or two. Already in December foregoing, we have seen Choiseul's Black-Artist busy upon the Stolen *Edition* of Friedrich's Verses. A Choiseul full of intrigues; adroit enough, ambitious enough; restlessly industrious in making mischief, if there were nothing else to be made; who greatly disgusted Friedrich, now and afterwards.

And this was what the grand Voltaire Pacification came to, though it filled the world with temporary noise, and was so interesting to Voltaire and another. What a heart-affecting generosity, humility and dulcet pathos in that of the poor Mouse gnawing asunder a mesh of the Lion's net! There is a good deal of that throughout, on the Voltaire side,—that is to say, while writing *to* Friedrich. But while writing *of* him, to third parties, sometimes almost simultaneously, the contrast of styles is not a little startling; and the beautiful affectionately-chirping Mouse is seen suddenly to be an injured Wild-cat with its fur up. All readers of Voltaire are aware of this; and how Voltaire handles his '*Luc*' (mysterious nickname for *King Friedrich*), when Luc's back is turned. For alas, there is no man or thing but has its wrong-side too; least of all, a Voltaire,—doing *treble* voice withal, if you consider it, in such a Duet of estranged Lovers! Suppose we give these few Specimens,—treble mostly, and a few of bass as well,—to illustrate the nature of this Duet, and of the noises that went on round it, in a war-convulsed world? And first of all, concerning the enigma 'What is Luc?'

What the *Luc* in Voltaire is! Shocking explanations have been hit upon: but Wagnière (*Wagner*, an intelligent Swiss man), Voltaire's old Secretary, gives this plain reading of the riddle: 'M. de Voltaire had, at The Délices' (near by Ferney, till the Château got built), 'a big Ape, of excessively mischievous turn; who used to throw stones at the passers-by, and sometimes would attack with its teeth friend or foe alike. One day it thrice over bit M. de Voltaire's own leg. He had called it *Luc* (Luke); and in conversation with select friends, as also in Letters to

such, he sometimes designated the King of Prussia by that nickname: '*He* is like my Luc here; bites whoever caresses him!'—In 1756 M. de Voltaire, having still on his heart the Frankfurt Outrage, wrote curious *Mémoires*' (ah, yes, *Vie Privée*); 'and afterwards wished to burn them; but a Copy had been stolen from him in 1768,'—and they still afflict the poor world.

To the same effect speaks Johannes von Müller: 'Voltaire had an Ape called Luc; and the spiteful man, in thus naming the King, meant to stigmatise him as the mere *ape* of greater men; as one without any greatness of his own.'—No; *Luc* was mischievous, flung stones after passengers; had, according to Clogenson, 'bitten Voltaire himself, while being caressed by him'; that was the analogy in Voltaire's mind. Preuss says, this Nickname first occurs '12th December 1757.' Suppose 11th December to have been the day of getting one's leg bitten thrice over; and that, in bed next morning,—stiff, smarting, fretful against the sad ape-tricks and offences of this life,—before getting up to one's Works and Correspondences, the angry similitude had shot, slightly fulgurous and consolatory, athwart the gloom of one's mood?[1] That will account for *Luc*.

Many of the Voltaire-Friedrich *Letters* are lost; and the remainder lie in sad disorder in all the Editions, their sequence unintelligible without lengthy explanation. So that the following Snatches cannot well be arranged here in the way of Choral Strophe and Antistrophe, as would have been desirable. We shall have to group them loosely under heads; with less respect to date than to subject-matter, and to the reader's convenience for understanding them.

Voltaire on Friedrich, to different Third-Parties, during this War

To D'Argental (Has not yet heard of *Leuthen*, which happened five days before). * * 'I have tasted the vengeance of consoling the King of Prussia, and that is enough for me. He goes beating on the one side, and getting beaten on the other: except for another miracle' (like Rossbach) 'he will be ruined. Better have really been a philosopher, as he pretended to be.'[2]

To the Reverend Comte de Bernis (outwardly still our flourishing Prime-Minister, by grace of Pompadour, but soon to be extinguished under a

[1] Longchamp et Wagnière, *Mémoires*, i. 34; Johannes von Müller, *Werke* (12mo, Stuttgart, 1821), xxxi. 140 (*Letters to his Brother*, No. 218, 'July 1796'); Clogenson's Note, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 103; Preuss, ii. 71.

[2] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 139 ('The Délices, 10th December 1757').

Red Hat. Date is six days before *Zorndorf*). * * 'I cannot imagine how some people have gone into suspecting that my heart might have the weakness to lean a little towards *whom* you know, towards my Ingrate that was! One is bound to have politeness; but one has memory as well;—and one is attached, as warmly as superfluously, to the Good Cause, which it belongs only to you to defend. Certain it is, poor I am not like the three-fourths of the Germans in these days' (since *Rossbach*, above all)! 'I have everywhere seen Ladies'-Fans with the Prussian Eagle painted on them, eating the *Fleur-de-Lis*; the Hanover Horse giving a kick to M. de Richelieu's bottom; a Courier carrying a bottle of Queen-of-Hungary Water to Madame de Pompadour. My Nieces shall certainly not have that fashion of Fans, at my poor little *Délices*, whither I am just returning.'[1]

To Madame d'Argental (on occasion of *Minden*: Kunersdorf three days ago, but not yet heard of). * * 'Truly, Madame, when M. de Contades leads to the butchery all the descendants of our ancient chevaliers, and sets them to attack eighty pieces of cannon' (not in the least, if you knew it; the reverse, if you knew it),—'as Don Quixote did the windmills! This horrible day pierces my soul. I am French to excess, especially since those new favours' (not worth mentioning here), 'which I owe to my divine Angels and to M. le Duc de Choiseul.

'Luc,—you know who Luc is' (as do we),—'is probably giving Battle to the Austrians and Russians' (*Kunersdorf*, 12th; three days ago, did it, and was beaten to your mind), 'at the moment while I have the honour of writing to you; at least, he told me such was his Royal intention. If they beat him, as may happen, what a shame for us to have been beaten by the Duke of Brunswick! I wish you knew this Duke' (as I have done; a Duke of no *esprit*, no gift of tongue, in fact no talent at all that I could discern), 'you would be much astonished; and would say, "The people whom he beats must be great blockheads." The truth of the fact is, that all these troops are better-disciplined than ours:'[2]—Yes indeed, my esteemed Voltaire; and also, perhaps, that *esprit*, or gift of tongue, is not the sole gift for Battles and Campaigns?—

To D'Argental (seventh day after *Kunersdorf*: 'mouse upon lion's net' nearly contemporaneous). 'At last, then, I think my Russians must be near Great Glogau' (might have been, one thinks, after such a Kunersdorf; did not start for a month yet; never could get very

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 35 ('Soleure, 19th August 1758').
[2] *Ib.* lxxviii. 186, 187 ('Délices, 15th August 1759').

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near at all). 'Who would have thought that Barbarina' (Mackenzie's Dancer once; sent to Glogau, Cocceji and she, when their marriage became public) 'was going to be besieged by the Russians, and in Glogau: Oh Destiny!—

'I don't love Luc, far from it: I never will pardon him his infamous procedure with my Niece' (at Frankfurt that time); 'nor the face he has to write me flattering things twice a month; without having ever repaired his wrongs. I desire much his entire humiliation, the chastisement of the sinner; whether his eternal damnation, I don't quite know.'[1] (Hear, hear!)—

To the same (a month after *Maxen*: 'Peace' Negotiation very lively). * * 'Meanwhile, if Luc could be punished before this happy Peace! If, by this last stroke of General Beck' (tussle with Dierecke at Meissen, 4th December, capture of Dierecke and 1,500; stroke not of an overwhelming nature, but let us be thankful for our mercies), 'which has opened the road from the Lausitz to Berlin' (alas, not in the least), 'some Haddick could pay Berlin a visit again! 'You see, in Tragedy I wish always to have crime punished.

'There is talk of a great Battle fought the 6th' (not a word of truth in it) 'between Luc and him of the Consecrated Hat: said to have been very murderous. I interest myself very much in this Piece' now playing under the Sun. 'Whenever the Austrians have any advantage, Kaunitz says to Madam de Bentinck' (litigant wandering Lady, known to me at Berlin and elsewhere), '"Write that to our Friend Voltaire." Whenever Luc has the least success, he tells me, "I have battered the oppressors of mankind." Dear Angel, in these horrors I am the only one that has room to laugh:—and yet I don't laugh either; owing to the *Culs-Noirs'* (base crockery; one's Dinner Plate all vanished[2]), 'to the Annuities, Lotteries, and to Pondichery,—for I am always afraid about that latter!' (Going, that, for certain; going, gone, and your East Indies along with it!)[3]

To Perpetual Secretary Formey (in forwarding a 'Letter left with me'). 'Health and peace, Monsieur; and be *Secrétaire Eternel.* Your King is always a man unique, astonishing, inimitable. He makes charming verses, in times when another could not write a line of prose; he deserves to be happy: but will he be so? And if not, what becomes of you? For my own part, I will not die between two Capuchins. Hardly worth while, exalting one's soul for such a future as that. What a stupid and detestable farce this world is!'[4]

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire* lxxviii. 195 ('19th August 1759').
[2] Suprà, p. 178.
[3] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 346 ('22d Dec. 1759').
[4] *Ib.* lxxviii. 348 (from *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 302), '11th Jan. 1760.'

To D'Argental ('Peace' Negotiations still at their briskest). * * 'But, my dear Angel, you will see on Tuesday the great man who has turned my head (*dont je suis fou*), M. le Duc de Choiseul. The Letters he honours me with enchant me. God will bless him, don't doubt it,'—after all! 'We have at Pondichery a Lally, a devil of an Irish spirit,—who will cost me, sooner or later, above 20,000 livres annually' (have rents in our *India Company*, say 1,000*l.* a year, as my Angels know), 'which used to be the readiest item of my Pittance. But M. le Duc de Choiseul will triumph over Luc in one way or other; then what joy! I suppose he shows you my impertinent reveries. Do you know, Luc is so mad, that I don't despair of bringing him to reason' (persuading him to give-up Clève, and knuckle as he should, in this Peace Affair). 'That were what I should call the true Comedy! I should like to have your advices on the conduct of that Dramatic Piece.'[1]

The late 'mouse' gnawing its mesh of net, what a subtle and mighty hunter has it grown! This, of Clève, however, and of knuckling, would not do. Hear the stiff Answer that comes: '"Conditions of Peace," do you call them? The people that propose such can have no wish to see Peace. What a logic theirs! "I might yield the Country of Clève, because the inhabitants are stupid!" What would your Ministers say if one required the Province of Champagne from them, because the Proverb says, Ninety-nine sheep and one Champagner make a Hundred head of cattle.'[2]—

Again to D'Argental (three or four months after; Luc having proved obstinate, and still unsuccessful). * * 'I conjure you make use of all your eloquence to tell him' (the supreme Duc de Choiseul), 'that if Luc misgo, it will be no misfortune to France. That Brandenburg will always remain an Electorate; that it is good there be no Elector in it strong enough to do without the protection of our King; and that all the Princes of the Empire will always have recourse to that august protection' (Most Christian Majesty's) '*contra l'aquila grifagna*,—were the Prussian Kingship but abolished. *Nota bene*, if Luc were discomfited this Year, we should have Peace next Winter.'[3]

To supreme Choiseul (a year later). * * 'He has been a bad man, this Luc; and now, if one were to bet,—by the law of probability it would be 3 to 1 that Luc will go to pot (*sera perdu*), with his rhymings and his banterings, and his injustices and politics, all as bad as himself.'[4]

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 375 ('Délices, 15th February 1760').

[2] Friedrich to Voltaire, 'Freyberg, 3d April 1760'; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 73, 74.

[3] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxix. 110 ('July 1760').

[4] *Ib.* lxxx. 313 ('Château de Ferney, 13th July 1761').

Voltaire on surrounding Objects, chiefly on Maupertuis, and the Battles

To D'Alembert (in the Rossbach-Leuthen interval: on the Battle of *Breslau*, 22d November 1757; called by the Austrians 'a Malplaquet,' and believed by Voltaire to be a Malplaquet and more). * * 'The Austrians do avenge us, and humble us' (us, and our miserable Rossbachs), 'in a terrible manner. Thirteen attacks on the Prussian intrenchments, lasted six hours; never was Victory bloodier, or more horribly beautiful' (in the brain of certain men). 'We pretty French fellows, we are more expeditious, our job is done in five minutes. The King of Prussia is always writing me Verses, now like a desperado, now like a hero; and as for me, I try to live like a philosopher in my hermitage. He has obtained what he always wished: to beat the French, to be admired by them, to mock them; but the Austrians are mocking him in a very serious way. Our shame of November 5th has given him glory; and with such glory, which is but transient and dearly bought, he must content himself. He will lose his own Countries, with those he has seized, unless the French again discover' (which they will) 'the secret of losing all their Armies, as they did in 1741.'[1]

To Clairaut, the Mathematician (Maupertuis lately dead). 'An excellent Treatise, this you have sent me, Monsieur!' 'Your war with the Geometers on the subject of this Comet appears to me like a war of the gods in Olympus, while on Earth there is going on a fight of dogs and cats.' * * 'Would to Heaven our friend Moreau-Maupertuis had cultivated his art like you! That he had predicted comets, instead of exalting his soul to predict the future; of dissecting the brains of giants to know the nature of the soul; of japanning people with pitch to cure them of every malady; of persecuting König; and of dying between Two Capuchins' (dead three weeks ago, on those terms, poor soul)![2]

To D'Alembert (a week later). * * 'What say you of Maupertuis dying between two Capuchins! He was ill, this long while, of a repletion of pride; but I had not reckoned him either a hypocrite or an imbecile. I don't advise you ever to go and fill his place at Berlin; you would repent that. I am Astolpho warning Roger (Ruggiero) not to trust himself to the Enchantress Alcina; but Roger was unadvisable.'[3]

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 133-4 ('Délices, 6th December 1757,' day after Leuthen).

[2] *Ib.* lxxviii. 191 ('Délices, 19th August 1759').

[3] *Ib.* lxxviii. 197 ('Délices, 25th August 1759').

To the same (two years later: Luc, on certain grounds, may as well be saved). 'With regard to Luc, though I have my just causes of anger against him, I own to you, in my quality of Frenchman and thinking being, I am glad that a certain most Orthodox House has not swallowed Germany, and that the Jesuits are not confessing in Berlin. Over towards the Danube superstition is very powerful.' * * 'The *infâme*' — —'You are well aware that I speak of superstitition only; for as to the Christian religion, I respect and love it, like you. Courage, Brethren! Preach with force, and write with address: God will bless you.—Protect, you my Brother, the Widow Calas all you can! She is a poor weak-minded Huguenot, but her Husband was the victim of the *White Penitents*. It is the concern of Human Nature that the Fanatics of Toulouse be confounded.' (The case of Calas, *second* act of it, getting on the scene: a case still memorable to everybody. Stupendous bit of French judicature; and Voltaire's noblest outburst, into mere transcendent blaze of pity, virtuous wrath, and determination to bring rescue and help against the whole world.)[1]

Friedrich to Voltaire, before and during these Peace Negotiations

At Schmöttseifen, five days before Züllichau, ten days before that hunt of Loudon and Haddick (Voltaire, under rebuke for indiscretion, has been whimpering a little. 'My discreet Niece burnt those *last* verses, Sire; no danger there, at least!' Truculent Bishop Something-*ac* tried to attack your Majesty; but was done for by a certain person). Friedrich answers: 'In truth, you are a singular creature. When I think of scolding you, you say two words, and the reproach expires. Impossible to scold you, even when you deserve it.' * *

'As to your Niece, let her burn me, or roast me, I care little. Nor are you to think me so sensitive to what your Bishops in *ic* or in *ac* may say of me. I have the lot of all actors who play in public; applauded by some, despised by others. One must prepare oneself for satires, for calumnies, for a multitude of lies, which will be sent abroad into currency against one: but need that trouble my tranquillity? I go my road; I do nothing against the interior voice of my conscience; and I concern myself very little in what way my actions paint themselves in the brain of beings, not always very thinking, with two legs and without feathers.'[2]

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 52, 53 ('Ferney, 28th November 1762').

[2] 'Schmöttseifen, 18th July 1759'; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 55, 56.

At Wilsdruf, just before Maxen (an exultant exuberant curious Letter; too long for insertion,—part of it given above). * * 'For your Tragedy of *Socrate*, thanks. At Paris they are going to burn it, the wretched fools,—not aware that absurd fanaticism is their dominant vice. Better burn the dose of medicine, however, than the useful Doctor. I, can I join myself to that set? If I bite you, as you complain, it is without my knowledge. But I am surrounded with enemies, one hitting me, another pricking me, another daubing me with mud;—patience at last yields, and one flies abroad into a general rage, too indiscriminate perhaps.'

'You talk of my Verses on Rossbach' (my *Adieu to the Hoopers* on finding their Bridge burnt[1]). 'This Campaign I have had no beatific vision, in the style of Moses. The barbarous Cossacks and Tartars, infamous to look at on any side, have burnt and ravaged countries and committed atrocious inhumanities. This is all I saw of *them*. Such melancholy spectacles don't tend to raise one's spirits.' (Breaks-off into metre:) '*La Fortune inconstante et fière*, Fortune inconstant and proud Does not treat her suitors Always in an equal manner. Those fools called heroes, who run the country,

> "*Ces fous nommés héros, et qui courent les champs,*
> *Couverts de sang et de poussière,*
> *Voltaire, n'ont pas tous les ans*
> *La faveur de voir le derrière*
> *De leurs ennemis insolents.*"

Can't expect that pleasure every year! * *

'Maupertuis, say you?' 'Don't trouble the ashes of the dead; let the grave at least put an end to your unjust hatreds. Reflect that even Kings make peace after long battling; cannot you ever make it? I think you would be capable, like Orpheus, of descending to Hell, not to soften Pluto and bring back your beautiful Emilie, but to pursue into that Abode of Woe an enemy whom your wrath has only too much persecuted in the world: for shame!'[2]—and rebukes him, more than once elsewhere, in very serious terms.

In Winter-quarters, on Peace and the Stolen Edition. (Starts in verse, which we abridge:) 'With how many laurels you have covered yourself in all the fields of Literature! One laurel yet is wanting to the brow of Voltaire. If, as the crown of so many perfect works, he could by a skilful manœuvre bring back Peace, I, and Europe with me, would think that his masterpiece!' (Takes to prose:)

'This is my thought and all Europe's. Virgil made as fine Verses as

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[1] Suprà, vol. vi. p. 281.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 61-65 ('Wilsdruf, 17th November 1759').

you; but he never made a Peace. It will be a distinction you will have over all your brethren of Parnassus, if you succeed.

'I know not who has betrayed me, and thought of printing' (the *Edition*;—not you, surely!) 'a pack of rhapsodies which were good enough to amuse myself, but were never meant for publication. After all, I am so used to treacheries and bad manœuvres,'—what matters this insignificant one?

'I know not who the Bredow is' (whom you speak of having met); 'but he has told you true. The sword and death have made frightful ravages among us. And the worst is, we are not yet at the end of the tragedy. You may judge what effect these cruel shocks made on me. I wrap myself in my stoicism, the best I can. Flesh and blood revolt against such tyrannous command; but it must be followed. If you saw me, you would scarcely know me again: I am old, broken, grey-headed, wrinkled; I am losing my teeth and my gaiety: if this go on, there will be nothing of me left, but the mania of making verses, and an inviolable attachment to my duties and to the few virtuous men whom I know.'[1]

In Winter-quarters, a month later (comes still on 'Peace' again). * * 'I will have you paid that bit of debt' (perhaps of postage or the like), 'that Louis of the Mill (*Louis du Moulin*,' at Fontenoy, who got upon a Windmill with his Dauphin, and caught that nickname from the common men) 'may have wherewithal to make war on me. Add tenth-penny tax to your tax of twentieth-penny; impose new capitations, make titular offices to get money; do, in a word, whatever you like. In spite of all your efforts, you will not get a Peace signed by my hands, except on conditions honourable to my Nation. Your people, blown-up with self-conceit and folly, may depend on these words. Adieu, live happy; and while you make all your efforts to destroy Prussia, think that nobody has less deserved it than I, either of you or of your French.'[2]

Still in Winter-quarters (on 'Peace' still; but begins with 'Maupertuis,' which is all we will give). 'What rage animates you against Maupertuis? You accuse *him* of having published that Furtive *Edition*. Know that his Copy, well sealed by him, arrived here after his death, and that he was incapable of such an indiscretion. (Breaks into verse:)

> 'Leave in peace the cold ashes of Maupertuis:
> Truth can defend him, and will.
> His soul was faithful and noble:
> He pardoned you that scandalous Akakia (*ce vil libelle*
> *Que votre fureur criminelle*
> *Prit soin chez moi de griffoner*); he did:—
> And you? Shame on such delirium as Voltaire's!

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 69 ('Freyberg, 24th Feb. 1760').

[2] *Ib.* xxiii. 72 ('Freyberg, 20th March 1760').

> What, this beautiful, what, this grand genius,
> Whom I admired with transport,
> Soils himself with calumny, and is ferocious on the dead?
> Flocking together, in the air uttering cries of joy,
> Vile ravens pounce-down upon sepulchres,
> And make their prey of corpses':—

Blush, repent, alas!

These Specimens will suffice. 'The King of Prussia?' Voltaire would sometimes say: 'He is as potent and as malignant as the Devil; but he is also as unhappy, not knowing friendship,'—having such a chance, too, with some of us!

Friedrich has sent Lord Marischal to Spain: other fond Hopes of Friedrich's

In the beginning of this Year, 1759, Earl Marischal had been called out of his Neufchâtel stagnancy, and launched into the Diplomatic field again; sent on mission into Spain, namely. The case was this: Ferdinand VI. of Spain (he who would not pay Friedrich the old Spanish debt, but sent him merino rams, and a jar of Queen-Dowager snuff) had fallen into one of his gloomy fits, and was thought to be dying;—did, in fact, die, in a state nearly mad, on the 10th August following. By Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and by all manner of Treaties, Carlos of Naples, his Half-Brother (Termagant's Baby Carlos, whom we all knew), was to succeed him in Spain; Don Philip, the next Brother, now of Parma and Piacenza, was to follow as King in Naples,—ceding those two litigious Duchies to Austria, after all. Friedrich, vividly awake to every chance, foresaw, in case of such disjunctures in Italy, good likelihood of quarrel there. And has despatched the experienced old Marischal to be on the ground, and have his eyes open. Marischal knows Spain very well; and has often said, 'He left a dear old friend there, the Sun.' Marischal was under way, about New-year's time; but lingered by the road, waiting how Ferdinand would turn,—

and having withal an important business of his own, as he sauntered on. Did not arrive, I think, till Summer was at hand, and his dear Old Friend coming out in vigour.

August 10th, 1759, Ferdinand died; and the same day Carlos became King of Spain. But, instead of giving Naples to Don Philip, Carlos gave it to a junior Son of his own; and left poor Philip to content himself with Parma and Piacenza, as heretofore. Clear against the rights of Austria; Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle is perfectly explicit on that point! Will not Austria vindicate its claim? Politicians say, Austria might have recovered not only Parma and Piacenza, but the kingdom of Naples itself,—no France at present able to hinder it, no Spain ever able. But Austria, contrary to expectation, would not: a Country tenacious enough of its rights, real and imaginary; greedy enough of Italy, but of Silesia much more! The matter was deliberated in Council at Vienna; but the result was magnanimously, No. 'Finish this Friedrich first; finish this Silesia. Nothing else till that!'

The Marischal's legationary function, therefore, proved a sinecure; no Carlos needing Anti-Austrian assistance from Friedrich or another; Austria magnanimously having let him alone. Doubtless a considerable disappointment to Friedrich. Industrious Friedrich had tried, on the other side of this affair, Whether the King of Sardinia, once an adventurous fighting kind of man, could not be stirred up, having interests involved? But no; he too, grown old, devotional, apprehensive, held by his rosaries, and answered, No. Here is again a hope reasonable to look at, but which proves fallacious.

Marischal continued in Spain, corresponding, sending news (the Prussian Archives alone know what), for nearly a couple of years.[1] His Embassy had one effect, which is of interest to us here. On his way out, he had gone by London, with a

[1] Returned 'April 1762' (Friedrich's Letter to him, '10th April 1762': in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 285).

view of getting legal absolution for his Jacobitism,—so far, at least, as to be able to inherit the Earldom of Kintore, which is likely to fall vacant soon. By blood it is his, were the Jacobite incapacities withdrawn. Kintore is a cadet branch of the Keiths; 'John, younger Son of William Sixth Lord Marischal,' was the first Kintore. William Sixth's younger Son, yes;—and William's Father, a man always venerable to me, had (A.D. 1593) founded Marischal College, Aberdeen,—where, for a few, in those stern granite Countries, the Diviner Pursuits are still possible (thank God and this Keith) on frugal oatmeal. *Marischal-College* Keith, or *Fifth* Lord Marischal, was grandfather's grandfather of our Potsdam Friend, who is tenth and last.[1] Honour to the brave and noble, now fallen silent under foot *not* of the nobler! In a word, the fourth Kintore was about dying childless; and Marischal had come by London on that heritage business.

He carried, naturally, the best recommendations. Britannic Majesty, Pitt and everybody met him with welcome and furtherance; what he wished was done, and in such a style of promptness and cordiality, Pitt pushing it through, as quite gained the heart of old Marischal. And it is not doubted, though particulars have not been published, That he sent important Spanish notices to Pitt, in these years;—and especially informed him that King Carlos and the French Bourbon had signed a *Family Compact* (15th August 1761), or solemn covenant, to stand-by one another as brothers. Which was thenceforth, to Pitt privately, an important fact, as perhaps we shall see; though to other men it was still only a painful rumour and dubiety. Whether the old Marischal informed him, That King Carlos hated the English; that he never had, in his royal mind, forgiven that insult of Commodore Martin's (watch laid on the table, in the Bay of Naples, long ago), I do not know; but that also was a fact. A diligent, indignant kind of man, this Carlos, I am told; by no means an undeserving King of Spain, though his

[1] Douglas's *Scotch Peerage*, pp. 448 et seq., 387 et seq.

Portraits declare him an ugly: we will leave him in the discreet Marischal's hands, with the dear Old Friend shining equally on both.

Singular to see how, in so veracious an intellect as Friedrich's, so many fallacies of hope are constantly entertained. War in Italy, on quarrel with King Carlos; Peace with France and the Pompadour, by help of Edelsheim and the Bailli de Froulay; Peace with Russia and the *infâme Catin*, by help of English briberies (Friedrich sent an agent this winter with plenty of English guineas, but he got no farther than the Frontier, not allowed even to try): sometimes, as again this winter, it is hope of Denmark joining him (in alarm against the Russian views on Holstein; but that, too, comes to nothing); above all, there is perennially, budding-out yearly, the brighter after every disappointment, a hope in the Grand Turk and his adherencies. Grand Turk, or failing him, the Cham of Tartary,—for certain, some of these will be got to fasten on the heels of Austria, of Russia; and create a favourable diversion? Friedrich took an immense deal of trouble about this latter hope. It is almost pathetic to see with what a fond tenacity he clings to it; and hopes it over again, every new Spring and Summer.[1]

The hope that an *infâme Catin* might die some day (for she is now deep in chaotic ailments, deepish even in brandy) seems never to have struck him; at least there is nowhere any articulate hint of it,—the eagle-flight of one's imagination soaring far above such a pettiness! Hope is very beautiful; and even fallacious hope, in such a Friedrich. The one hope that did not deceive him, was hope in his own best exertion to the very death; and no fallacy ever for a moment slackened him in that. Stand to thyself: in the wide domain of Imagination, there is no other certainty of help. No other certainty;—and yet who knows through what pettinesses Heaven may send help!

[1] Preuss, ii. 121 et seq., 292 etc.; Schöning, ii. iii. *passim*.

CHAPTER IX

PRELIMINARIES TO A FIFTH CAMPAIGN

It was April 25th before Friedrich quitted Freyberg, and took Camp; not till the middle of June that anything of serious Movement came. Much discouragement prevails in his Army, we hear: and indeed, it must be owned, the horoscope of these Campaigns grows yearly darker. Only Friedrich himself must not be discouraged! Nor is;—though there seldom lay ahead of any man a more dangerous-looking Year than this that is now dimly shaping itself to Friedrich. His fortune seems to have quitted him; his enemies are more confident than ever.

This Year, it seems, they have bethought them of a new device against him. 'We have 90 million Population,' count they; 'he has hardly 5; in the end, he must run-out of men! Let us cease exchanging prisoners with him.' At Jägerndorf, in April 1758 (just before our march to Olmutz), there had been exchange; not without haggles; but this was the last on Austria's part. Cartel of the usual kind, values punctually settled: a Fieldmarshal is worth 3,000 common men, or 1,500*l.*; Colonel worth 130 men, or 65*l.*; common man is worth 10*s.* sterling, not a high figure.[1] The Russians haggled still more, no keeping of them to their word; but they tried it a second time, last year (October 1759); and by careful urging and guiding, were got dragged through it, and the prisoners on both sides sent to their colours again. After which, it was a settled line of policy, 'No more exchanging or carteling; we will starve him out in that article!' And had Friedrich had nothing but his own 5 millions to go upon, though these contributed liberally, he had in truth been starved out. Nor could Saxony, with Mecklenburg, Anhalt, Erfurt, and their 10,000 men a year,

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 53.

have supplied him,—'had not there,' says Archenholtz (a man rather fond of superlatives),—

—'Had not there risen a Recruiting system,' or Crimping system, 'the like of which for kind and degree was never seen in the Earth before. Prisoners, captive soldiers, if at all likely fellows, were by every means persuaded, and even compelled, to take Prussian service. Compelled, cudgel in hand,' says Archenholtz (who is too indiscriminating, I can see,—for there were Pfalzers, Würtembergers, Reichsfolk, who had *first* been compelled the other way): 'not asked if they wished to serve, but dragged to the Prussian colours, obliged to swear there, and fight against their countrymen.' Say at least, against their countrymen's Governors, contumacious Serene Highnesses of Würtemberg, Mecklenburg and the like. Würtemberg, we mentioned lately, had to shoot a good few of his first levy against the Protestant Champion, before they would march at all!—I am sorry for these poor men; and wish the Reich had been what it once was, a Veracity and Practical Reality, not an Imaginary Entity and hideously contemptible Wiggery, as it now is! Contemptible, and hideous as well;—setting itself up on that fundamental mendacity; which is eternally tragical, though little regarded in these days, and which entails mendacities without end on parties concerned!—But, apart from all this, certain it is,

'The whole German Reich was deluged with secret Prussian Enlisters. The greater part of these were not actual Officers at all, but hungry Adventurers, who had been bargained with, and who, for their own profit, allowed themselves every imaginable art to pick-up men. Head and centre of them was the Prussian Colonel Colignon,' one of the Free-Corps people; 'a man formed by nature for this business' (what a beautiful man!)—'who gave all the others their directions, and taught them by his own example. Colignon himself,' in winter-time, 'travelled about in all manner of costumes and characters, persuading hundreds of people into the Prussian service. He not only promised Commissions, but gave such,—nominating loose young fellows (*Laffen*), students, merchants' clerks and the like, to Lieutenancies and Captaincies in the Prussian Army' (about as likely as in the Seraphim and Cherubim, had they known it): 'in the Infantry, in the Cuirassiers, in the Hussars,—it is all one, you have only to choose. The renown of the Prussian arms was so universal, and combined with the notion of rich booty, that Colignon's Commission-manufactory was continually busy. No need to provide marching-money, hand-money' (shillings for earnest); 'Colignon's recruits travelled mostly of will and at their own charge. In Franken, in Schwaben, in the Rhine Countries, a dissolute son would rob his father,—as shopmen their masters' tills, and managers their cash-

boxes,—and hie off to those magnanimous Prussian Officials, who gave away companies like kreutzers, and had a value for young fellows of spirit. They hastened to Magdeburg with their Commissions; where they were received as common recruits, and put by force into the regiments suitable. No use in resisting: the cudgel and the drill-sergeant,' —who doubts it?—'till complete submission. By this and other methods Colignon and his helpers are reckoned to have raised for the King, in the course of this War, about 60,000 recruits.'[1]

This Year, Daun, though his reputation is on the decline lately, is to have the chief command, as usual; the Grand Army, with Saxony for field of conquest, and the Reichsfolk to assist, is to be Daun's. But, what is reckoned an important improvement, Loudon is to have a separate command, and Army of his own. Loudon, hot of temper, melancholic, shy, is not a man to recommend himself to Kriegshofrath people; but no doubt Imperial Majesty has had her own wise eye on him. His merits are so undeniable; the need of some Commander *not* of the Cunctator type is become so very pressing. 'Army of Silesia, 50,000'; that is to be Loudon's, with 40,000 Russians to coöperate and unite themselves with Loudon; and try actually for conquest of Silesia, this Year; while Daun, conquering Saxony, keeps the King busy.

At Petersburg, Versailles, Vienna, much planning there has been, and arduous consulting: first at Petersburg, in time and in importance, where Montalembert has again been very urgent in regard to those poor Swedish people, and the getting of them turned to some kind of use: 'Stettin in conjunction with the Swedes; oh, listen to reason, and take Stettin!' 'Would not Dantzig by ourselves be the advisable thing?' answers Soltikof: 'Dantzig is an important Town, and the grand Baltic Haven; and would be so convenient for our Preussen, since we have determined to maintain that fine Conquest.' So thinks Czarish Majesty, as well as Soltikof, privately, though there are difficulties as to Dantzig; and, in fine, except Colberg over again, there can be nothing attempted of sieging thereabouts. A Siege of Colberg,

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 53.

however, there is actually to be: Second Siege,—if perhaps it will prove luckier than the First was, two years since? Naval Armament Swedish-Russian, specific Land Armament wholly Russian, are to do this Second Siege, at a favourable time; except by wishes, Soltikof will not be concerned in it; nor, it is to be hoped, shall we,—in such pressure of haste as is probably ahead for us.

'Silesia would be the place for sieges!' say the Vienna people always; and Imperial Majesty is very urgent; and tries all methods,—eloquence, flatteries, bribes,—to bring Petersburg to that view. Which is at last adopted; heartily by Czarish Majesty, ever ready for revenge on Friedrich, the more fatal and the more direct, the better. Heartily by her; not so heartily by Soltikof and her Army people, who know the Austrian habits; and privately decide on *not* picking chestnuts from the fire, while the other party's paws keep idle, and only his jaws are ready.

Of Small-War there is nothing or little to be said; indeed there occurs almost none. Roving Cossack-Parties, under one Tottleben, whom we shall hear of otherwise, infest Pommern, bickering with the Prussian posts there; not ravaging as formerly, Tottleben being a civilised kind of man. One of these called at the Castle of Schwedt, one day; found Prince Eugen of Würtemberg there (nearly recovered of his Kunersdorf wounds), who is a Son-in-law of the House, married to a Daughter of Schwedt;—ancestor of the now Russian Czars too, had anybody then known it. Him these Cossacks carried-off with them, a march or two; then, taking his bond for a certain ransom, let him go. Bond and bondholder being soon after captured by the Prussians, Eugen paid no ransom; so that to us his adventure is without moment, though it then made some noise among the Gazetteers.

Two other little passages, and only two, we will mention; which have in themselves a kind of memorability. First, that

21st Feb. 1760]
of General Czetteritz and the *Manuscript* he lost. Of posts across the Elbe I find none mentionable here, and believe there is none, except only Czetteritz's; who stands at Cosdorf, well up towards Torgau Country, as sentry over Torgau and the Towns there. On Czetteritz there was, in February, an attempt made by the active General Beck, whom Daun had detached for that object. Extremely successful, according to the Austrian Gazetteers; but in reality amounting to as good as nothing:—Surprisal of Czetteritz's first vedette, in the dawn of a misty February morning (February 21st, 1760); non-surprisal of his second, which did give fire and alarm, whereupon debate; and Czetteritz springing into his saddle; retreat of his people to rearward, with loss of 7 Officers and 200 prisoners;—but ending in re-advance, with fresh force, a few hours after;[1] in repulse of Beck, in recovery of Cosdorf, and a general state of *As-you-were* in that part. A sputter of Post-War, not now worth mentioning at all,—except only for one small circumstance: That in the careering and swift ordering, such as there was, on the rearguard especially, Major-General Czetteritz's horse happened to fall; whereby not only was the General taken prisoner, but his quarters got plundered, and in his luggage,—what is the notable circumstance,—there was found a small Manuscript, *Militairische Instrukzion für die Generale*, such as every Prussian General has, and is bound to keep religiously secret.[2] This, carried to Daun's head-quarters, was duly prized, copied; and in the course of a year came to print, in many shapes and places; was translated into English, under the Title, *Military Instructions by the King of Prussia*, in 1762 (and again, hardly so *well*, in 1797); and still languidly circulates among the studious of our soldiers. Not a little admired by some of them; and

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 655.

[2] Stands now in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. 3 et seq.; was finished (the revisal of it was), by the King, '2d April 1748': see *Preuss*, i. 478-480; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. *Preface*, for endless indistinct details about the translations and editions of it. London Edition, 1818, calls itself the *Fifth*.

unfortunately nearly all they seem to know of this greatest of modern Soldiers.[1]

Next, about a month after, we have something to report of Loudon from Silesia, or rather of the Enemies he meets there; for it is not a victorious thing. But it means a starting of the Campaign by an Austrian invasion of Silesia; long before sieging time, while all these Montalembert-Soltikof pleadings and counter-pleadings hang dubious at Petersburg, and Loudon's 'Silesian Army' is still only in a nascent or theoretic state, and only Loudon himself is in a practical one.

Friedrich has always Fouquet at Landshut, in charge of the Silesian Frontier; whose outpost, under Goltz as head of these, stretch, by Neisse, far eastward, through the Hills to utmost Mähren; Fouquet's own headquarter being generally Landshut, the main gate of the Country. Fouquet, long since, rooted himself rather firmly into that important post; has a beautiful ring of fortified Hills around Landshut; battery crossing battery, girdling it with sure destruction, under an expert Fouquet,—but would require 30,000 men to keep it, instead of 13,000, which is Fouquet's allotment. Upon whom Loudon is fully intending a stroke this Year. Fouquet, as we know, has strenuously managed to keep ward there for a twelvemonth past; in spite, often enough, of new violent invadings and attemptings (violent, miscellaneous, but intermittent) by the Devilles and others;—and always under many difficulties of his own, and vicissitudes in his employment: a Fouquet coming and going, waxing and waning, according to the King's necessities, and to the intermittency or constancy of pressures on Landshut. Under Loudon, this Year, Fouquet will have harder times than ever;—in the end, too hard! But will resist, judge how by the following small sample:

[1] See, for example, in *Life of General Sir Charles Napier, by his Brother* (London, 1857), iii. 365 and elsewhere,—one of the best judges in the world expressing his joy and admiration on discovery of Friedrich; discovery, if you read well, which amounts to these *Instructions*, and no more.

15th March 1760]

'Besides Fouquet and his 13,000,' says my Note, 'the Silesian Garrisons are all vigilant, are or ought to be; and there are far eastward of him, for guarding of the Jägerndorf-Troppau Border, some 4 or 6,000, scattered about, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, in various Hill Posts, —the chief Post of which, Goltz's own, is the little Town of Neustadt, northward of Jägerndorf' (where we have billeted in the old Silesian Wars): 'Goltz's Neustadt is the chief; and Leobschütz, south-westward of it, under "General Le Grand"' (once the Major *Grant* of Kolin Battle, if readers remember him, 'Your Majesty and I cannot take the Battery ourselves!'), 'is probably the second in importance. Loudon, cantoned along the Moravian side of the Border, perceives that he can assemble 32,000 foot and horse; that the Prussians are 13,000 *plus* 6,000; that Silesia can be invaded with advantage, were the weather come. And that, in any kind of weather, Goltz and his straggle of posts might be swept into the interior, perhaps picked-up and pocketed altogether, if Loudon were sharp enough. Swept into the interior Goltz was; by no means pocketed altogether, as he ought to have been!

'*March 13th*, 1760, Loudon orders general muster hereabouts for the 15th, everybody to have two-days bread and forage; and warns Goltz, as bound in honour: "Excellenz, tomorrow is March 14th; tomorrow our pleasant time of Truce is out,—the more the pity for both of us!" "Yea, my esteemed neighbour Excellenz!" answers Goltz, with the proper compliments; but judges that his esteemed neighbour is intending mischief almost immediately. Goltz instantly sends orders to all his posts: "You, Herr General Grant, you at Leobschutz, and all the rest of you, make your packages; march without delay; rendezvous at Steinau and Upper Glogau" (far different from *Great*-Glogau), "Neisse-ward; swift!" And would have himself gone on the 14th, but could not,—his poor little Bakery not being here, nor wagons for his baggages quite to be collected in a moment,—and it was Saturday 15th, 5 A.M., that Goltz appointed himself to march.

'The last time we saw General Goltz was on the Green of Bautzen, above two years ago,—when he delivered that hard message to the King's Brother and his party, "You deserve to be tried by Court-martial, and have your heads cut off!" He was of that sad Zittau business of the late Prince of Prussia's,—Goltz, Winterfeld, Ziethen, Schmettau and others. Winterfeld and the Prince are both dead; Schmettau is fallen into disaster; Goltz is still in good esteem with the King. A stalwart, swift, flinty kind of man, to judge by the Portraits of him; considerable obstinacy, of a tacitly intelligent kind, in that steady eye, in that droop of the eyebrows towards the strong cheek-bones; plenty of sleeping fire in Lieutenant-General Goltz.

'His principal force, on this occasion, is one Infantry Regiment;

Regiment Manteuffel: — readers perhaps recollect that stout Pommern Regiment, Manteuffel of Foot, and the little Dialogue it had with the King himself, on the eve of Leuthen: "Good-night, then, Fritz! Tomorrow all dead, or else the Enemy beaten." Their conduct, I have heard, was very shining at Leuthen, where everybody shone; and since then they have been plunging about through the death-element in their old rugged way,—and reëmerge here into definite view again, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, issuing from the north end of Neustadt, in the dim dawn of a cold spring morning, March 15th, 5 A.M.; weather latterly very wet, as I learn. They intend Neisse-way, with their considerable stock of baggage-wagons; a company of Dragoons is to help in escorting: party perhaps about 2,000 in all. Goltz will have his difficulties this day; and has calculated on them. And, indeed, at the first issuing, here they already are.

'Loudon, with about 5,000 horse,—four Regiments drawn-up here, and by and by with a fifth (happily not with the grenadiers, as he had calculated, who are detained by broken bridges, waters all in flood from the rain),—is waiting for him, at the very environs of Neustadt. Loudon, by a trumpet, politely invites him to surrender, being so outnumbered; Goltz, politely thanking, disregards it, and marches on: Loudon escorting, in an ominous way; till, at Buchelsdorf, the fifth Regiment (best in the Austrian service) is seen drawn-out across the highway, plainly intimating, No thoroughfare to Goltz and Pommern. Loudon sends a second trumpet: "Surrender prisoners; honourablest terms; keep all your baggage: refuse, and you are cut down every man." "You shall yourself hear the answer," said Goltz. Goltz leads this second trumpet to the front; and, in Pommern dialect, makes known what General Loudon's proposal is. The Pommerners answer, as one man, a No of such emphasis as I have never heard; in terms which are intensely vernacular, it seems, and which do at this day astonish the foreign mind: "We will for him something, *Wir wollen ihm was—*" But the powers of translation and even of typography fail; and feeble paraphrase must give it: "We will for him *something ineffable concoct*," of a surprisingly contrary kind! "*Wir wollen ihm was*" (with ineffable dissyllabic verb governing it)! growled one indignant Pommerner; "and it ran like file-fire along the ranks," says Archenholtz; everybody growling it, and bellowing it, in fierce bass chorus, as the indubitable vote of Pommern in those circumstances.

'Loudon's trumpet withdrew. Pommern formed square round its baggage; Loudon's 5,000 came thundering in, fit to break adamant; but met such a storm of bullets from Pommern, they stopped about ten paces short, in considerable amazement, and wheeled back. Tried it again, still more amazement; the like a third time; every time in vain. After

which, Pommern took the road again, with vanguard, rearguard; and had peace for certain miles,—Loudon gloomily following, for a new chance. How many times Loudon tried again, and ever again, at good places, I forget,—say six times in all. Between Siebenhufen and Steinau, in a dirty defile, the jewel of the road for Loudon, who tried his very best there, one of our wagons broke down; the few to rear of it, eighteen wagons and some country carts, had to be left standing. Nothing more of Pommern was left there or anywhere. Near Steinau there, Loudon gave it up as desperate, and went his way. His loss, they say, was 300 killed, 500 wounded; Pommern's was 35 killed, and above 100 left wounded or prisoners. One of the stiffest day's works I have known: some twelve miles of march, in every two an attack. Pommern has really concocted something surprising, and kept its promise to Loudon! "Thou knowest what the Pommerners can do," said they once to their own King. An obstinate, strong-boned, heavy-browed people; not so stupid as you think. More or less of Jutish or Anglish type; highly deficient in the graces of speech, and, I should judge, with little call to Parliamentary Eloquence.'[1]

Friedrich is, this Year, considered by the generality of mankind, to be ruined: 'Lost 60,000 men last Campaign; was beaten twice; his luck is done; what is to become of him?' say his enemies, and even the Impartial Gazetteer, with joy or sorrow. Among his own people there is gloom or censure; hard commentaries on Maxen: 'So self-willed, high, and deaf to counsel from Prince Henri!' Henri himself, they say, is sullen; threatening, as he often does, to resign, 'for want of health'; and as he quite did, for a while, in the end of this Campaign, or interval between this and next.

Friedrich has, with incredible diligence, got together his finance (copper in larger dose than ever, Jew Ephraim presiding as usual); and, as if by art-magic, has on their feet 100,000 men against his enemy's 280,000. Some higher Officers are secretly in bad spirits; but the men know nothing of discouragement. Friedrich proclaims to them at march-

[1] Preuss, ii. 241 (incorrect in some small points); Archenholtz, ii. 61: Seyfarth, ii. 640, and *Beylagen*, ii. 657-660; Tempelhof, iv. 8-10; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 68) the Austrian account.

ing, 'For every cannon you capture, 100 ducats; for every flag, 50; for every standard (cavalry flag), 40';—which sums, as they fell due, were accordingly paid thenceforth.[1] But Friedrich, too, is abundantly gloomy, if that could help him; which he knows well it cannot, and strictly hides it from all but a few;—or all but D'Argens almost alone, to whom it can do no harm. Read carefully by the light of contemporary occurrences, not vaguely in the vacant haze, as the Editors give it, his correspondence with D'Argens becomes interesting almost to a painful degree: an unaffected picture of one of the bravest human souls weighed down with dispiriting labours and chagrins, such as were seldom laid on any man; almost beyond bearing, but incurable, and demanding to be borne. Wilhelmina is away, away; to D'Argens alone of mortals does he whisper of these things; and to him not wearisomely, or with the least prolixity, but in short sharp gusts, seldom now with any indignation, oftenest with a touch of humour in them, not soliciting any sympathy, nor expecting nearly as much as he will get from the faithful D'Argens.

'I am unfortunate and old, dear Marquis; that is why they persecute me: God knows what my future is to be this Year! I grieve to resemble Cassandra with my prophecies; but how augur well of the desperate situation we are in, and which goes on growing worse? I am so gloomy today, I will cut short.' . . . 'Write to me when you have nothing better to do; and don't forget a poor Philosopher who, perhaps to expiate his incredulity, is doomed to find his Purgatory in *this* world.'[2] . . . To another Friend, in the way of speech, he more deliberately says: 'The difficulties I had, last Campaign, were almost infinite; such a multitude of enemies acting against me; Pommern, Brandenburg, Saxony, Frontiers of Silesia, alike in danger, often enough all at one time. If I escaped absolute destruction, I must impute it chiefly

[1] Stenzel, v. 236, 237; *ib.* 243.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 138, 139 ('Freyberg, 20th March 1760').

to the misconduct of my enemies; who gained such advantages, but had not the sense to follow them up. Experience often corrects people of their blunders: I cannot expect to profit by anything of that kind, on their part, in the course of this Campaign;' judge if it will be a light one, *mon cher*.[1]

The symptoms we decipher in these Letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery; but used to his black element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come. Prometheus, chained on the Ocean-cliffs, with the New Ruling-Powers in the upper hand, and their vultures gradually eating him; dumb Time and dumb Space looking on, apparently with small sympathy: Prometheus and other Titans, now and then, have touched the soul of some Æschylus, and drawn tones of melodious sympathy, far heard among mankind. But with this new Titan it is not so: nor, upon the whole, with the proper Titan, in this world, is it usually so; the world being a—what shall we say?—a poorish kind of world, and its melodies and dissonances, its loves and its hatreds worth comparatively little in the long-run. Friedrich does wonderfully without sympathy from almost anybody; and the indifference with which he walks along, under such a cloud of sulky stupidities, of mendacities and misconceptions from the herd of mankind, is decidedly admirable to me.

But let us look into the Campaign itself. Perhaps,—contrary to the world's opinion, and to Friedrich's own when, in ultra-lucid moments, he gazes into it in the light of cold arithmetic, and finds the aspect of it 'frightful,'—this Campaign will be a little luckier to him than the last? Unluckier it cannot well be:—or if so, it will at least be final to him!

[1] To Mitchell, one evening, 'Camp of Schlettau, May 23d' (Mitchell, ii. 159).

BOOK XX

FRIEDRICH IS NOT TO BE OVERWHELMED: THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR GRADUALLY ENDS

25TH APRIL 1760—15TH FEBRUARY 1763

CHAPTER I

FIFTH CAMPAIGN OPENS

THERE were yet, to the world's surprise and regret, Three Campaigns of this War; but the Campaign 1760, which we are now upon, was what produced or rendered possible the other two;—was the crisis of them, and is now the only one that can require much narrative from us here. Ill-luck, which, Friedrich complains, had followed him like his shadow, in a strange and fateful manner, from the day of Kunersdorf and earlier, does not yet cease its sad company; but, on the contrary, for long months to come, is more constant than ever, baffling every effort of his own, and from the distance sending him news of mere disaster and discomfiture. It is in this Campaign, though not till far on in it, that the long lane does prove to have a turning, and the Fortune of War recovers its old impartial form. After which, things visibly languish: and the hope of ruining such a Friedrich becomes problematic, the effort to do it slackens also; the very will abating, on the Austrian part, year by year, as of course the strength of their resources is still more steadily doing. To the last, Friedrich, the weaker in material resources, needs all his talent,—all his luck too. But, as the strength, on both

sides, is fast abating,—hard to say on which side faster (Friedrich's talent being always a *fixed* quantity, while all else is fluctuating and vanishing),—what remains of the once terrible Affair, through Campaigns Sixth and Seventh, is like a race between spent horses, little to be said of it in comparison. Campaign 1760 is the last of any outward eminence or greatness of event. Let us diligently follow that, and be compendious with the remainder.

Friedrich was always famed for his Marches; but, this Year, they exceeded all calculation and example; and are still the admiration of military men. Can there by no method be some distant notion afforded of them to the general reader? They were the one resource Friedrich had left, against such overwhelming superiority in numbers; and they came out like surprises in a theatre,—unpleasantly surprising to Daun. Done with such dexterity, rapidity and inexhaustible contrivance and ingenuity, as overset the schemes of his enemies again and again, and made his one army equivalent in effect to their three.

Evening of April 25th, Friedrich rose from his Freyberg cantonments; moved back, that is, northward, a good march; then encamped himself between Elbe and the Hill-Country; with freer prospect and more elbow-room for work coming. His left is on Meissen and the Elbe; his right at a Village called the Katzenhäuser, an uncommonly strong camp, of which one often hears afterwards; his centre camp is at Schlettau,[1] which also is strong, though not to such a degree. This line extends from Meissen southward about 10 miles, commanding the Reich-ward Passes of the Metal Mountains, and is defensive of Leipzig, Torgau, and the Towns thereabouts.[2] Katzenhäuser is but a mile or two from Krögis—that unfortunate Village where Finck got his Maxen Order: '*Er weiss*,—You know I can't stand having difficulties raised; manage to do it!'

[1] Map at end of this vol.

[2] Tempelhof, iv. 16 et seq.

Friedrich's task, this Year, is to defend Saxony; Prince Henri having undertaken the Russians,—Prince Henri and Fouquet, the Russians and Silesia. Clearly on very uphill terms, both of them: so that Friedrich finds he will have a great many things to assist in, besides defending Saxony. He lies here expectant till the middle of June, above seven weeks; Daun also, for the last two weeks, having taken the field in a sort. In a sort;—but comes no nearer; merely posting himself astride of the Elbe, half in Dresden, half on the opposite or northern bank of the River, with Lacy thrown-out ahead in good force on that vacant side; and so waiting the course of other people's enterprises.

Well to eastward and rearward of Daun, where we have seen Loudon about to be very busy, Prince Henri and Fouquet have spun themselves out into a long chain of posts, in length 300 miles or more, 'from Landshut, along the Bober, along the Queiss and Oder, through the Neumark, abutting on Stettin and Colberg, to the Baltic Sea.'[1] On that side, in aid of Loudon or otherwise, Daun can attempt nothing; still less on the Katzenhäuser-Schlettau side can he dream of an attempt: only towards Brandenburg and Berlin,—the Country on that side, 50 or 60 miles of it, to eastward of Meissen, being vacant of troops,—is Daun's road open, were he enterprising, as Friedrich hopes he is not. For some two weeks, Friedrich—not ready otherwise, it being difficult to cross the River, if Lacy with his 30,000 should think of interference, —had to leave the cunctatory Feldmarschall this chance or unlikely possibility. At the end of the second week ('June 14th,' as we shall mark by and by), the chance was withdrawn.

Daun and his Lacy are but one, and that by no means the most harassing, of the many cares and anxieties which Friedrich has upon him in those Seven Weeks, while waiting at Schlettau, reading the omens. Never hitherto was the

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 21-24.

augury of any Campaign more indecipherable to him, or so continually fluctuating with wild hopes, which proved visionary, and with huge practical fears, of what he knew to be the real likelihood. 'Peace coming?' It is strange how long Friedrich clings to that fond hope: 'My Edelsheim is in the Bastille, or packed home in disgrace: but will not the English and Choiseul make Peace? It is Choiseul's one rational course; bankrupt as he is, and reduced to spoons and kettles. In which case, what a beautiful effect might Duke Ferdinand produce, if he marched to Eger, say to Eger, with his 50,000 Germans (Britannic Majesty and Pitt so gracious), and twitched Daun by the skirt, whirling Daun home to Bohemia in a hurry!' Then the Turks; the Danes, —'Might not the Danes send us a trifle of Fleet to Colberg (since the English never will), and keep our Russians at bay?' —'At lowest these hopes are consolatory,' says he once, suspecting them all (as, no doubt, he often enough does), 'and give us courage to look calmly for the opening of this Campaign, the very idea of which has made me shudder!'[1]

Meanwhile, by the end of May, the Russians are come across the Weichsel again, lie in four camps on the hither side; start about June 1st;—Henri waiting for them, in Sagan Country his headquarter; and on both hands of that, Fouquet and he spread out, since the middle of May, in their long thin Chain of Posts, from Landshut to Colberg again, like a thin wall of 300 miles. To Friedrich the Russian movements are, and have been, full of enigma: 'Going upon Colberg? Going upon Glogau; upon Breslau?' That is a heavy-footed certainty, audibly tramping forward on us, amid these fond visions of the air! Certain too, and visible to a duller eye than Friedrich's; Loudon in Silesia is meditating mischief. 'The inevitable Russians, the inevitable Loudon; and nothing but Fouquet and Henri on guard there, with their long thin chain of posts, infinitely too thin

[1] 'To Prince Henri': in *Schöning*, ii. 246 (3d April 1760); *ib.* 263 (of the *Danish* outlook); etc. etc.

to do any execution!' thinks the King. To whom their modes of operating are but little satisfactory, as seen at Schlettau from the distance. 'Condense yourself,' urges he always on Henri; 'go forward on the Russians; attack sharply this Corps, that Corps, while they are still separate and on march!' Henri did condense himself, 'took post between Sagan and Sprottau; post at Frankfurt,'—poor Frankfurt, is it to have a Kunersdorf or Zorndorf every year, then? No; the cautious Henri never could see his way into these adventures; and did not attack any Corps of the Russians. Took post at Landsberg ultimately,—the Russians, as usual, having Posen as place-of-arms,—and vigilantly watched the Russians, without coming to strokes at all. A spectacle growing gradually intolerable to the King, though he tries to veil his feelings.

Neither was Fouquet's plan of procedure well seen by Friedrich in the distance. Ever since that of Regiment Manteuffel, which was a bit of disappointment, Loudon has been quietly industrious on a bigger scale. Privately he cherishes the hope, being a swift vehement enterprising kind of man, to oust Fouquet; and perhaps to have Glatz Fortress taken, before his Russians come! In the very end of May, Loudon, privately aiming for Glatz, breaks-in upon Silesia again,—a long way to eastward of Fouquet, and as if regardless of Glatz. Upon which, Fouquet, in dread for Schweidnitz and perhaps Breslau itself, hastened down into the Plain Country, to manœuvre upon Loudon; but found no Loudon moving that way; and, in a day or two, learned that Landshut, so weakly guarded, had been picked-up by a big corps of Austrians; and in another day or two, that Loudon (June 7th) had blocked Glatz,—Loudon's real intention now clear to Fouquet. As it was to Friedrich from the first; whose anger and astonishment at this loss of Landshut were great, when he heard of it in his Camp of Schlettau. 'Back to Landshut,' orders he (11th June, three days before leaving Schlettau); 'neither Schweidnitz nor Breslau are in danger:

14th-15th June 1760]
it is Glatz the Austrians mean' (as Fouquet and all the world now see they do!); 'watch Glatz; retake me Landshut instantly!'

The tone of Friedrich, which is usually all friendliness to Fouquet, had on this occasion something in it which offended the punctual and rather peremptory Spartan mind. Fouquet would not have neglected Glatz; pity he had not been left to his own methods with Landshut and it. Deeply hurt, he read this Order (16th June); and vowing to obey it, and nothing but *it*, used these words, which were remembered afterwards, to his assembled Generals: '*Meine Herren*, it appears, then, we must take Landshut again. Loudon, as the next thing, will come on us there with his mass of force; and we must then, like Prussians, hold-out as long as possible, think of no surrender on open field, but if even beaten, defend ourselves to the last man. In case of a retreat, I will be one of the last that leaves the field: and should I have the misfortune to survive such a day, I give you my word of honour never to draw a Prussian sword more.'[1] This speech of Fouquet's (June 16th) was two days after Friedrich got on march from Schlettau. June 17th, Fouquet got to Landshut; drove out the Austrians more easily than he had calculated, and set diligently, next day, to repair his works, writing to Friedrich: 'Your Majesty's Order shall be executed here, while a man of us lives.' Fouquet, in the old Crown-Prince time, used to be called Bayard by his Royal friend. His Royal friend, now darker of face and scathed by much ill-weather, has just quitted Schlettau, three days before this recovery of Landshut; and will not have gone far till he again hear news of Fouquet.

Night of June 14th-15th, Friedrich, 'between Zehren and Zabel,' several miles down stream,—his bridges now all ready, out of Lacy's cognisance,—has suddenly crossed Elbe; and next afternoon pitches camp at Broschwitz, which is straight

[1] Stenzel, v. 239.

towards Lacy again. To Lacy's astonishment; who is posted at Moritzburg, with headquarter in that beautiful Country-seat of Polish Majesty,—only 10 miles to eastward, should Friedrich take that road. Broschwitz is short way north of Meissen, and lies on the road either to Grossenhayn or to Radeburg (Radeburg only four miles northward of Lacy), as Friedrich shall see fit, on the morrow. For the Meissen north road forks off there, in those two directions: straight northward is for Grossenhayn, right hand is for Radeburg. Most interesting to Lacy, which of these forks, what is quite optional, Friedrich will take! Lacy is an alert man; looks well to himself; warns Daun; and will not be caught if he can help it. Daun himself is encamped at Reichenberg, within two miles of him, inexpugnably intrenched as usual; and the danger surely is not great: nevertheless both these Generals, wise by experience, keep their eyes open.

The *First* great Feat of Marching now follows, on Friedrich's part; with little or no result to Friedrich; but worth remembering, so strenuous, so fruitless was it,—so barred by ill-news from without! Both this and the Second stand recorded for us, in brief intelligent terms by Mitchell, who was present in both; and who is perfectly exact on every point, and intelligible throughout,—if you will read him with a Map; and divine for yourself what the real names are, out of the inhuman blotchings made of them, not by Mitchell's blame at all.[1]

Tuesday June 17th, second day of Friedrich's stay at Broschwitz, Mitchell, in a very confidential Dialogue they had together, learned from him, under seal of secrecy, That it was his purpose to march for Radeburg tomorrow morning, and attack Lacy and his 30,000, who lie encamped at Moritzburg out yonder; for which step his Majesty was pleased farther to show Mitchell a little what the various inducements were: 'One Russian Corps is aiming as if for Berlin; the Austrians are about besieging Glatz,—pressing need that Fouquet were

[1] Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 et seq.

reinforced in his Silesian post of difficulty. Then here are the Reichs-people close by; can be in Dresden three days hence, joined to Daun: 80,000 odd there will then be of Enemies in this part: I must beat Lacy, if possible, while time still is!'—and ended by saying: 'Succeed here, and all may yet be saved; be beaten here, I know the consequences: but what can I do? The risk must be run; and it is now smaller than it will ever again be.'

Mitchell, whose account is a fortnight later than the Dialogue itself, does confess, 'My Lord, these reasons, though unhappily the thing seems to have failed, "appear to me to be solid and unanswerable."' Much more do they to Tempelhof, who sees deeper into the bottom of them than Mitchell did; and finds that the failure is only superficial.[1] The real success, thinks Tempelhof, would be, Could the King manœuvre himself into Silesia, and entice a cunctatory Daun away with him thither. A cunctatory Daun to preside over matters *there*, in his superstitiously cautious way; leaving Saxony free to the Reichsfolk,—whom a Hülsen, left with his small remnant in Schlettau, might easily take charge of, till Silesia were settled? 'The plan was bold, was new, and completely worthy of Friedrich,' votes Tempelhof; 'and it required the most consummate delicacy of execution. To lure Daun on, always with the prospect opened to him of knocking you on the head, and always by your rapidity and ingenuity to take care that he never got it done.' This is Tempelhof's notion: and this, sure enough, was actually Friedrich's mode of management in the weeks following; though whether already altogether planned in his head, or only gradually planning itself, as is more likely, nobody can say. We will look a very little into the execution, concerning which there is no dubiety:

Wednesday 18*th June*, 'Friedrich,' as predicted to Mitchell, the night before, 'did start punctually, in three columns, at 3 A.M.' (Sun just

[1] Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 (Despatch, 'June 30th, 1760'); Tempelhof, iv. 44.

rising); 'and, after a hot march, got encamped on the southward side of Radeburg: ready to cross the Rödern Stream there tomorrow, as if intending for the Lausitz' (should that prove needful for alluring Lacy),—'and in the mean while very inquisitive where Lacy might be. One of Lacy's outposts, those Saxon light horse, was fallen-in with; was chased home, and Lacy's camp discovered, that night. At Bernsdorf, not three miles to southward or right of us; Daun only another three to south of him. Let us attack Lacy tomorrow morning; wind round to get between Daun and him,[1]—with fit arrangements; rapid as light! In the King's tent, accordingly, his Generals are assembled to take their Orders; brief, distinct, and to be done with brevity. And all are on the move for Bernsdorf at 4 next morning; when, behold,—

Thursday 19*th*, 'At Bernsdorf there is no Lacy to be found. Cautious Daun has ordered him in,—and not for Lacy's sake, as appears, but for his own: "Hitherward, you alert Lacy; to cover my right flank here, my Hill of Reichenberg,—lest it be not impregnable enough against that feline enemy!" And there they have taken post, say 60,000 against 30,000; and are palisading to a quite extraordinary degree. No fight possible with Lacy or Daun.'

This is what Mitchell counts the failure of Friedrich's enterprise: and certainly it grieved Friedrich a good deal. Who, on riding out to reconnoitre Reichenberg (Quintus Icilius and Battalion *Quintus* part of his escort, if that be an interesting circumstance), finds Reichenberg a plainly unattackable post; finds, by Daun's rate of palisading, that there will be no attack from Daun either. No attack from Daun;—and, therefore, that Hülsen's people may be sent home to Schlettau again; and that he, Friedrich, will take post close by, and wearisomely be content to wait for some new opportunity.

Which he does for a week to come; Daun sitting impregnable, intrenched and palisaded to the teeth,—rather wishing to be attacked, you would say; or hopeful sometimes of doing something of the Hochkirch sort again (for the country is woody, and the enemy audacious);—at all events, very clear not to attack. A man erring, sometimes to a notable degree, by over-caution. 'Could hardly have failed to overwhelm Friedrich's small force, had he at once, on Friedrich's crossing the Elbe, joined Lacy, and gone-out against him,' thinks Tempelhof, pointing out the form of operation too.[2] Caution is excellent; but not quite by itself. Would caution alone do it, an Army all of Druidic whinstones, or innocent clay-sacks, incapable of taking hurt, would be the proper one!—Daun stood there; Friedrich looking daily into him,—visibly in ill-humour, says Mitchell; and no wonder; gloomy and surly words coming out of him, to the distress of his Generals: 'Which I took the

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 47-49. [2] *Ib.* iv. 42, 48.

23d June 1760]
liberty of hinting, one evening, to his Majesty'; hint graciously received, and of effect perceptible, at least to my imagining.

Wednesday June 25th, After nearly a week of this, there rose, towards sunset, all over the Reichenberg, and far and wide, an exuberant joy-firing: 'For what in the world?' thinks Friedrich. Alas, your Majesty,—since your own messenger has not arrived, nor indeed ever will, being picked-up by Pandours,—here, gathered from the Austrian outposts or deserters, are news for you, fatal enough! Landshut is done; Fouquet and his valiant 13,000 are trodden out there. Indignant Fouquet has obeyed you, not wisely but too well. He has kept Landshut six nights and five days. On the morning of the sixth day, here is what befell:

'*Landshut, Monday 23d June*, About a quarter to two in the morning, Loudon, who had gathered 31,000 horse and foot for the business, and taken his measures, fired aloft, by way of signal, four howitzers, into the grey of the summer morning; and burst loose upon Fouquet, in various columns, on his southward front, on both flanks, ultimately in his rear too: columns all in the height of fighting humour, confident as three to one,—and having brandy in them, it is likewise said. Fouquet and his people stood to arms, in the temper Fouquet had vowed they would: defended their Hills with an energy, with a steady skill, which Loudon himself admired; but their Hill-works would have needed thrice the number;—Fouquet, by detaching and otherwise, has in arms only 10,680 men. Toughly as they strove, after partial successes, they began to lose one Hill, and then another; and in the course of hours, nearly all their Hills. Landshut Town Loudon had taken from them, Landshut and its roads: in the end, the Prussian position is becoming permeable, plainly untenable;—Austrian force is moving to their rearward to block the retreat.

'Seeing which latter fact, Fouquet throws-out all his Cavalry, a poor 1,500, to secure the Passes of the Bober; himself forms square with the wrecks of his Infantry; and, at a steady step, cuts way for himself with bayonet and bullet. With singular success for some time, in spite of the odds. And is clear across the Bober; when lo, among the knolls ahead, masses of Austrian Cavalry are seen waiting him, besetting every passage! Even these do not break him; but these, with infantry and cannon coming up to help them, do. Here, for some time, was the fiercest tug of all,—till a bullet having killed Fouquet's horse, and carried the General himself to the ground, the spasm ended. The Lichnowski Dragoons, a famed Austrian regiment, who had charged and again charged with nothing but repulse on repulse, now broke in, all in a foam of rage; cut furiously upon Fouquet himself; wounded Fouquet thrice; would have killed him, had it not been for the heroism of poor

Trautschke, his Groom' (let us name the gallant fellow, even if unpronounceable), 'who flung himself on the body of his Master, and took the bloody strokes instead of him; shrieking his loudest, "Will you murder the Commanding General, then!" Which brought up the Colonel of Lichnowski; a Gentleman and Ritter, abhorrent of such practices. To him Fouquet gave his sword;—kept his vow never to draw it again.

'The wrecks of Fouquet's Infantry were, many of them, massacred, no quarter given; such the unchivalrous fury that had risen. His Cavalry, with the loss of about 500, cut their way through. They and some stragglers of Foot, in whole about 1,500 of both kinds, were what remained of those 10,680 after this bloody morning's work. There had been about six hours of it; "all over by 8 o'clock"'[1]

Fouquet has obeyed to the letter: 'Did not my King wrong me?' Fouquet may say to himself. Truly, Herr General, your King's Order was a little unwise; as you (who were on the ground, and your King not) knew it to be. An unwise Order;—perhaps not inexcusable in the sudden circumstances. And perhaps a still more perfect Bayard would have preferred obeying such a King in spirit, rather than in letter, and thereby doing him vital service *against* his temporary will? It is not doubted but Fouquet, left to himself and his 13,000, with the Fortresses and and Garrisons about him, would have maintained himself in Silesia till help came. The issue is,—Fouquet has probably lost this fine King his Silesia, for the time being; and beyond any question, has lost him 10,000 Prussian-Spartan fighters, and a fine General whom he could ill spare!— —In a word, the Gate of Silesia is burst open; and Loudon has every prospect of taking Glatz, which will keep it so.

What a thunderbolt for Friedrich! One of the last pillars struck away from his tottering affairs. 'Inevitable, then? We are over with it, then?' One may fancy Friedrich's reflections. But he showed nothing of them to anybody; in a few hours, had his mind composed, and new plans on the anvil. On the morrow of that Austrian Joy-Firing,—morrow, or some day close on it (ought to have been dated, but is not),—there went from him, to Magdeburg, the Order: 'Have me such and such quantities of Siege-Artillery in a state of readiness.'[2] Already meaning, it is thought, or

[1] *Hofbericht von der am* 23 *Junius* 1760 *bey Landshuth vorgefallenen Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 669-671); *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 258-284; Tempelhof, iv. 26-41; Stenzel, v. 241 (who, by oversight,—this Volume being posthumous to poor Stenzel,—protracts the Action to 'half-past 7 *in the evening*').

[2] Tempelhof, iv. 51.

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contemplating as possible a certain Siege, which surprised everybody before long! A most inventive, enterprising being; no end to his contrivances and unexpected outbreaks; especially when you have him jammed into a corner, and fancy it is all over with him!

'To no other General,' says Tempelhof, 'would such a notion of besieging Dresden have occurred; or if it had suggested itself, the hideous difficulties would at once have banished it again, or left it only as a pious wish. But it is strokes of this kind that characterise the great man. Often enough they have succeeded, been decisive of great campaigns and wars, and become splendid in the eyes of all mankind; sometimes, as in this case, they have only deserved to succeed, and to be splendid in the eyes of judges. How get these masses of enemies lured away, so that you could try such a thing? There lay the difficulty; insuperable altogether, except by the most fine and appropriate treatment. Of a truth, it required a connected series of the wisest measures and most secret artifices of war; — and withal, that you should throw over them such a veil as would lead your enemy to see in them precisely the reverse of what they meant. How all this was to be set in action, and how the Enemy's own plans, intentions, and moods of mind were to be used as raw material for attainment of your object,—studious readers will best see in the manœuvres of the King in his now more than critical condition; which do certainly exhibit the completest masterpiece in the Art of leading Armies that Europe has ever seen.'

Tempelhof is well enough aware, as readers should continue to be, that, primarily, and onward for three weeks more, not Dresden, but the getting to Silesia on good terms, is Friedrich's main enterprise: Dresden only a supplement or substitute, a second string to his bow, till the first fail. But, in effect, the two enterprises or strings coincide, or are one, till the first of them fail; and Tempelhof's eulogy will apply to either. The initiatory step to either is a *Second* Feat of

Marching:—still notabler than the former, which has had this poor issue. Soldiers of the studious or scientific sort, if there are yet any such among us, will naturally go to Tempelhof, and fearlessly encounter the ruggedest Documents and Books, if Tempelhof leave them dubious on any point (which he hardly will): to ingenuous readers of other sorts, who will take a little pains for understanding the thing, perhaps the following intermittent far-off glimpses may suffice:[1]

On ascertaining the Landshut disaster, Friedrich falls back a little; northward to Gross-Dobritz: 'Possibly Daun will think us cowed by what has happened; and may try something on us?' Daun is by no means sure of this *cowed* phenomenon, or of the retreat it has made; and tries nothing on it; only rides up daily to it, to ascertain that it is there; and diligently sends out parties to watch the North-eastward parts where run the Silesian Roads. After about a week of this, and some disappointments, Friedrich decides to march in earnest. There had, one day, come report of Lacy's being detached, Lacy with a strong Division, to block the Silesian roads; but that, on trial, proved to be false. 'Pshaw, nothing for us but to go ourselves!' concludes Friedrich,—and, *July* 1*st*, sends-off his Bakery and Heavy-Baggage; indicating to Mitchell, 'Tomorrow morning at 3!'—Here is Mitchell's own account; accurate in every particular, as we find:[2]

Wednesday, July 2*nd*. 'From Gross-Dobritz to Quosdorf'—(to Quosdorf, a poor Hamlet there, not Quo*l*sdorf, as many write, which is a Town far enough from there)—'the Army marched accordingly. In two columns; baggage, bakery and artillery in a third; through a Country extremely covered with wood. Were attacked by some Uhlans and Hussars; whom a few cannon-shot sent to the road again. March lasted from 3 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon'; twelve long hours. 'Went north-eastward a space of 20 miles, leaving Radeburg, much more leaving Reichenberg, Moritzburg, and the Daun quarters well to the right, and at last quite to rearward; crossed the Röder, crossed the Pulsnitz,' small tributaries or sub-tributaries of the Elbe in those parts; 'crossed the latter (which divides Meissen from the Lausitz) partly by the bridge of Krakau, first Village in the Lausitz. Headquarter was the

[1] Mitchell, ii. 162 et seq.; and Tempelhof (iv. 50-53 et seq.), as a scientific check on Mitchell, or unconscious fellow-witness with him,—agreeing beautifully almost always.

[2] Mitchell, ii. 164; Tempelhof, iv. 54.

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poor Hamlet of Quosdorf, a mile further on. "This march had been carefully kept secret," says Mitchell; "and it was the opinion of the most experienced Officers, that, had the Enemy discovered the King of Prussia's design, they might, by placing their light troops in the roads with proper supports, have rendered it extremely difficult, if not impracticable."'

Daun very early got to know of Friedrich's departure, and whitherward; which was extremely interesting to Daun: 'Aims to be in Silesia before me; will cut-out Loudon from his fine prospects on Glatz?'—and had instantly reinforced, perhaps to 20,000, Lacy's Division; and ordered Lacy, who is the nearest to Friedrich's March, to start instantly on the skirts of said March, and endeavour diligently to trample on the same. For the purpose of harassing said March, Lacy is to do whatever he with safety can (which we see is not much: 'a few Uhlans and Hussars'); at lowest, is to keep it constantly in sight; and always encamp as near it as he dare;[1]—Daun himself girding-up his loins; and preparing, by a short-cut, to get ahead of it in a day or two. Lacy was alert enough, but could not do much with safety: a few Uhlans and Hussars, that was all; and he is now encamped somewhere to rearward, as near as he dare.

Thursday 3d July. 'A rest-day; Army resting about Krakau, after such a spell through the woody moors. The King, with small escort, rides out reconnoitering, hither, thither, on the southern side or Lacy quarter: to the top of the Keulenberg (*Bludgeon Hill*), at last,—which is ten or a dozen miles from Krakau and Quosdorf, but commands an extensive view. Towns, village-belfries, courses of streams; a country of mossy woods and wild agricultures, of bogs, of shaggy moor. Southward 10 miles is Radeberg' (not Radeburg, observe); yonder is the town of Pulsnitz on our stream of Pulsnitz; to south-east, and twice as far, is Bischofswerda, chasmy Stolpen (too well known to us before this): behind us, Königsbrück, Kamenz and the road from Grossenhayn to Bautzen: these and many other places memorable to this King are discoverable from Bludgeon Hill. But the discovery of discoveries to him is Lacy's Camp,—not very far off, about a mile behind Pulsnitz; clearly visible, at Lichtenberg yonder. Which we at once determine to attack; which, and the roads to which, are the one object of interest just now,—nothing else visible, as it were, on the top of the Keulenberg here, or as we ride homeward, meditating it with a practical view. "March at midnight," that is the practical result arrived at, on reaching home.'

Friday July 4th. 'Since the stroke of midnight we are all on march again; nothing but the baggages and bakeries left' (with Quintus to

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 54.

watch them, which I see is his common function in these marches); 'King himself in the Vanguard,—who hopes to give Lacy a salutation.[1] "The march was full of defiles," says Mitchell: and Mitchell, in his carriage, knew little what a region it was, with boggy intricacies, lakelets, tangly thickets, stocks and stumps; or what a business to pass with heavy cannon, baggage-wagons and columns of men! Such a march; and again not far from twenty miles of it: very hot, as the morning broke, in the breathless woods. Had Lacy known what kind of ground we had to march in, and been enterprising—! thinks Tempelhof. The march being so retarded, Lacy got notice of it, and vanished quite away,—to Bischofswerda, I believe, and the protecting neighbourhood of Daun. Nothing of him left when we emerge, simultaneously from this hand and from that, on his front and on his rear, to take him as in a vice, as in the sudden snap of a fox-trap;—fox quite gone. Hardly a few hussars of him to be picked up; and no chase possible, after such a march.'

Friedrich had done everything to keep himself secret: but Lacy has endless Pandours prowling about; and, I suppose, the Countrypeople (in the Lausitz here, who ought to have loyalty) are on the Lacy side. Friedrich has to take his disappointment. He encamps here, on the Heights, headquarter Pulsnitz,—till Quintus come up with the baggage, which he does punctually, but not till nightfall, not till midnight the last of him.

Saturday July 5th. 'To the road again at 3 A.M. Again to northward, to Kloster (*Cloister*) Marienstern, a 15 miles or so,—headquarter in the Cloister itself. Daun had set-off for Bautzen, with his 50 or 60,000, in the extremest push of haste, and is at Bautzen this night; ahead of Friedrich, with Lacy as rearguard of him, who is also ahead of Friedrich, and safe at Bischofswerda. A Daun hastening as never before. This news of a Daun already at Bautzen awakened Friedrich's utmost speed: "Never do, that Daun be in Silesia before us! Indispensable to get ahead of Bautzen and him, or to be waiting on the flank of his next march!" Accordingly,

Sunday July 6th, 'Friedrich, at 3 A.M., is again in motion; in three columns, streaming forward all day: straight eastward, Daunward. Intends to cross the Spree, leaving Bautzen to the right; and take post somewhere to north-east of Bautzen, and on the flank of Daun. The windless day grows hotter and hotter; the roads are of loose sand, full of jungles and impediments. This was such a march for heat and difficulty as the King never had before. In front of each Column went wagons with a few pontoons; there being many brooks and little streams to cross. The soldier, for his own health's sake, is strictly forbidden to

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 56.

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drink; but as the burning day rose higher, in the sweltering close march, thirst grew irresistible. Crossing any of these Brooks, the soldiers pounce down, irrepressible, whole ranks of them; lift water, clean or dirty; drink it greedily from the brim of the hat. Sergeants may wag their tongues and their cudgels at discretion: "showers of cudgel-strokes," says Archenholtz; Sergeants going like threshers on the poor men;—"though the upper Officers had a touch of mercy, and affected not to see this disobedience to the Sergeants and their cudgels," which was punishable with death. War is not an over-fond Mother, but a sufficiently Spartan one, to her Sons. There dropt down, in the march that day, 105 Prussian men, who never rose again. And as to intercepting Daun by such velocity,—Daun too is on march; gone to Görlitz, at almost a faster pace, if at a far heavier,—like a cart-horse on gallop; faring still worse in the heat: "200 of Daun's men died on the road this day, and 300 more were invalided for life."[1]

'Before reaching the Spree, Friedrich, who is in the Vanguard, hears of this Görlitz March, and that the bird is flown. For which he has, therefore, to devise straightway a new expedient: "Wheel to the right; cross Spree farther down, holding towards Bautzen itself," orders Friedrich. And settles within two miles of Bautzen; his left being at Doberschütz,—on the strong ground he held after Hochkirch, while Daun, two years ago, sat watching so quiescent. Daun knows what kind of march these Prussians, blocked-out from relief of Neisse, stole on him *then*, and saved their Silesia, in spite of his watching and blocking; —and has plunged off, in the manner of a cart-horse scared into galloping, to avoid the like.' What a Sabbath-day's journey, on both sides, for those Sons of War! Nothing in the Roman times, though they had less baggage, comes up to such modern marching: nor is this the fastest of Friedrich's, though of Daun's it unspeakably is. 'Friedrich, having missed Daun, is thinking now to whirl round, and go into Lacy,—which will certainly bring Daun back, even better.

'This evening, accordingly, Ziethen occupies Bautzen; sweeps out certain Lacy precursors, cavalry in some strength, who are there. Lacy has come on as far as Bischofswerda: and his Horse-people seem to be wide ahead; provokingly pert upon Friedrich's outposts, who determines to chastise them the first thing tomorrow. Tomorrow, as is very needful, is to be a rest-day otherwise. For Friedrich's wearied people a rest-day; not at all for Daun's, who continues his heavy-footed galloping yet another day and another, till he get across the Queiss, and actually reach Silesia.

Monday July 7th. 'Rest-day accordingly, in Bautzen neighbourhood; nothing passing but a curious Skirmish of Horse,—in which Friedrich,

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 58; Archenholtz. ii. 68; Mitchell, ii. 166.

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who had gone westward reconnoitering, seeking Lacy, had the main share, and was notably situated for some time. Gödau, a small town or village, six miles west of Bautzen, was the scene of this notable passage: actors in it were Friedrich himself, on the Prussian part; and, on the Austrian, by degrees Lacy's Cavalry almost in whole. Lacy's Cavalry, what Friedrich does not know, are all in those neighbourhoods: and no sooner is Gödau swept clear of them, than they return in greater numbers, needing to be again swept; and, in fact, they gradually gather in upon him, in a singular and dangerous manner, after his first successes on them, and before his Infantry have time to get up and support.

'Friedrich was too impatient in this provoking little haggle, arresting him here. He had ordered on the suitable Battalion with cannon; but hardly considers that the Battalion itself is six miles off,—not to speak of the Order, which is galloping on horseback, not going by electricity: —the impatient Friedrich had slashed-in at once upon Gödau, taken above 100 prisoners; but is astonished to see the slashed people return, with Saxon-Dragoon regiments, all manner of regiments, reinforcing them. And has some really dangerous fencing there;—issuing in dangerous and curious pause of both parties; who stand drawn-up, scarcely beyond pistol-shot, and gazing into one another, for I know not how many minutes; neither of them daring to move off, lest, on the instant of turning, it be charged and overwhelmed. As the impatient Friedrich, at last, almost was,—had not his Infantry just then got in, and given their cannon-salvo. He lost about 200, the Lacy people hardly so many; and is now out of a considerable personal jeopardy, which is still celebrated in the Anecdote-Books, perhaps to a mythical extent. "Two Uhlans" (Saxon-Polish Light-Horse), "with their truculent pikes, are just plunging in," say the Anecdote-Books: "Friedrich's Page, who had got unhorsed, sprang to his feet, bellowed in Polish to them: 'What are you doing here, fellows?' 'Excellenz' (for the Page is not in Prussian uniform, or in uniform at all, only well-dressed), 'Excellenz, our horses ran away with us,' answer the poor fellows; and whirl back rapidly."' The story, says Retzow, is true.[1]

This is the one event of July 7th,—and of July 8th withal; which day also, on news of Daun that come, Friedrich rests. Up to July 8th, it is clear Friedrich is shooting with what we called the first string of his bow,—intent, namely, on Silesia. Nor, on hearing that Daun is forward again, now hopelessly ahead, does he quit that enterprise; but, on the contrary, tomorrow morning, July 9th, tries it by a new method, as we

[1] Retzow, ii. 215.

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shall see: method cunningly devised to suit the *second* string as well. 'How lucky that we have a second string, in case of failure!'—

Tuesday 8th July. 'News that Daun reached Görlitz yesternight; and is due tonight at Lauban, fifty miles ahead of us:—no hope now of reaching Daun. Perhaps a sudden clutch at Lacy, in the opposite direction, might be the method of recalling Daun, and reaching him? That is the method fallen upon.

'Sun being set, the drums in Bautzen sound *tattoo*,—audible to listening Croats in the Environs;—beat *tattoo*, and, later in the night, other passages of drum-music, also for Croat behoof (*general-march* I think it is); indicating That we have started again, in pursuit of Daun. And in short, every precaution being taken to soothe the mind of Lacy and the Croats, Friedrich silently issues, with his best speed, in Three columns, by Three roads, towards Lacy's quarters, which go from that village of Gödau westward, in a loose way, several miles. In three columns, by three routes, all to converge, with punctuality, on Lacy. Of the columns, two are of Infantry, the leftmost and the rightmost, on each hand, hidden as much as possible; one is of Cavalry in the middle. Coming on in this manner—like a pair of triple-pincers, which are to grip simultaneously on Lacy, and astonish him, if he keep quiet. But Lacy is vigilant, and is cautious almost in excess. Learning by his Pandours that the King seems to be coming this way, Lacy gathers himself on the instant; quits Gödau, by one in the morning; and retreats bodily, at his fastest step, to Bischofswerda again; nor by any means stops there.'[1]

For the third time! 'Three is lucky,' Friedrich may have thought: and there has no precaution, of drum-music, of secrecy or persuasive finesse, been neglected on Lacy. But Lacy has ears that hear the grass grow: our elaborately accurate triple-pincers, closing simultaneously on Bischofswerda, after eighteen miles of sweep, find Lacy flown again; nothing to be caught of him but some 80 hussars. All this day and all next night Lacy is scouring through the western parts at an extraordinary rate; halting for a camp, twice over, at different places,—Dürre Fuchs (*Thirsty Fox*), Dürre Bühle (*Thirsty Sweetheart*), or wherever it was; then again taking wing, on sound of Prussian parties to rear; in short, hurrying towards Dresden and the Reichsfolk, as if for life.

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 61-63.

Lacy's retreat, I hear, was ingeniously done, with a minimum of disorder in the circumstances: but certainly it was with a velocity as if his head had been on fire; and, indeed, they say he escaped annihilation by being off in time. He put up finally, not at Thirsty Sweetheart, still less at Thirsty Fox, successive Hamlets and Public Houses in the sandy Wilderness which lies to north of Elbe, and is called *Dresden Heath*; but farther on, in the same Tract, at Weisse Hirsch (*White Hart*); which looks close over upon Dresden, within two miles or so; and is a kind of Height, and military post of advantage. Next morning, July 10th, he crosses Dresden Bridge, comes streaming through the City; and takes shelter with the Reichsfolk near there:—towards Plauen Chasm; the strongest ground in the world; hardly strong enough, it appears, in the present emergency.

Friedrich's first string, therefore, has snapt in two; but, on the instant, he has a second fitted on:—may that prove luckier!

CHAPTER II

FRIEDRICH BESIEGES DRESDEN

From and after the Evening of Wednesday July 9th, it is upon a Siege of Dresden that Friedrich goes;—turning the whole war-theatre topsy-turvy; throwing Daun, Loudon, Lacy, everybody *out*, in this strange and sudden manner. One of the finest military feats ever done, thinks Tempelhof. Undoubtedly a notable result so far, and notably done; as the impartial reader (if Tempelhof be a little inconsistent) sees for himself. These truly are a wonderful series of marches, opulent in continual promptitudes, audacities, contrivances;—done with shining talent, certainly; and also with result shining, for the moment. And in a Fabulous Epic I think Dresden would certainly have fallen to Friedrich, and his crowd of enemies been left in a tumbled condition.

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But the Epic of Reality cares nothing for such considerations; and the time allowable for capture of Dresden is very brief. Had Daun, on getting warning, been as prompt to return as he was to go, frankly fronting at once the chances of the road, he might have been at Dresden again perhaps within a week,—no Siege possible for Friedrich, hardly the big guns got-up from Magdeburg. But Friedrich calculated there would be very considerable fretting and haggling on Daun's part; say a good Fortnight of Siege allowed;—and that, by dead-lift effort of all hands, the thing was feasible within that limit. On Friedrich's part, as we can fancy, there was no want of effort; nor on his people's part,—in spite of his complainings, say Retzow and the Opposition party; who insinuate their own private belief of impossibility from the first. Which is not confirmed by impartial judgments,—that of Archenholtz, and others better. The truth is, Friedrich was within an inch of taking Dresden by the first assault,—they say he actually could have taken it by storm the first day; but shuddered at the thought of exposing poor Dresden to sack and plunder; and hoped to get it by capitulation.

One of the rapidest and most furious Sieges anywhere on record. Filled Europe with astonishment, expectancy, admiration, horror:—must be very briefly recited here. The main chronological epochs, salient points of crisis and successive phases of occurrence, will sufficiently indicate it to the reader's fancy.

'It was Thursday Evening, 10th July, when Lacy got to his Reichsfolk, and took breath behind Plauen Chasm. Maguire is Governor of Dresden. The consternation of garrison and population was extreme. To Lacy himself it did not seem conceivable that Friedrich could mean a Siege of Dresden. Friedrich, that night, is beyond the River, in Daun's old impregnability of Reichenberg: "He has no siege-artillery," thinks Lacy; "no means, no time."

'Nevertheless, Saturday, next day after tomorrow,—behold, there is Hülsen, come from Schlettau to our neighbourhood, on our Austrian side of the River. And at Kaditz yonder, a mile below Dresden, are not

the King's people building their Pontoons; in march since 2 in the morning,—evidently coming across, if not to besiege Dresden, then to attack us; which is perhaps worse! We outnumber them,—but as to trying fight in any form? Zweibrück leaves Maguire an additional 10,000;—every help and encouragement to Maguire; whose garrison is now 14,000: "Be of courage, Excellenz Maguire! Nobody is better skilled in siege-matters. Feldmarschall and relief will be here with despatch!"—and withdraws, Lacy and he, to the edge of the Pirna Country, there to be well out of harm's way. Lacy and he, it is thought, would perhaps have got beaten, trying to save Dresden from its misery. Lacy's orders were, Not, on any terms, to get into fighting with Friedrich, but only to cover Dresden. Dresden, without fighting, has proved impossible to cover, and Lacy leaves it bare.[1]

'"At Kaditz," says Mitchell, "where the second bridge of boats took a great deal of time, I was standing by his Majesty, when news to the above effect came across from General Hülsen. The King was highly pleased; and, turning to me, said. 'Just what I wished! They have saved me a very long march' (round by Dippoldiswalde or so, in upon the rear of them) 'by going of will.' And immediately the King got on horseback; ordering the Army to follow as fast as it could."[2] Through Preisnitz, Plauen-ward, goes the Army; circling round the Western and the Southern side of Dresden' (a dread spectacle from the walls); 'across Weistritz Brook and the Plauen Chasm' (comfortably left vacant); 'and encamps on the South-eastern side of Dresden, at Gruna, behind the *Great Garden*; ready to begin business on the morrow. Gruna, about a mile to the south-east of Dresden Walls, is headquarter during this Siege.

'Through the night, the Prussians proceed to build batteries, the best they can;—there is no right siege-artillery yet; a few accidental howitzers and 25-pounders, the rest mere field-guns;—but tomorrow morning, be as it may, business shall begin. Prince von Holstein' (nephew of the Holstein Beck, or 'Holstein *Silver-Plate*,' whom we lost long ago), 'from beyond the River, encamped at the White Hart yonder, is to play upon the Neustadt simultaneously.

Monday 14*th*, 'At 6 A.M., cannonade began; diligent on Holstein's part and ours; but of inconsiderable effect. Maguire has been summoned: "Will" (with such a garrison, in spite of such trepidations from the Court and others) "defend himself to the last man." Free-Corps people' (not Quintus's, who is on the other side of the River),[3] with regulars to rear, advance on the Pirna Gate; hurl-in Maguire's Out-parties; and had near got in along with them,—might have done

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 65. [2] Mitchell, ii. 168. [3] Tempelhof, v. 67.

so, they and their supports, it is thought by some, had storm seemed the recommendable method.

'For four days there is livelier and livelier cannonading; new batteries getting opened in the Mochinska Garden and other points; on the Prussian part, great longing that the Magdeburg artillery were here. The Prussians are making diligently ready for it, in the mean while (refitting the old Trenches, "old Envelope" dug by Maguire himself in the Anti-Schmettau time; these will do well enough):—the Prussians reinforce Holstein at the Weisse Hirsch, throw a new bridge across to him; and are busy day and night. Maguire, too, is most industrious, resisting and preparing: Thursday shuts-up the Weistritz Brook (a dam being ready this long while back, needing only to be closed), and lays the whole South side of Dresden under water. Many rumours about Daun: coming, not coming;—must for certain come, but will possibly be slowish.'

Friday 18*th*. 'Joy to every Prussian soul: here are the heavy guns from Magdeburg. These, at any rate, are come; beds for them all ready; and now the cannonading can begin in right earnest. As it does with a vengeance. To Mitchell, and perhaps others, "The King of Prussia says He will now be master of the Town in a few days. And the disposition he has made of his troops on the other side of the River is intended not only to attack Dresden on that side" (and defend himself from Daun), "but also to prevent the Garrison from retiring." . . . "This morning, Friday 18th, the Suburb of Pirna, the one street left of it, was set fire to, by Maguire; and burnt out of the way, as the others had been. Many of the wretched inhabitants had fled to our camp: 'Let them lodge in Plauen, no fighting there, quiet artificial water expanses there instead.' Many think the Town will not be taken; or that, if it should, it will cost very dear,—so determined seems Maguire."[1] And, in effect, from this day onwards, the Siege became altogether fierce, and not only so, but fiery as well; and, though lasting in that violent form only four, or at the very utmost seven, days more, had near ruined Dresden from the face of the world.'

Saturday 19*th*, 'Maguire, touched to the quick by these new artilleries of the Prussians this morning, found good to mount a gun or two on the leads of the Kreuz-Kirche' (Protestant High Church, where, before now, we have noticed Friedrich attending quasi-divine service more than once);—'that is to say, on the crown of Dresden; from which there is view into the bottom of Friedrich's trenches and operations. Others say, it was only two or three old Saxon cannon, which stand there, for firing on gala-days; and that they hardly fired on Friedrich more than once. For

[1] Mitchell, iii. 170, 171.

certain, this is one of the desirablest battery stations,—if only Friedrich will leave it alone. Which he will not for a moment; but brings terrific howitzers to bear on it; cannon-balls, grenadoes; tears it to destruction, and the poor Kreuz-Kirche along with it. Kirche speedily all in flames, street after street blazing-up round it, again and again for eight-and-forty hours coming; hapless Dresden, during two days and nights, a mere volcano henceforth.' 'By mistake all that, and without order of mine,' says Friedrich once;—meaning, I think, all that of the Kreuz-Kirche: and perhaps wishing he could mean the bombardment altogether,[1]—who nevertheless got, and gets, most of the credit of the thing from a shocked outside world.

'This morning,' same Saturday 19th, 'Daun is reported to have arrived; vanguard of him said to be at Schönfeld, over in *Thirsty-Sweetheart* Country yonder: which Friedrich, going to reconnoitre, finds tragically indisputable: "There, for certain; only five miles from Holstein's post at the *White Hart*, and no River between;—as the crow flies, hardly five from our own Camp. Perhaps it will be some days yet before he do anything?" So that Friedrich persists in his bombardment, only the more: "By fire-torture, then! Let the bombarded Royalties assail Maguire, and Maguire give-in;—it is our one chance left; and succeed we will and must!" Cruel, say you?—Ah, yes, cruel enough, not merciful at all. The soul of Friedrich, I perceive, is not in a bright mood at this time, but in a black and wrathful, worn almost desperate against the slings and arrows of unjust Fate: "Ahead, I say! If everybody will do miracles, cannot we perhaps still manage it, in spite of Fate?" Mitchell is very sorry; but will forget and forgive those inexorable passages of war.

'I cannot think of the bombardment of Dresden without horror,' says he: 'nor of many other things I have seen. Misfortunes naturally sour men's temper' (even royal men's); 'and long continued, without interval, at last extinguish humanity.' 'We are now in a most critical and dangerous situation, which cannot long last: one lucky event, approaching to a miracle, may still save all: but the extreme caution and circumspection of Marshal Daun—!'[2]

If Daun could be swift, and end the miseries of Dresden, surely Dresden would be much obliged to him. It was ten days yet, after that of the Kreuz-Kirche, before Dresden quite got rid of its Siege: Daun never was a sudden man. By a

[1] Schöning, ii. 361: 'To Prince Henri, at Giessen' (Frankfurt Country), '23d July 1760.'

[2] Mitchell, ii. 184, 185.

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kind of accident, he got Holstein hustled across the River that first night (July 19th),—not annihilated, as was very feasible, but pushed home, out of his way. Whereby the North side of Dresden is now open; and Daun has free communication with Maguire.

Maguire rose thereupon to a fine pitch of spirits; tried several things, and wished Daun to try; but with next to no result. For two days after Holstein's departure, Daun sat still, on his safe Northern shore; stirring nothing but his own cunctations and investigations, leaving the bombardment, or cannonade, to take its own course. One attempt he did make in concert with Maguire (night of Monday 21st), and one attempt only, of a serious nature; which, like the rest, was unsuccessful. And would not be worth mentioning,—except for the poor Regiment *Bernburg's* sake; Bernburg having got into strange case in consequence of it.

'This Attempt' (Night of 21st-22d July) 'was a combined sally and assault,—Sally by Maguire's people, a General Nugent heading them, from the South or Plauen side of Dresden, and Assault by 4,000 of Daun's from the North side,—upon Friedrich's Trenches. Which are to be burst-in upon in this double way, and swept well clear, as may be expected. Friedrich, however, was aware of the symptoms, and had people ready waiting,—especially, had Regiment *Bernburg*, Battalions 1st and 2d; a Regiment hitherto without stain.

'Bernburg accordingly, on General Nugent's entering their trenches from the south side, falls altogether heartily on General Nugent; tumbles him back, takes 200 prisoners, Nugent himself one of them' (who is considered to have been the eye of the enterprise, worth many hundreds this night): 'all this Bernburg, in its usually creditable manner, does, as expected of it. But after, or during all this, when the Daun people from the north come streaming in, say four to one, both south and north, Bernburg looked round for support; and seeing none, had, after more or less of struggle, to retire as a defeated Bernburg,—Austrians taking the battery, and ruling supreme there for some time. Till Wedell, or somebody with fresh Battalions came up; and, rallying Bernburg to him, retook their Battery, and drove out the Austrians, with a heavy loss of prisoners.[1]

'I did not hear that Bernburg's conduct was liable to the least fair

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 79.

censure. But Friedrich's soul is severe at this time; demanding miracles from everybody: "You runaway Bernburg, shame on you!"—and actually takes the swords from them, and cuts-off their Hat-tresses: "There!" Which excited such an astonishment in the Prussian Army as was seldom seen before. And affected Bernburg to the length almost of despair, and breaking of heart,—in a way that is not ridiculous to me at all, but beautiful and pathetic. Of which there is much talk, now and long afterwards, in military circles. The sorrows of these poor Bernburgers, their desperate offorts to wash-out this stigma, their actual washing of it out, not many weeks hence, and their magnificent joy on the occasion,—these are the one distinguishing point in Daun's relief of Dresden, which was otherwise quite a cunctatory, sedentary matter.'

Daun built three Bridges,—he had a broad stone one already,—but did little or nothing with them; and never himself came across at all. Merely shot-out nocturnal Pandour Parties, and ordered up Lacy and the Reichsfolk to do the like, and break the night's rest of his Enemy. He made minatory movements, one at least, down the River, by his own shore, on Friedrich's Ammunition-Boats from Torgau, and actually intercepted certain of them, which was something; but, except this, and vague flourishings of the Pandour kind, left Friedrich to his own course.

Friedrich bombarded for a day or two farther; cannonaded, out of more or fewer batteries, for eight, or I think ten days more. Attacks from Daun there were to be, now on this side, now on that; many rumours of attack, but, except once only (midnight Pandours attempting the King's lodging, 'a Farmhouse near Gruna,' but to their astonishment rousing the whole Prussian Army 'in the course of three minutes'[1]), rumour was mainly all. For guarding his siege-lines, Friedrich has to alter his position; to shift slightly, now fronting this way, now the other way; is 'called always at midnight' (against these nocturnal disturbances), and 'never has his clothes off.' Nevertheless, continues his bombardment, and then his cannonading, till his own good time, which I think

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 81 (who is very vivid, but does not date); Rödenbeck, ii. 24 (quotes similar account by another Eye-witness, and guesses it to be 'night of July 22d-23d').

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is till the 26th. His 'ricochet-battery,' which is good against Maguire's people, innocent to Dresden, he continued for three days more;—while gathering his furnitures about Plauen Country, making his arrangements at Meissen;—did not march till the night of July 29th. Altogether calmly; no Daun or Austrian molesting him in the least; his very sentries walking their rounds in the trenches till daylight; after which they also marched, unmolested, Meissen-ward.

Unfortunate Friedrich has made nothing of Dresden, then. After such a June and July of it, since he left the Meissen Country; after all these intricate manœuvrings, hot fierce marchings and superhuman exertions, here is he returning to Meissen Country poorer than if he had stayed. Fouquet lost, Glatz unrelieved—Nay, just before marching off, what is this new phenomenon? Is this by way of 'Happy journey to you!' Towards sunset of the 29th, exuberant joy-firing rises far and wide from the usually quiet Austrian lines,—'Meaning what, once more?' Meaning that Glatz is lost, your Majesty; that, instead of a siege of many weeks (as might have been expected with Fouquet for Commandant), it has held-out under Fouquet's Second, only a few hours; and is gone without remedy! Certain, though incredible. Imbecile Commandant, treacherous Garrison (Austrian deserters mainly), with stealthy Jesuits acting on them: no use asking what. Here is the sad Narrative, in succinct form:

Capture of Glatz (26th July 1760)

'Loudon is a swift man, when he can get bridle; but the curb-hand of Daun is often heavy on him. Loudon has had Glatz blockaded since June 7th; since June 23d he has had Fouquet rooted away, and the ground clear for a Siege of Glatz. But had to abstain altogether, in the mean time; to take camp at Landshut, to march and manœuvre about, in support of Daun, and that heavy-footed gallop of Daun's which then followed: on the whole, it was not till Friedrich went for Dresden that the Siege-Artillery, from Olmütz, could be ordered forward upon Glatz; not for a fortnight more that the Artillery could come; and, in spite of

Loudon's utmost despatch, not till break of day July 26th, that the batteries could open. After which, such was Loudon's speed and fortune,—and so diligent had the Jesuits been in those seven weeks,—the "Siege," as they call it, was over in less than seven hours.

'One Colonel D'O' (Piedmontese by nation, an incompetent person, known to loud Trenck during his detention here) 'was Commandant of Glatz, and had the principal Fortress,—for there are two, one on each side of the Neisse River;—his Second was a Colonel Quadt, by birth Prussian, seemingly not very competent he either, who had command of the Old Fortress, round which lies the Town of Glatz: a little Town, abounding in Jesuits;—to whose Virgin, if readers remember, Friedrich once gave a new gown; with small effect on her, as would appear. The Quadt-D'O garrison was 2,400,—and, if tales are true, it had been well bejesuited during those seven weeks.[1] At four in the morning July 26th, the battering began on Quadt; Quadt, I will believe, responding what he could,—especially from a certain Arrowhead Redoubt (or *Flèche*) he has, which ought to have been important to him. After four or five hours of this, there was mutual pause,—as if both parties had decided upon breakfast before going farther.

'Quadt's Fortress is very strong, mostly hewn in the rock; and he has that important outwork of a *Flèche*; which is excellent for enfilading, as it extends well beyond the glacis; and, being of rock like the rest, is also abundantly defensible. Loudon's people, looking over into this *Flèche*, find it negligently guarded; Quadt at breakfast, as would seem:—and directly send for Harsch, Captain of the Siege, and even for Loudon, the General-in-Chief. Negligently guarded, sure enough; nothing in the *Flèche* but a few sentries, and these in the horizontal position, taking their *un*lawful rest there, after such a morning's work. "Seize me that," eagerly orders Loudon; "hold that with firm grip!" Which is done; only to step in softly, two battalions of you, and lay hard hold. Incompetent Quadt, figure in what a flurry, rushing out to recapture his *Flèche*,—explodes instead into mere anarchy, whole Companies of him flinging-down their arms at their Officers' feet and the like. So that Quadt is totally driven-in again, Austrians along with him; and is obliged to beat chamade;—D'O following the example, about an hour after, without even a capitulation. Was there ever seen such a defence! Major Unruh, one of a small minority, was Prussian, and stanch: here is Unruh's personal experience,—testimony on D'O's Trial, I suppose,—and now pretty much the one thing worth reading on this subject.

'*Major Unruh testifies*: "At four in the morning, 26th July 1760, the Enemy began to cannonade the Old Fortress" (that of Quadt); "and about

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 55.

FREDERIC BARON DE TRENCK.
Vous dont mes longs revers excitent le courroux,
Du despotisme affreux, detruisez la puissance,
Sous l'égide des lois, enfin rassemblez-vous,
Que l'homme en liberté, vive, raisonne et pense.

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nine, I was ordered with 150 men to clear the Envelope from Austrians. Just when I had got to the Damm-Gate, halt was called. I asked the Commandant, who was behind me, which way I should march; to the Crown-work or to the Envelope? Being answered, To the Envelope, I found on coming out at the Field-Gate nothing but an Austrian Lieutenant-Colonel and some men. He called to me, 'There had been chamade beaten, and I was not to run into destruction (*mich unglücklich machen*)!' I offered him Quarter; and took him in effect prisoner, with 20 of his best men; and sent him to the Commandant, with request that he would keep my rear free, or send me reinforcement. I shot the Enemy a great many people here; chased him from the Field-Gate, and out of both the Envelope and the Redoubt called the Crane" (that is the *Flèche* itself, only that the Austrians are mostly not now there, but gone *through* into the interior there!)—"Returning to the Field-Gate, I found that the Commandant had beaten chamade a second time; there were marching in, by this Field-Gate, two Battalions of the Austrian Regiment *Andlau*; I had to yield myself prisoner, and was taken to General Loudon. He asked me, 'Don't you know the rules of war, then; that you fire after chamade is beaten?' I answered in my heat, 'I knew of no chamade; what poltroonery or what treachery had been going on, I knew not!' Loudon answered, 'You might deserve to have your head laid at your feet, Sir! Am I here to inquire which of you shows bravery, which poltroonery?'"[1] A blazing Loudon, when the fire is up!—

After the Peace, D'O had Court-martial, which sentenced him to death, Friedrich making it perpetual imprisonment: 'Perhaps not a traitor, only a blockhead!' thought Friedrich. He had been recommended to his post by Fouquet. What Trenck writes of him is, otherwise, mostly lies.

Thus is the southern Key of Silesia (one of the two southern Keys, Neisse being the other) lost to Friedrich, for the first time; and Loudon is like to drive a trade there. 'Will absolutely nothing prosper with us, then?' Nothing, seemingly, your Majesty! Heavier news Friedrich scarcely ever had. But there is no help. This too he has to carry with him as he can into the Meissen Country. Unsuccessful altogether; beaten on every hand. Human talent, diligence, endeavour, is it but as lightning smiting the Serbonian Bog? Smite to the last, your Majesty, at any rate; let that be

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 652.

certain. As it is, and has been. That is always something, that is always a great thing.

Friedrich intends no pause in those Meissen Countries. *July 30th*, on his march northward, he detaches Hülsen with the old 10,000 to take Camp at Schlettau as before, and do his best for defence of Saxony against the Reichsfolk, numerous, but incompetent; he himself, next day, passes on, leaving Meissen a little on his right, to Schieritz, some miles farther down,—intending there to cross Elbe, and make for Silesia without loss of an hour. Need enough of speed thither; more need than even Friedrich supposes! Yesterday July 30th, Loudon's Vanguard came blockading Breslau, and this day Loudon himself;—though Friedrich heard nothing, anticipated nothing, of that dangerous fact, for a week hence or more.

Soltikof's and Loudon's united intentions on Silesia he has well known this long while; and has been perpetually dunning Prince Henri on the subject, to no purpose,—only hoping always there would probably be no great rapidity on the part of these discordant Allies. Friedrich's feelings, now that the contrary is visible, and indeed all through the Summer in regard to the Soltikof-Loudon Business, and the Fouquet-Henri method of dealing with it, have been painful enough, and are growing ever more so. Cautious Henri never would make the smallest attack on Soltikof, but merely keep observing him;—the end of which, what can the end of it be? urges Friedrich always: 'Condense yourselves; go in upon the Russians, while they are in separate corps';—and is very ill-satisfied with the languor of procedures there. As is the Prince with such reproaches, or implied reproaches, on said languor. Nor is his humour cheered, when the King's bad predictions prove true. What has it come to? These Letters of King and Prince are worth reading,—if indeed you can, in the confusion of Schöning (a somewhat exuberant man, loud rather than luminous);—so curious is the Private

Dialogue going on there at all times, in the background of the stage, between the Brothers. One short specimen, extending through the June and July just over,—specimen distilled faithfully out of that huge jumbling sea of Schöning, and rendered legible,—the reader will consent to.

Dialogue of Friedrich and Henri (from their Private Correspondence: June 7th—July 29th, 1760)

Friedrich, (June 7th; before his first crossing Elbe: Henri at Sagan; he at Schlettau, scanning the waste of fatal possibilities). * * 'Embarrassing? Not a doubt of that!' "I own, the circumstances both of us are in are like to turn my head, three or four times a day." 'Loudon aiming for Neisse, don't you think? Fouquet all in the wrong.'—"One has nothing for it but to watch where the likelihood of the biggest misfortune is, and to run thither with one's whole strength."

Henri. * * "I confess I am in great apprehension for Colberg": 'shall one make thither, think you? Russians, 8,000 as the first instalment of them, have *arrived*; got to Posen under Fermor, June 1st:—so the Commandant of Glogau writes me (see enclosed).'

Friedrich (June 9th). 'Commandant of Glogau writes impossibilities: Russians are not on march yet, nor will be for above a week.'

"I cross Elbe, the 15th. I am compelled to undertake something of decisive nature, and leave the rest to chance. For desperate disorders desperate remedies. My bed is not one of roses. Heaven aid us: for human prudence finds itself fall short in situations so cruel and desperate as ours."[1]

Henri. 'Hm, hm, ha' (Nothing but carefully-collected rumours, and wire-drawn auguries from them, on the part of Henri; very intense inspection of the chicken-bowels,—hardly ever without a shake of the head).

Friedrich (June 26th; has heard of the Fouquet disaster). * * "Yesterday my heart was torn to pieces" (news of Landshut, Fouquet's downfall there), "and I felt too sad to be in a state for writing you a sensible Letter; but today, when I have come to myself a little again, I will send you my reflections. After what has happened to Fouquet, it is certain Loudon can have no other design but on Breslau" (he designs Glatz first of all): "it will be the grand point, therefore, especially if the Russians too are bending thither, to save that Capital

[1] Schöning, ii. 313 ('Meissen Camp, 7th June, 1760'); *ib.* ii. 317 ('9th June').

of Silesia. Surely the Turks must be in motion :—if so, we are saved ; if not so, we are lost ! Today I have taken this Camp of Döbritz, in order to be more collected, and in condition to fight well, should occasion rise,—and in case all this that is said and written to me about the Turks is *true*" (which nothing of it was), "to be able to profit by it when the time comes." [1]

Henri (simultaneously, June 26th : Henri is forward from Sagan, through Frankfurt, and got settled at Landsberg, where he remains through the rest of the Dialogue). * * 'Tottleben, with his Cossacks, scouring about, got a check from us,—nothing like enough.' "By all my accounts, Soltikof, with the gross of the Russians, is marching for Posen. The other rumours and symptoms agree in indicating a separate Corps, under Fermor, who is to join Tottleben, and besiege Colberg : if both these Corps, the Colberg and the Posen one, act in concert, my embarrassment will be extreme." * * "I have just had news of what has befallen General Fouquet. Before this stroke, your affairs were desperate enough ; now I see but too well what we have to look for." [2] (How comforting !)

Friedrich. "Would to God your prayers for the swift capture of Dresden had been heard ; but unfortunately I must tell you, this stroke has failed me." * * "Dresden has been reduced to ashes, third part of the Alstadt lying burnt ;—contrary to my intentions : my orders were, To spare the City, and play the Artillery against the works. My Minister Graf von Finck will have told you what occasioned its being set on fire." [3]

Henri (July 26th ; Dresden Siege gone awry). * * "I am to keep the Russians from Frankfurt, to cover Glogau, and prevent a besieging of Breslau ! All that forms an overwhelming problem ;—which I, with my whole heart, will give up to somebody abler for it than I am." [4]

Friedrich (29th July ; quits the Trenches of Dresden this night). * * "I have seen with pain that you represent everything to yourself on the black side. I beg you, in the name of God, my dearest Brother, don't take things up in their blackest and worst shape :—it is this that throws your mind into such an indecision, which is so lamentable. Adopt a resolution rather, what resolution you like, but stand by it, and execute it with your whole strength. I conjure you, take a fixed resolution ; better a bad than none at all." * * "What is possible to man, I will do ; neither care nor consideration nor effort shall be spared, to secure the result of my plans. The rest depends on circumstances.

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[1] Schöning, ii. 341 ('Gross-Döbritz, 26th June 1760').
[2] *Ib.* ii. 339 ('Landsberg, 26th June 1760').
[3] *Ib.* ii. 361 ('2d-3d July').
[4] *Ib.* ii. 369-371 ('Landsberg, 26th July').

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Amid such a number of enemies, one cannot always do what one will, but must let *them* prescribe."[1]

An uncomfortable little Gentleman; but full of faculty, if one can manage to get good of it! Here, what might have preceded all the above, and been preface to it, is a pretty passage from him; a glimpse he has had of Sans-Souci, before setting-out on those gloomy marchings and cunctatory hagglings. Henri writes (at Torgau, April 26th, just back from Berlin and farewell of friends):

'I mean to march the day after tomorrow. I took arrangements with General Fouquet' (about that long fine-spun Chain of Posts, where we are to do such service?)—'the Black Hussars cannot be here till tomorrow, otherwise I should have marched a day sooner. My Brother' (poor little invalid Ferdinand) 'charged me to lay him at your feet. I found him weak and thin, more so than formerly. Returning hither, the day before yesterday, I passed through Potsdam; I went to Sans-Souci' (April 24th, 1760):—'all is green there; the Garden embellished, and seemed to me excellently kept. Though these details cannot occupy you at present, I thought it would give you pleasure to hear of them for a moment.'[2] Ah, yes; all is so green and blessedly silently there: sight of the lost Paradise, actually *it*, visible for a moment yonder, far away, while one goes whirling in this manner on the illimitable wracking winds!—

Here finally, from a distant part of the War-Theatre, is another Note; which we will read while Friedrich is at Schieritz. At no other place so properly; the very date of it, chief date (July 31st), being by accident synchronous with Schieritz:

Duke Ferdinand's Battle of Warburg (31st July 1760)

Duke Ferdinand has opened his difficult Campaign; and especially,—just while that Siege of Dresden blazed and ended,—has had three sharp

[1] Schöning, ii. 370-2 ('Leubnitz, before Dresden, 29th July 1760').

[2] *Ib.* ii. 263 ('Torgau, 26th April 1760').

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Fights, which were then very loud in the Gazettes, along with it. Three once famous Actions; which unexpectedly had little or no result, and are very much forgotten now. So that bare enumeration of them is nearly all we are permitted here. Pitt has furnished 7,000 new English, this Campaign,—there are now 20,000 English in all, and a Duke Ferdinand raised to 70,000 men. Surely, under good omens, thinks Pitt; and still more think the Gazetteers, judging by appearances. Yes: but if Broglio have 130,000, what will it come to? Broglio is two to one; and has, before this, proved himself a considerable Captain.

Fight *first* is that of *Korbach* (July 10th): of Broglio, namely, who has got across the River Ohm in Hessen (to Ferdinand's great disgust with the General Imbof in command there), and is streaming on to seize the Diemel River, and menace Hanover; of Broglio, in successive sections, at a certain "Pass of Korbach," *versus* the Hereditary Prince (*Erbprinz* of Brunswick), who is waiting for him there in one good section,—and who beautifully hurls back one and another of the Broglio sections; but cannot hurl back the whole Broglio Army, *all* marching by sections that way; and has to retire, back-foremost, fencing sharply, still in a diligently handsome manner, though with loss.[1] That is the Battle of Korbach, fought July 10th,—while Lacy streamed through Dresden, panting to be at Plauen Chasm, safe at last.

Fight *second* (July 16th) was a kind of revenge on the Erbprinz's part: Affair of *Emsdorf*, six days after, in the same neighbourhood; beautiful too, said the Gazetteers; but of result still more insignificant. Hearing of a considerable French Brigade posted not far off, at that Village of Emsdorf, to guard Broglio's meal-carts there, the indignant Erbprinz shoots-off for that; light of foot,—English horse mainly, and Hill Scots (*Berg-Schotten* so called, who have a fine free stride, in summer weather);—dashes-in upon said Brigade (Dragoons of Bauffremont and other picked men), who stood firmly on the defensive; but were cut up, in an amazing manner, root and branch, after a fierce struggle, and as it were brought home in one's pocket. To the admiration of military circles,—especially of messrooms and the junior sort. 'Elliot's light horse' (part of the new 7,000), 'what a regiment! Unparalleled for willingness, and audacity of fence; lost 125 killed,'—in fact, the loss chiefly fell on Elliot.[2] The *Berg-Schotten* too,—I think it was here that these kilted fellows, who had marched with such a stride, 'came home mostly riding': poor Bauffremont Dragoons being entirely cut up, or pocketed as prisoners, and their horses ridden in this unexpected manner! But we must not linger,—hardly even on *Warburg*, which

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 105.

[2] *Ib.* ii. 109 (Prisoners got 'were 2,661, including General and Officers 179,' with all their furnitures whatsoever, '400 horses, 8 cannon,' etc.).

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was the *third* and greatest; and has still points of memorability, though now so obliterated.

'Warburg,' says my Note on this latter, 'is a pleasant little Hessian Town, some twenty-five miles west of Cassel, standing on the north or left bank of the Diemel, among fruitful knolls and hollows. The famous "*Battle of Warburg*,"—if you try to inquire in the Town itself, from your brief railway-station, it is much if some intelligent inhabitant, at last, remembers to have heard of it! The thing went thus: Chevalier du Muy, who is Broglio's Rear-guard or Reserve, 30,000 foot and horse, with his back to the Diemel, and eight bridges across it in case of accident, has his right flank leaning on Warburg, and his left on a Village of Ossendorf, some two miles to north-west of that. Broglio, Prince Xavier of Saxony, especially Duke Ferdinand, are all vehemently and mysteriously moving about, since that Fight of Korbach; Broglio intent to have Cassel besieged, Du Muy keeping the Diemel for him; Ferdinand eager to have the Diemel back from Du Muy and him.

'Two days ago (July 29th), the Erbprinz crossed over into these neighbourhoods, with a strong Vanguard, nearly equal to Du Muy; and, after studious reconnoitering and survey had, means, this morning (July 31st), to knock him over the Diemel again, if he can. No time to be lost; Broglio near and in such force. Duke Ferdinand too, quitting Broglio for a moment, is on march this way; crossed the Diemel, about midnight, some ten miles farther down, or eastward, will thence bend southward, at his best speed, to support the Erbprinz, if necessary, and beset the Diemel when got;—Erbprinz not, however, in any wise, to wait for him; such the pressure from Broglio and others. A most busy swift-going scene that morning;—hardly worth such describing at this date of time.

'The Erbprinz, who is still rather to north-eastward, that is to rightward, not directly frontward, of Du Muy's lines; and whose plan of attack is still dark to Du Muy, commences' (about 8 A.M., I should guess) 'by launching his British Legion so-called,—which is a composite body, of Free-Corps nature, British some of it ("Colonel Beckwith's people," for example), not British by much the most of it, but an aggregate of wild strikers, given to plunder too:—by launching his British Legion upon Warburg Town, there to take charge of Du Muy's right wing. Which Legion, "with great rapidity, not only pitched the French all out, but clean plundered the poor Town"; and is a sad sore on Du Muy's right, who cannot get it attended to, in the ominous aspects elsewhere visible. For the Erbprinz, who is a strategic creature, comes on, in the style of Friedrich, not straight towards Du Muy, but sweeps out in two columns round northward; privately intending upon Du

Muy's left wing and front—left wing, right wing (by British Legion), and front, all three ;—and is well aided by a mist which now fell, and which hung on the higher ground, and covered his march, for an hour or more. This mist had not begun when he saw, on the knoll-tops, far off on the right, but indisputable as he flattered himself,—something of Ferdinand emerging! Saw this ; and pours along, we can suppose, with still better step and temper. And bursts, pretty simultaneously, upon Du Muy's right wing and left wing, coercing his front the while ; squelches both these wings furiously together ; forces the coerced centre, mostly horse, to plunge back into the Diemel, and swim. Horse could swim ; but many of the Foot, who tried, got drowned. And, on the whole, Du Muy is a good deal wrecked' (1,500 killed, 2,000 prisoners, not to speak of cannon and flags), 'and, but for his eight bridges, would have been totally ruined.

'The fight was uncommonly furious, especially on Du Muy's left ; "Maxwell's Brigade" going at it, with the finest bayonet-practice, musketry, artillery-practice ; obstinate as bears. On Du Muy's right, the British Legion, left wing, British too by name, had a much easier job. But the fight generally was of hot and stubborn kind, for hours, perhaps two or more ;—and some say, would not have ended so triumphantly, had it not been for Duke Ferdinand's Vanguard, Lord Granby and the English Horse ; who, warned by the noise ahead, pushed on at the top of their speed, and got in before the death. Granby and the Blues had gone at the high trot, for above five miles ; and, I doubt not, were in keen humour when they rose to the gallop and slashed in. Mauvillon says, "It was in this attack that Lord Granby, at the head of the Blues, his own regiment, had his hat blown off ; a big bald circle in his head rendering the loss more conspicuous. But he never minded ; stormed still on," bare bald head among the helmets and sabres ; "and made it very evident that had he, instead of Sackville, led at Minden, there had been a different story to tell. The English, by their valour," adds he, "greatly distinguished themselves this day. And accordingly they suffered by far the most ; their loss amounting to 590 men" : or, as others count,—out of 1,200 killed and wounded, 800 were English.[1]

This of Granby and the bald head is mainly what now renders Warburg memorable. For, in a year or two, the excellent Reynolds did a Portrait of Granby ; and by no means forgot this incident ; but gives

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 114. Or better, in all these three cases, as elsewhere, Tempelhof's specific Chapter on Ferdinand (Tempelhof, iv. 101-122). Ferdinand's Despatch (to King George), in *Knesebeck*, ii. 96-98 ;—or in the Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 386, 387), where also is Lord Granby's Despatch.

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him bare-headed, bare and bald; the oblivious British connoisseur not now knowing why, as perhaps he ought. The Portrait, I suppose, may be in Belvoir Castle; the artistic Why of the baldness is this *Battle of Warburg*, as above. An Affair otherwise of no moment. Ferdinand had soon to quit the Diemel, or to find it useless for him, and to try other methods,—fencing gallantly, but too weak for Broglio; and, on the whole, had a difficult Campaign of it, against that considerable Soldier with forces so superior.

CHAPTER III

BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ

Friedrich stayed hardly one day in Meissen Country; Silesia, in the jaws of destruction, requiring such speed from him. His new Series of Marches thitherward, for the next two weeks especially, with Daun and Lacy, and at last with Loudon too, for escort, are still more singular than the foregoing; a fortnight of Soldier History such as is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. Of his inward gloom one hears nothing. But the Problem itself approaches to the desperate; needing daily new invention, new audacity, with imminent destruction overhanging it throughout. A March distinguished in Military Annals;—but of which it is not for us to pretend treating. Military readers will find it in *Tempelhof*, and the supplementary Books from time to time cited here. And, for our own share, we can only say, that Friedrich's labours strike us as abundantly Herculean; more Alcides-like than ever,—the rather as hopes of any success have sunk lower than ever. A modern Alcides, appointed to confront Tartarus itself, and be victorious over the Three-headed Dog. Daun, Lacy, Loudon coming on you simultaneously, open-mouthed, are a considerable Tartarean Dog! Soldiers judge that the King's resources of genius were extremely conspicuous on this occasion; and to all men it is in evidence that seldom in the Arena of this Universe, looked-on by the idle Populaces

and by the eternal Gods and Anti-gods (called Devils), did a Son of Adam fence better for himself, now and throughout.

This, his Third march to Silesia in 1760, is judged to be the most forlorn and ominous Friedrich ever made thither; real peril, and ruin to Silesia and him, more imminent than even in the old Leuthen days. Difficulties, complicacies very many, Friedrich can foresee: a Daun's Army and a Lacy's for escort to us; and such a Silesia when we do arrive. And there is one complicacy more which he does not yet know of; that of Loudon waiting ahead to welcome him, on crossing the Frontier, and increase his escort thenceforth!—Or rather, let us say, Friedrich, thanks to the despondent Henri and others, has escaped a great Silesian Calamity;—of which he will hear, with mixed emotions, on arriving at Bunzlau on the Silesian Frontier, six days after setting out. Since the loss of Glatz (July 26th), Friedrich has no news of Loudon; supposes him to be trying something upon Neisse, to be adjusting with his slow Russians; and, in short, to be out of the dismal account-current just at present. That is not the fact in regard to Loudon; that is far from the fact.

Loudon is trying a Stroke-of-hand on Breslau, in the Glatz Fashion, in the Interim (July 30th—August 3d)

Hardly above six hours after taking Glatz, swift Loudon, no Daun now tethering him (Daun standing, or sitting, 'in relief of Dresden' far off), was on march for Breslau—Vanguard of him 'marched that same evening (July 26th)'; in the liveliest hope of capturing Breslau; especially if Soltikof, to whom this of Glatz ought to be a fine symbol and pledge, make speed to coöperate. Soltikof is in no violent enthusiasm about Glatz; anxious rather about his own Magazine at Posen, and how to get it carted-out of Henri's way, in case of our advancing towards some Silesian Siege. 'If we were not ruined last year, it wasn't Daun's fault!' growls he often;

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and Montalembert has need of all his suasive virtues (which are wonderful to look at, if anybody cared to look at them, all flung into the sea in this manner) for keeping the barbarous man in any approach to harmony. The barbarous man had, after haggle enough, adjusted himself for besieging Glogau; and is surly to hear, on the sudden (order from Petersburg, reinforcing Loudon), that it is Breslau instead. 'Excellenz, it is not Cunctator Daun this time, it is fiery Loudon.' 'Well, Breslau, then!' answers Soltikof at last, after much suasion. And marches thither;[1] faster than usual, quickened by new temporary hopes, of Montalembert's raising or one's own: 'What a place-of-arms, and place of victual, would Breslau be for us, after all!'

And really mends his pace, mends it ever more, as matters grow stringent; and advances upon Breslau at his swiftest: 'To rendezvous with Loudon under the walls there,—within the walls very soon, and ourselves chief proprietor!'—as may be hoped. Breslau has a garrison of 4,000, only 1,000 of them stanch; and there are, among other bad items, 9,000 Austrian Prisoners in it. A big City with weak walls: another place to defend than rockhewn little Glatz,—if there be no better than a D'O for Commandant in it! But perhaps there is.

'*Wednesday 30th July*, Loudon's Vanguard arrived at Breslau; next day Loudon himself;—and besieged Breslau very violently, according to his means, till the Sunday following. Troops he has plenty, 40,000 odd, which he gives out for 50 or even 60,000; not to speak of Soltikof, "with 75,000" (read 45,000), striding on in a fierce and dreadful manner to meet him here. "Better surrender to Christian Austrians, had not you?' Loudon's Artillery is not come up, it is only struggling on from Glatz; Soltikof of his own has no Siege-Artillery; and Loudon judges that heavy-footed Soltikof, waited on by an alert Prince Henri, is a problematic quantity in this enterprise. "Speedy oneself; speedy and fiery!" thinks Loudon: "by violence of speed, of bullying and bombardment, perhaps we can still do it!" And Loudon tried all these things to a high stretch; but found in Tauentzien the wrong man.

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 87-89 ('Rose from Posen July 26th').

'*Thursday* 31*st*, Loudon, who has two bridges over Oder, and the Town begirt all round, summons Tauentzien in an awful-sounding tone: "Consider, Sir, no defence possible; a trading Town, you ought not to attempt defence of it: surrender on fair terms, or I shall, which God forbid, be obliged to burn you and it from the face of the world!" "Pooh, pooh," answers Tauentzien, in brief polite terms; "you yourselves had no doubt it was a Garrison, when we besieged you here, on the heel of Leuthen; had you? Go to!"—Fiery Loudon cannot try storm, the Town having Oder and a wet ditch round it. He gets his bombarding batteries forward, as the one chance he has, aided by bullying. And tomorrow,

'*Friday August* 1*st*, sends, half officially, half in the friendly way, dreadful messages again: a warning to the Mayor of Breslau (which was not signed by Loudon), "Death and destruction, Sir, unless"—!—warning to the Mayor; and, by the same private half-official messenger, a new summons to Tauentzien: "Bombardment infallible; universal massacre by Croats; I will not spare the child in its mother's womb." "I am not with child," said Tauentzien, "nor are my soldiers! What is the use of such talk?" And about 10 that night, Loudon does accordingly break-out into all the fire of bombardment he is master of. Kindles the Town in various places, which were quenched again by Tauentzien's arrangements; kindles especially the King's fine Dwelling-house (Palace they call it), and adjacent streets, not quenchable till Palace and they are much ruined. Will this make no impression? Far too little.

'Next morning Loudon sends a private messenger of conciliatory tone: "Any terms your Excellency likes to name. Only spare me the general massacre, and child in the mother's womb!" From all which Tauentzien infers that you are probably short of ammunition; and that his outlooks are improving. That day he gets guns brought to bear on General Loudon's own quarter; blazes into Loudon's sitting-room, so that Loudon has to shift elsewhither. No bombardment ensues that night; nor next day anything but desultory cannonading, and much noise and motion;—and at night, *Sunday 3d*, everything falls quiet, and, to the glad amazement of everybody, Loudon has vanished.'[1]

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[1] Tempelhof, iv. 90-100; Archenholtz, ii. 89-94; *Hofbericht von der Belagerung von Breslau im August* 1760 (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 688-698); also in *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 299-309: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 115-124), that is, in the *Old Newspapers*, extremely particular account, How 'not only the finest Horse in Breslau, and the finest House' (King's Palace), 'but the handsomest Man, and, alas, also the prettiest Girl' (poor Jungfer Müller, shattered by a bomb-shell on the streets), were destroyed in this short Siege,'—world-famous for the moment. Preuss, ii. 246.

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Loudon had no other shift left. This Sunday his Russians are still five-days distant; alert Henri, on the contrary, is, in a sense, come to hand. Crossed the Katzbach River this day, the Vanguard of him did, at Parchwitz; and fell upon our Bakery; which has had to take the road. 'Guard the Bakery, all hands there,' orders Loudon; 'off to Striegau and the Hills with it';—and is himself gone thither after it, leaving Breslau, Henri and the Russians to what fate may be in store for them. Henri has again made one of his winged marches, the deft creature, though the despondent; 'march of 90 miles in three days' (in the last three, from Glogau, 90; in the whole, from Landsberg, above 200), 'and has saved the State,' says Retzow. 'Made no camping, merely bivouacked; halting for a rest four or five hours here and there;[1] and on August 5th is at Lissa (this side the Field of Leuthen); making Breslau one of the gladdest of cities.

So that Soltikof, on arriving (village of Hundsfeld, August 8th), by the other side of the River, finds Henri's advanced guards intrenched over there, in Old Oder; no Russian able to get within five miles of Breslau,—nor able to do more than cannonade in the distance, and ask with indignation, 'Where are the siege-guns, then; where is General Loudon? Instead of Breslau capturable, and a sure Magazine for us, here is Henri, and nothing but steel to eat!' And the Soltikof risen into Russian rages, and the Montalembert sunk in difficulties: readers can imagine these. Indignant Soltikof, deaf to suasion, with this dangerous Henri in attendance, is gradually edging back; always rather back, with an eye to his provisions, and to certain bogs and woods he knows of. But we will leave the Soltikof-Henri end of the line, for the opposite end, which is more interesting.—To Friedrich, till he got to Silesia itself, these events are totally unknown. His cunctatory Henri, by this winged march, when the moment came, what a service has he done!—

[1] Retzow, ii. 230 (very vague); in Tempelhof (iv. 89, 90, 95-97) clear and specific account.

Tauentzien's behaviour, also, has been superlative at Breslau; and was never forgotten by the King. A very brave man, testifies Lessing of him; true to the death: 'Had there come but three, to rally with the King under a bush of the forest, Tauentzien would have been one.' Tauentzien was on the ramparts once, in this Breslau pinch, giving orders; a bomb burst beside him, did not injure him. 'Mark that place,' said Tauentzien; and clapt his hat on it, continuing his orders, till a more permanent mark were put. In that spot, as intended through the next thirty years, he now lies buried.[1]

Friedrich on March, for the Third Time, to rescue Silesia (August 1st-15th)

August 1st, Friedrich crossed the Elbe at Zehren, in the Schieritz vicinity, as near Meissen as he could; but it had to be some six miles farther down, such the liabilities to Austrian disturbance. All are across that morning by 5 o'clock (began at 2); whence we double back eastward, and camp that night at Dallwitz,—are quietly asleep there, while Loudon's bombardment bursts out on Breslau, far away! At Dallwitz we rest next day, wait for our Bakeries and Baggages: and *Sunday August 3d*, at 2 in the morning, set forth on the forlornest adventure in the world.

The arrangements of the March, foreseen and settled beforehand to the last item, are of a perfection beyond praise; —as is still visible in the General Order, or summary of directions given out; which, to this day, one reads with a kind of satisfaction like that derivable from the Forty-seventh of Euclid: clear to the meanest capacity, not a word wanting in it, not a word superfluous, solid as geometry. 'The Army marches always in Three Columns, left Column foremost: our First Line of Battle' (in case we have fighting) 'is this foremost Column; Second Line is the Second Column; Reserve

[1] *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 72-75; Lessing's *Werke*; etc. etc.

is the Third. All Generals' chaises, money-wagons, and regimental Surgeons' wagons remain with their respective Battalions; as do the Heavy Batteries with the Brigades to which they belong. When the march is through woody country, the Cavalry regiments go in between the Battalions' (to be ready against Pandour operations and accidents).

'With the First Column, the Ziethen Hussars and Free-Battalion Courbière have always the vanguard; Möhring Hussars and Free-Battalion Quintus' (speed to you, learned friend!) 'the rearguard. With the Second Column always the Dragoon regiments Normann and Krockow have the vanguard; Regiment Czetteritz' (Dragoons, poor Czetteritz himself, with his lost *Manuscript*, is captive since February last), 'the rearguard. With the Third Column always the Dragoon regiment Holstein as head, and the ditto Finckenstein to close the Column.'—'During every march, however, there are to be of the Second Column 2 Battalions joined with Column Third; so that the Third Column consist of 10 Battalions, the Second of 6, while on march.

'Ahead of each Column go three Pontoon Wagons; and daily are 50 work-people allowed them, who are immediately to lay Bridge, where it is necessary. The rearguard of each Column takes up these Bridges again; brings them on, and returns them to the head of the Column, when the Army has got to camp. In the Second Column are to be 500 wagons, and also in the Third 500; so shared that each battalion gets an equal number. The battalions—'[1] * * This may serve as specimen.

The March proceeded through the old Country; a little to left of the track in June past: Röder Water, Pulsnitz Water; Kamenz neighbourhood, Bautzen neighbourhood,—Bunzlau on Silesian ground. Daun, at Bischofswerda, had foreseen this March; and, by his Light people, had spoiled the Road all he could; broken all the Bridges, *half*-felled the Woods (to render them impassable). Daun, the instant he heard of the actual March, rose from Bischofswerda: forward, forward always,

[1] In Tempelhof (iv. 125, 126) the entire Piece.

to be ahead of it, however rapid; Lacy, hanging on the rear of it, willing to give trouble with his Pandour harpies, but studious above all that it should not whirl round anywhere and get upon his, Lacy's, own throat. One of the strangest marches ever seen. 'An onlooker, who had observed the march of these different Armies,' says Friedrich, 'would have thought that they all belonged to one leader. Feldmarschall Daun's he would have taken for the Vanguard, the King's for the main Army, and General Lacy's for the Rearguard.'[1] Tempelhof says: 'It is given only to a Friedrich to march on those terms; between Two hostile Armies, his equals in strength, and a Third' (Loudon's, in Striegau Country) 'waiting ahead.'

The March passed without accident of moment; had not, from Lacy or Daun, any accident whatever. On the second day, an Aide-de-Camp of Daun's was picked-up, with Letters from Lacy (back of the cards visible to Friedrich). Once,—it is the third day of the March (August 6th, village of Rothwasser to be quarter for the night),—on coming toward Neisse River, some careless Officer, trusting to peasants, instead of examining for himself and building a bridge, drove his Artillery-wagons into the so-called ford of Neisse; which nearly swallowed the foremost of them in quicksands. Nearly, but not completely; and caused a loss of five or six hours to that Second Column. So that darkness came on Column Second in the woody intricacies; and several hundreds of the deserter kind took the opportunity of disappearing altogether. An unlucky, evidently too languid Officer; though Friedrich did not annihilate the poor fellow, perhaps did not rebuke him at all, but merely marked it in elucidation of his qualities for time coming. 'This miserable village of Rothwasser' (headquarters after the dangerous fording of Neisse), says Mitchell, 'stands in the middle of a wood, almost as wild and impenetrable as those in North America. There was hardly ground enough cleared about it for the encampment of the troops.'[2] *Thursday August 7th,* Friedrich,—traversing the whole Country, but more direct, by Königsbrück and Kamenz this time,—is at Bunzlau altogether. 'Bunzlau on the Bober'; the *Silesian* Bunzlau, not the Bohemian or any of the others. It is some 30 miles west of Liegnitz, which again lies some 40 north-west of Schweidnitz and the Strong Places. Friedrich has now done 100 miles of excellent marching; and he has still a good spell more to do,—dragging '2,000 heavy wagons' with him, and across such impediments within and without. Readers that care to study him, especially for the next few days, will find it worth their while.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 56.

[2] Mitchell, ii. 190; Tempelhof, iv. 131.

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Tempelhof gives, as usual, a most clear Account, minute to a degree; which, supplemented by Mitchell and a Reimann Map, enables us as it were to accompany, and to witness with our eyes. Hitherto a March toilsome in the extreme, in spite of everything done to help it; starting at 3 or at 2 in the morning; resting to breakfast in some shady place, while the sun is high, frugally cooking under the shady woods,—'*Burschen abzukochen* here,' as the Order pleasantly bears. All encamped now, at Bunzlau in Silesia, on Thursday evening, with a very eminent week's work behind them. 'In the last five days, above 100 miles of road, and such road; five considerable rivers in it'—Bober, Queiss, Neisse, Spree, Elbe; and with such a wagon-train of 2,000 teams. [1]

Proper that we rest a day here; in view of the still swifter marchings and sudden dashings about, which lie ahead. It will be by extremely nimble use of all the limbs we have,—hands as well as feet,—if any good is to come of us now! Friedrich is aware that Daun already holds Striegau 'as an outpost' (Loudon thereabouts, unknown to Friedrich), 'these several days'; and that Daun personally is at Schmöttseifen, in our own old Camp there, twenty or thirty miles to south of us, and has his Lacy to leftward of him, partly even to rearward: rather in advance of *us*, both of them,—if we were for Landshut;* which we are not. 'Be swift enough, may not we cut through to Jauer, and get ahead of Daun?' counts Friedrich: 'To Jauer, south-east of us, from Bunzlau here, is 40 miles; and to Jauer it is above 30 east for Daun: possible to be there before Daun! Jauer ours, thence to the Heights of Striegau and Hohenfriedberg Country, within wind of Schweidnitz, of Breslau: magazines, union with Prince Henri, all secure thereby?' So reckons the sanguine Friedrich; unaware that Loudon, with his corps of 35,000, has been summoned hitherward; which will make important differences! Loudon, Beck with a smaller Satellite Corps, both these, unknown to Friedrich, lie ready on the east of him: Loudon's Army on the east; Daun's, Lacy's on the south and west; three big Armies, with their Satellites, gathering in upon this King: here is a Three-headed Dog, in the Tartarus of a world he now has! On the fourth side of him is Oder, and the Russians, who are also perhaps building Bridges, by way of a supplementary or fourth head.

August 9th (*Bunzlau to Goldberg*), Friedrich, with his Three Columns and perfect arrangements, makes a long march: from Bunzlau at 3 in the morning; and at 5 afternoon arrives in sight of the Katzbach Valley, with the little Town of Goldberg some miles to right. Katzbach River is here; and Jauer, for tomorrow, still fifteen miles ahead. But on reconnoitering here, all is locked and bolted: Lacy strong on the Hills of Goldberg; Daun visible across the Katzbach; Daun, and behind him

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 123-150.

* See Map, p. 321.

Loudon, inexpugnably posted: Jauer an impossibility! We have bread only for eight days; our Magazines are at Schweidnitz and Breslau: what is to be done? Get through, one way or other, we needs must! Friedrich encamps for the night; expecting an attack. If not attacked, he will make for Liegnitz leftward; cross the Katzbach there, or farther down at Parchwitz:—Parchwitz, Neumarkt, *Leuthen*, we have been in that country before now.—Courage!

August 10th-11th (to Liegnitz and back). At 5 A.M., Sunday August 10th, Friedrich, nothing of attack having come, got on march again: down his own left bank of the Katzbach, straight for Liegnitz; unopposed altogether; not even a Pandour having attacked him overnight. But no sooner is he under way, than Daun too rises; Daun, Loudon, close by, on the other side of Katzbach, and keep step with us, on our right; Lacy's light people hovering on our rear:—three truculent fellows in buckram; fancy the feelings of the wayworn solitary fourth, whom they are gloomily dogging in this way! The solitary fourth does his fifteen miles to Liegnitz, unmolested by them; encamps on the Heights which look down on Liegnitz over the south; finds, however, that the Loudon-Daun people have likewise been diligent; that they now lie stretched-out on their right bank, three or four miles up-stream or to rearward, and what is far worse, seven miles downwards, or ahead: that, in fact, they are a march nearer Parchwitz than he;—and that there is again no possibility. 'Perhaps by Jauer, then, still? Out of this, and at lowest, into some vicinity of bread, it does behove us to be!' At 11 that night Friedrich gets on march again; returns the way he came. And,

August 11th, At daybreak, is back to his old ground; nothing now to oppose him but Lacy, who is gone across from Goldberg, to linger as rear of the Daun-Loudon march. Friedrich steps across on Lacy, thirsting to have a stroke at Lacy; who vanishes fast enough, leaving the ground clear. Could but our baggage have come as fast as we! But our baggage, Quintus guarding and urging, has to groan on for five hours yet; and without it, there is no stirring. Five mortal hours;—by which time, Daun, Lacy, Loudon are all up again; between us and Jauer, between us and everything helpful;—and Friedrich has to encamp in Seichau,—'a very poor Village in the Mountains' (writes Mitchell, who was painfully present there), 'surrounded on all sides by Heights; on several of which, in the evening, the Austrians took camp, separated from us by a deep ravine only.'[1]

Outlooks are growing very questionable to Mitchell and everybody. 'Only four-days provisions' (in reality six), whisper the Prussian Generals gloomily to Mitchell and to

[1] Mitchell, ii. 194.

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one another: 'Shall we have to make for Glogau, then, and leave Breslau to its fate? Or perhaps it will be a second Maxen to his Majesty and us, who was so indignant with poor Finck?' My friends, no; a Maxen like Finck's it will never be: a very different Maxen, if any! But we hope better things.

Friedrich's situation, grasped in the Three-lipped Pincers in this manner, is conceivable to readers. Soltikof, on the other side of Oder, as supplementary or fourth lip, is very impatient with these three. 'Why all this dodging, and fidgeting to and fro? You are above three to one of your enemy. Why don't you close on him at once, if you mean it at all? The end is, He will be across Oder; and it is I that shall have the brunt to bear: Henri and he will enclose me between two fires!' And in fact, Henri, as we know, though Friedrich does not or only half does, has gone across Oder, to watch Soltikof, and guard Breslau from any attempts of his, —which are far from *his* thoughts at this moment;—a Soltikof fuming violently at the thought of such cunctations, and of being made cat's-paw again. 'Know, however, that I understand you,' violently fumes Soltikof, 'and that I won't. I fall back into the Trebnitz Bog-Country, on my own right bank here, and look out for my own safety.'—'Patience, your noble Excellenz,' answer they always; 'oh, patience yet a little! Only yesterday (Sunday 10th, the day after his arrival in this region), we had decided to attack and crush him; Sunday very early:[1] but he skipped away to Liegnitz. Oh, be patient yet a day or two: he skips about at such a rate!' Montalembert has to be suasive as the Muses and the Sirens. Soltikof gloomily consents to another day or two. And even, such his anxiety lest this swift King skip over upon *him*, pushes-out a considerable Russian Division, 24,000 ultimately, under Czernichef, towards the King's side of things, towards Auras on Oder, namely,—there to watch for oneself these interesting Royal movements; or even to join with Loudon

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 137, 148-150.

out there, if that seem the safer course, against them. Of Czernichef at Auras we shall hear farther on,—were these Royal movements once got completed a little.

Morning of August 12th, Friedrich has, in his bad lodging at Seichau, laid a new plan of route: 'Towards Schweidnitz let it be; round by Pombsen and the south-east, by the Hill-roads, make a sweep flankward of the enemy!'—and has people out reconnoitering the Hill-roads. Hears, however, about 8 o'clock, That Austrians in strength are coming between us and Goldberg! 'Intending to enclose us in this bad pot of a Seichau; no crossing of the Katzbach, or other retreat to be left us at all?' Friedrich strikes his tents; ranks himself; is speedily in readiness for dispute of such extremity;—sends out new patrols, however, to ascertain. 'Austrians in strength' there are *not* on the side indicated; —whereupon he draws-in again. But, on the other hand, the Hill-roads are reported absolutely impassable for baggage; Pombsen an impossibility, as the other places have been. So Friedrich sits down again in Seichau to consider; does not stir all day. To Mitchell's horror, who, 'with great labour,' burns all the legationary ciphers and papers ('impossible to save the baggage if we be attacked in this hollow pot of a Camp'), and feels much relieved on finishing.[1]

Towards sunset, General Bülow, with the Second Line (second column of march), is sent out Goldberg-way, to take hold of the passage of the Katzbach: and at 8 that night we all march, recrossing there about 1 in the morning; thence down our left bank to Liegnitz for the second time, —sixteen hours of it in all, or till noon of the 13th. Mitchell had been put with the Cavalry part; and 'cannot but observe to your Lordship what a chief comfort it was in this long, dangerous, and painful March,' to have burnt one's ciphers and dread secrets quite out of the way.

And thus, *Wednesday, August 13th,* about noon, we are in our old Camp; Headquarter in the southern suburb of Liegnitz (a wretched little Tavern, which they still show there, on mythical terms): main part of the Camp, I should think, is on that range of Heights, which reaches two miles southward, and is now called '*Siegesberg* (Victory Hill)' from a modern Monument built on it, after nearly 100 years. Here Friedrich stays one day,—more exactly, 30 hours;—and his shifting, next time, is extremely memorable.

[1] Mitchell, ii. 144; Tempelhof, iv. 144.

Battle, in the Neighbourhood of Liegnitz, does ensue
(Friday morning 15th August 1760)

Daun, Lacy and Loudon, the Three-lipped Pincers, have of course followed, and are again agape for Friedrich, all in scientific postures: Daun in the Jauer region, seven or eight miles south; Lacy about Goldberg, as far to south-west; Loudon 'between Jeschkendorf and Koischwitz,' north-eastward, somewhat closer on Friedrich, with the Katzbach intervening. That Czernichef, with an additional 24,000, to rear of Loudon, is actually crossing Oder at Auras, with an eye to junction, Friedrich does not hear till tomorrow.[1]

The scene is rather pretty, if one admired scenes. Liegnitz, a square, handsome, brick-built Town, of old standing, in good repair (population then, say 7,000), with fine old castellated edifices and aspects: pleasant meeting, in level circumstances, of the Katzbach valley with the Schwartzwasser (*Black-water*) ditto, which forms the north rim of Liegnitz; pleasant mixture of green poplars and brick towers, —as seen from that 'Victory Hill' (more likely to be 'Immediate-Ruin Hill!') where the King now is. Beyond Liegnitz and the Schwartzwasser, north-westward, right opposite to the King's, rise other Heights, called of Pfaffendorf, which guard the two streams *after* their uniting. Kloster Wahlstatt, a famed place, lies visible to south-east, few miles off. Readers recollect one Blücher 'Prince of Wahlstatt,' so named from one of his Anti-Napoleon victories gained there? Wahlstatt was the scene of an older Fight, almost six centuries older,[2]—a then Prince of Liegnitz *versus* hideous Tartar multitudes, who rather beat him; and has been a *Cloister* Wahlstatt ever since. Till Thursday 14th, about 8 in the evening, Friedrich continued in his Camp at Liegnitz. We are now within reach of a notable Passage of War.

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 148-151; Mitchell, ii. 197.
[2] April 9th, 1241 (Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*).

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Friedrich's Camp extends from the Village of Schimmelwitz, fronting the Katzbach for about two miles, north-eastward, to his Headquarter in Liegnitz Suburb: Daun is on his right and rearward, now come within four or five miles; Loudon to his left and frontward, four or five, the Katzbach separating Friedrich and him; Lacy lies from Goldberg north-eastward, to within perhaps a like distance rearward: that is the position on Thursday 14th.* Provisions being all but run-out; and three Armies, 90,000 (not to count Czernichef and his 24,000 as a fourth) watching round our 30,000, within a few miles; there is no staying here, beyond this day. If even this day it be allowed us? This day, Friedrich had to draw-out, and stand to arms for some hours; while the Austrians appeared extensively on the Heights about, apparently intending an attack; till it proved to be nothing: only an elaborate reconnoitering by Daun; and we returned to our tents again.

Friedrich understands well enough that Daun, with the facts now before him, will gradually form his plan, and also, from the lie of matters, what his plan will be: many are the times Daun has elaborately reconnoitered, elaborately laid his plan; but found, on coming to execute, that his Friedrich was off in the interim, and the plan gone to air. Friedrich has about 2,000 wagons to drag with him in these swift marches: Glogau Magazine, his one resource, should Breslau and Schweidnitz prove unattainable, is forty-five long miles north-westward. 'Let us lean upon Glogau withal,' thinks Friedrich; 'and let us be out of this straightway! March tonight; towards Parchwitz, which is towards Glogau too. Army rest till daybreak on the Heights of Pfaffendorf yonder, to examine, to wait its luck: let the empty meal-wagons jingle on to Glogau; load themselves there, and jingle back to us in Parchwitz neighbourhood, should Parchwitz not have proved impossible to our manœuvrings,—let us hope it may not!'— —Daun and the Austrians having ceased recon-

* Plan at p. 321.

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noitering, and gone home, Friedrich rides with his Generals, through Liegnitz, across the Schwartzwasser, to the Pfaffendorf Heights. 'Here, Messieurs, is our first halting-place to be: here we shall halt till daybreak, while the meal-wagons jingle on!' And explains to them orally where each is to take post, and how to behave. Which done, he too returns home, no doubt a wearied individual; and at 4 of the afternoon lies down to try for an hour or two of sleep, while all hands are busy packing, according to the Orders given.

It is a fact recorded by Friedrich himself, and by many other people, That, at this interesting juncture, there appeared at the King's Gate, King hardly yet asleep, a staggering Austrian Officer, Irish by nation, who had suddenly found good to desert the Austrian Service for the Prussian—('Sorrow on them: a pack of'—what shall I say?)—Irish gentleman, bursting with intelligence of some kind, but evidently deep in liquor withal. 'Impossible; the King is asleep,' said the Adjutant on duty; but produced only louder insistance from the drunk Irish gentleman. 'As much as all your heads are worth; the King's own safety, and not a moment to lose!' What is to be done? They awaken the King: 'The man is drunk, but dreadfully in earnest, your Majesty.' 'Give him quantities of weak tea' (Tempelhof calls it tea, but Friedrich merely warm water); 'then examine him, and report if it is anything.' Something it was: 'Your Majesty to be attacked, for certain, this night!' what his Majesty already guessed:—something, most likely little; but nobody to this day knows. Visible only, that his Majesty, before sunset, rode out reconnoitering with this questionable Irish gentleman, now in a very flaccid state;—and altered nothing whatever in prior arrangements;—and that the flaccid Irish gentleman staggers out of sight, into dusk, into rest and darkness, after this one appearance on the stage of History.[1]

From about 8 in the evening, Friedrich's people got on

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 63; Tempelhof, iv. 154.

march, in their several columns, and fared punctually on; one column through the streets of Liegnitz, others to left and to right of that; to left mainly, as remoter from the Austrians and their listening outposts from beyond the Katzbach River;—where the camp-fires are burning extremely distinct tonight. The Prussian camp-fires, they too are all burning uncommonly vivid; country people employed to feed them; and a few hussar sentries and drummers to make the customary sounds for Daun's instruction, till a certain hour. Friedrich's people are clearing the North Suburb of Liegnitz, crossing the Schwartzwasser: artillery and heavy wagons all go by the Stone-bridge at Töpferberg (*Potter-hill*) there; the lighter people by a few pontoons farther down that stream, in the Pfaffendorf vicinity. About one in the morning, all, even the right wing from Schimmelwitz, are safely across.

Schwartzwasser, a River of many tails (boggy most of them, Schnelle or *Swift* Deichsel hardly an exception), gathering itself from the southward for twenty or more miles, attains its maximum of north at a place called Waldau, not far north-west of Töpferberg.* Towards this Waldau, Lacy is aiming all night; thence to pounce on our 'left wing,'—which he will find to consist of those empty watch-fires merely. Down from Waldau, past Töpferberg and Pfaffendorf (*Priest*-town, or as we should call it, 'Preston'), which are all on its northern or left bank, Schwartzwasser's course is in the form of an irregular horseshoe; high ground to its northern side, Liegnitz and hollows to its southern; till in an angular way it do join Katzbach, and go with that, northward for Oder the rest of its course. On the brow of these horseshoe Heights,—which run parallel to Schwartzwasser one part of them, and nearly parallel to Katzbach another (though above a mile distant, these latter, from *it*),—Friedrich plants himself: in Order of Battle; slightly altering some points of the afternoon's program, and correcting his Generals, 'Front

* Plan at p. 321.

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rather so and so; see where their fires are, yonder!' Daun's fires, Loudon's fires; vividly visible both:—and, singular to say, there is nothing yonder either but a few sentries and deceptive drums! All empty yonder too, even as our own Camp is; all gone forth, even as we are; we resting here, and our meal-wagons jingling on Glogau way! Excellency Mitchell, under horse-escort, among the lighter baggage, is on Kuchelberg Heath, in scrubby country, but well north behind Friedrich's centre: has had a dreadful march; one comfort only, that his ciphers are all burnt. The rest of us lie down on the grass;—among others, young Herr von Archenholtz, ensign or lieutenant in Regiment *Forcade*: who testifies that it is one of the beautifulest nights, the lamps of Heaven shining down in an uncommonly tranquil manner; and that almost nobody slept. The soldier-ranks all lay horizontal, musket under arm; chatting pleasantly in an undertone, or each in silence revolving such thoughts as he had. The Generals amble like observant spirits, hoarsely imperative.[1] Friedrich's line, we observed, is in the horseshoe shape (or *parabolic*, straiter than horseshoe), fronting the waters. Ziethen commands in that smaller Schwartzwasser part of the line, Friedrich in the Katzbach part, which is more in risk. And now, things being moderately in order, Friedrich has himself sat down,—I think, towards the middle or convex part of his lines,—by a watch-fire he has found there; and, wrapt in his cloak, his many thoughts melting into haze, has sunk into a kind of sleep. Seated on a drum, some say; half asleep by the watch-fire, time half-past 2,—when a Hussar Major, who has been out by the Bienowitz, the Pohlschildern way, northward, reconnoitering, comes dashing up full speed: 'The King? where is the King?' 'What is it, then?' answers the King for himself. 'Your Majesty, the Enemy in force, from Bienowitz, from Pohlschildern, coming on our Left Wing yonder; has flung back all my vedettes: is within 500 yards by this time!'

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 100-111.

Friedrich springs to horse; has already an Order speeding forth, 'General Schenkendorf and his Battalion, their cannon, to the crown of the Wolfsberg, on our left yonder; swift!' How excellent that every battalion (as by Order that we read) 'has its own share of the heavy cannon always at hand!' ejaculate the military critics. Schenkendorf, being nimble, was able to astonish the Enemy with volumes of case-shot from the Wolfsberg, which were very deadly at that close distance. Other arrangements, too minute for recital here, are rapidly done; and our Left Wing is in condition to receive its early visitors,—Loudon or whoever they may be. It is still dubious to the History-Books whether Friedrich was in clear expectation of Loudon here; though of course he would now guess it was Loudon. But there is no doubt Loudon had not the least expectation of Friedrich; and his surprise must have been intense, when, instead of vacant darkness (and some chance of Prussian baggage, which he had heard of), Prussian musketries and case-shot opened on him.

Loudon had, as per order, quitted his Camp at Jeschkendorf, about the time Friedrich did his at Schimmelwitz; and, leaving the lights all burning, had set forward on his errand; which was (also identical with Friedrich's), To seize the Heights of Pfaffendorf, and be ready there when day broke. Scouts having informed him that the Prussian Baggage was certainly gone through to Töpferberg,—more his scouts did not know, nor could Loudon guess,—'We will snatch that Baggage!' thought Loudon; and with such view has been speeding all he could; no vanguard ahead, lest he alarm the Baggage-escort: Loudon in person, with the Infantry of the Reserve, striding on ahead, to devour any Baggage-escort there may be. Friedrich's reconnoitering Hussar parties had confirmed this belief: 'Yes, yes!' thought London. And now suddenly, instead of Baggage to capture, here, out of the vacant darkness, is Friedrich in person, on the brow of the Heights where we intended to form!—

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Loudon's behaviour, on being hurled back with his Reserve in this manner, everybody says, was magnificent. Judging at once what the business was, and that retreat would be impossible without ruin, he hastened instantly to form himself, on such ground as he had,—highly unfavourable ground, uphill in part, and room in it only for Five Battalions (5,000) of front;—and came on again, with a great deal of impetuosity and good skill; again and ever again, three times in all. Had partial successes; edged always to the right to get the flank of Friedrich; but could not, Friedrich edging conformably. From his right-hand, or north-east part, Loudon poured in, once and again, very furious charges of Cavalry; on every repulse, drew out new Battalions from his left and centre, and again stormed forward: but found it always impossible. Had his subordinates all been Loudons, it is said, there was once a fine chance for him. By this edging always to the north-eastward on his part and Friedrich's, there had at last a considerable gap in Friedrich's Line established itself,—not only Ziethen's Line and Friedrich's Line now fairly fallen asunder, but, at the Village of Panten, in Friedrich's own Line, a gap where anybody might get in. One of the Austrian Columns was just entering Panten when the Fight began; in Panten that Column has stood cogitative ever since; well to left of Loudon and his struggles; but does not, till the eleventh hour, resolve to push through. At the eleventh hour;—and lo, in the nick of time, Möllendorf (our Leuthen-and-Hochkirch friend) got his eye on it; rushed up with infantry and cavalry; set Panten on fire, and blocked-out that possibility and the too cogitative Column.

Loudon had no other real chance: his furious horse-charges and attempts were met everywhere by corresponding counter-fury. Bernburg, poor Regiment Bernburg, see what a figure it is making! Left almost alone, at one time, among those horse-charges; spending its blood like water, bayonet-charging, platooning as never before; and on the whole,

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stemming invincibly that horse-torrent,—not unseen by Majesty, it may be hoped; who is here where the hottest pinch is. On the third repulse, which was worse than any before, Loudon found he had enough; and tried it no farther. Rolled over the Katzbach, better or worse; Prussians catching 6,000 of him, but not following farther: threw-up a fine battery at Bienowitz, which sheltered his retreat from horse: —and went his ways, sorely but not dishonourably beaten, after an hour and half of uncommonly stiff fighting, which had been very murderous to Loudon. Loss of 10,000 to him: 4,000 killed and wounded; prisoners 6,000; 82 cannon, 28 flags, and other items; the Prussian loss being 1,800 in whole.[1] By 5 o'clock, the Battle, this Loudon part of it, was quite over; Loudon (35,000) wrecking himself against Friedrich's Left Wing (say half of his Army, some 15,000) in such conclusive manner. Friedrich's Left Wing alone has been engaged hitherto. And now it will be Ziethen's turn, if Daun and Lacy still come on.

By 11 last night, Daun's Pandours, creeping stealthily on, across the Katzbach, about Schimmelwitz, had discerned with amazement that Friedrich's Camp appeared to consist only of watch-fires; and had shot-off their speediest rider to Daun, accordingly; but it was one in the morning before Daun, busy marching and marshalling, to be ready at the Katzbach by daylight, heard of this strange news; which probably he could not entirely believe till seen with his own eyes. What a spectacle! One's beautiful Plan exploded into mere imbroglio of distraction; become one knows not what! Daun's watch-fires too had all been left burning; universal stratagem, on both sides, going on; producing,— tragically for some of us,—a *Tragedy* of Errors, or the Mistakes of a Night! Daun sallied out again, in his collapsed, upset condition, as soon as possible: pushed on, in the track of Friedrich; warning Lacy to push on. Daun,

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 159.

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though within five miles all the while, had heard nothing of the furious Fight and cannonade; 'south-west wind having risen,' so Daun said, and is believed by candid persons,—not by the angry Vienna people, who counted it impossible: 'Nonsense; you were not deaf; but you loitered and haggled, in your usual way; perhaps not sorry that the brilliant Loudon should get a rebuff!'

Emerging out of Liegnitz, Daun did see, to north-eastward, a vast pillar or mass of smoke, silently mounting, but could do nothing with it. 'Cannon-smoke, no doubt; but fallen entirely silent, and not wending hitherward at all. Poor Loudon, alas, must have got beaten!' Upon which Daun really did try, at least upon Ziethen; but could do nothing. Poured cavalry across the Stone-bridge at the Töpferberg; who drove-in Ziethen's picket there; but were torn to pieces by Ziethen's cannon. Ziethen across the Schwartzwasser is alert enough. How form in order of battle here, with Ziethen's batteries shearing your columns longitudinally, as they march up? Daun recognises the impossibility; wends back through Liegnitz to his Camp again, the way he had come. Tide-hour missed again; ebb going uncommonly rapid! Lacy had been about Waldau, to try farther up the Schwartzwasser on Ziethen's right: but the Schwartzwasser proved amazingly boggy; not accessible on any point to heavy people,—'owing to bogs on the bank,' with perhaps poor prospect on the other side too!

And, in fact, nothing of Lacy, more than of Daun, could manage to get across: nothing except two poor Hussar regiments; who, winding up far to the left, attempted a snatch on the Baggage about Hummeln,—Hummeln, or Kuchel of the Scrubs. And gave a new alarm to Mitchell, the last of several during this horrid night; who has sat painfully blocked in his carriage, with such a Devil's tumult going on to eastward, and no sight, share or knowledge to be had of it. Repeated hussar attacks there were on the Baggage here, Loudon's hussars also trying: but Mitchell's Captain was

miraculously equal to the occasion; and had beaten them all off. Mitchell, by magnanimous choice of his own, has been in many Fights by the side of Friedrich; but this is the last he will ever be in or near;—this miraculous one of Liegnitz, 3 to 4½ A.M. Friday August 15th, 1760.

Never did such a luck befall Friedrich before or after. He was clinging on the edge of slippery abysses, his path hardly a foot's-breadth, mere enemies and avalanches hanging round on every side: ruin likelier at no moment of his life;—and here is precisely the quasi-miracle which was needed to save him. Partly by accident too; the best of management crowned by the luckiest of accidents.[1]

Friedrich rested four hours on the Battle-field,—if that could be called rest, which was a new kind of diligence highly wonderful. Diligence of gathering-up accurately the results of the Battle; packing them into portable shape; and marching off with them in one's pocket, so to speak. Major-General Saldern had charge of this, a man of many talents; and did it consummately. The wounded, Austrian as well as Prussian, are placed in the empty meal-wagons; the more slightly wounded are set on horseback, double in possible cases: only the dead are left lying: 100 or more meal-wagons are left, their teams needed for drawing our 82 new cannon;—the wagons we split-up, no Austrians to have them; useable only as firewood for the poor Country-folk. The 4 or 5,000 good muskets lying on the field, shall not we take them also? Each cavalry soldier slings one of them across his back, each baggage-driver one: and the muskets too are taken care of. About 9 A.M., Friedrich, with his 6,000 prisoners, new cannon-teams, sick-wagon teams, trophies, properties, is afoot again. One of the succinctest of Kings.

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 151-171; Archenholtz, ubi suprà; *Hofbericht von der Schlacht so am* 15 *August* 1760, *bey Liegnitz, vorgefallen* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 698-703); etc. etc.

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I should have mentioned the joy of poor Regiment Bernburg; which rather affected me. Loudon gone, the miracle of Battle done, and this miraculous packing going on,—Friedrich riding about among his people, passed along the front of Bernburg, the eye of him perhaps intimating, 'I saw you, *Bursche*'; but no word coming from him. The Bernburg Officers, tragically tressless in their hats, stand also silent, grim as blackened stones (all Bernburg black with gunpowder): 'In us also is no word; unless our actions perhaps speak?' But a certain Sergeant, Fugleman, or chief Corporal, stept out, saluting reverentially: 'Regiment Bernburg, *Ihro Majestät*—?'—'Hm; well, you did handsomely. Yes, you shall have your side-arms back; all shall be forgotten and washed-out!' 'And you are again our Gracious King, then?' says the Sergeant, with tears in his eyes.—'*Gewiss*, Yea, surely!'[1] Upon which, fancy what a peal of sound from the ecstatic throat and heart of this poor Regiment. Which I have often thought of; hearing mutinous blockheads, 'glorious Sons of Freedom' to their own thinking, ask their natural commanding Officer, 'Are not we as good as thou? Are not all men equal?' Not a whit of it, you mutinous blockheads; very far from it indeed!

This was the breaking of Friedrich's imprisonment in the deadly rock-labyrinths; this success at Liegnitz delivered him into free field once more. For twenty-four hours more, indeed, the chance was still full of anxiety to him; for twenty-four hours Daun, could he have been rapid, still had the possibilities in hand;—but only Daun's Antagonist was usually rapid. About 9 in the morning, all road-ready, this latter Gentleman 'gave three Salvoes, as Joy-fire, on the field of Liegnitz'; and, in the above succinct shape,—leaving Ziethen to come on, 'with the prisoners, the sick-wagons and captured cannon,' in the afternoon,—marched rapidly away. For Parchwitz, with our best speed: Parchwitz is the

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 162-164.

road to Breslau, also to Glogau,—to Breslau, if it be humanly possible! Friedrich has but two-days bread left: on the Breslau road, at Auras, there is Czernichef with 24,000; there are, or there may be, the Loudon Remnants rallied again, the Lacy Corps untouched, all Daun's Force, had Daun made any despatch at all. Which Daun seldom did. A man slow to resolve, and seeking his luck in leisure.

All judges say, Daun ought now to have marched, on this enterprise of still intercepting Friedrich, without loss of a moment. But he calculated Friedrich would probably spend the day in *Te-deum*-ing on the Field (as is the manner of some); and that, by tomorrow, things would be clearer to one's own mind. Daun was in no haste; gave no orders,—did not so much as send Czernichef a Letter. Czernichef got one, however. Friedrich sent him one; that is to say, sent him one *to intercept*. Friedrich, namely, writes a Note addressed to his Brother Henri: 'Austrians totally beaten this day; now for the Russians, dear Brother; and swift, do what we have agreed on!'[1] Friedrich hands this to a Peasant, with instructions to let himself be taken by the Russians, and give it up to save his life. Czernichef, it is thought, got this Letter; and perhaps rumour itself, and the delays of Daun, would, at any rate, have sent him across. Across he at once went, with his 24,000, and burnt his Bridge. A vanished Czernichef;—though Friedrich is not yet sure of it: and as for the wandering Austrian Divisions, the Loudons, Lacys, all is dark to him.

So that, at Parchwitz, next morning (August 16th), the question, 'To Glogau? To Breslau?' must have been a kind of sphinx-enigma to Friedrich; dark as that, and, in case of error, fatal. After some brief paroxysm of consideration, Friedrich's reading was, 'To Breslau, then!' And, for hours, as the march went on, he was noticed 'riding much about,' his anxieties visibly great. Till at Neumarkt (not far from the Field of *Leuthen*), getting on the Heights there,—towards

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 67.

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noon, I will guess,—what a sight! Before this, he had come upon Austrian Out-parties, Beck's or somebody's, who did not wait his attack: he saw, at one point, 'the whole Austrian Army on march (the tops of its columns visible among the knolls, three miles off, impossible to say whitherward)'; and fared on all the faster, I suppose, such a bet depending;—and, in fine, galloped to the Heights of Neumarkt for a view: 'Dare we believe it? Not an Austrian there!' And might be, for the moment, the gladdest of Kings. Secure now of Breslau, of junction with Henri: fairly winner of the bet;—and can at last pause, and take breath, very needful to his poor Army, if not to himself, after such a mortal spasm of sixteen days! Daun had taken the Liegnitz accident without remark; usually a stoical man, especially in other people's misfortunes; but could not conceal his painful astonishment on this new occasion,—astonishment at unjust fortune, or at his own sluggardly cunctations, is not said.

Next day (August 17th), Friedrich encamps at Hermannsdorf, headquarter the Schloss of Hermannsdorf, within seven miles of Breslau; continues a fortnight there, resting his wearied people, himself not resting much, watching the dismal miscellany of entanglements that yet remain, how these will settle into groups,—especially what Daun and his Soltikof will decide on. In about a fortnight, Daun's decision did become visible; Soltikof's not in a fortnight, nor ever clearly at all. Unless it were To keep a whole skin, and gradually edge home to his victuals. As essentially it was, and continued to be; creating endless negotiations, and futile overtures and messagings from Daun to his barbarous Friend, endless suasions and troubles from poor Montalembert,—of which it would weary every reader to hear mention, except of the result only.

Friedrich, for his own part, is little elated with these bits of successes at Liegnitz or since; and does not deceive himself as to the difficulties, almost the impossibilities, that still lie

ahead. In answer to D'Argens, who has written ('at midnight,' starting out of bed 'the instant the news came'), in zealous congratulation on Liegnitz, here is a Letter of Friedrich's: well worth reading,—though it has been oftener read than almost any other of his. A Letter which D'Argens never saw in the original form; which was captured by the Austrians or Cossacks;[1] which got copied everywhere, soon stole into print, and is ever since extensively known.

Friedrich to Marquis d'Argens (at Berlin)

'Hermannsdorf, near Breslau, 27th August 1760.

'In other times, my dear Marquis, the Affair of the 15th would have settled the Campaign; at present it is but a scratch. There will be needed a great Battle to decide our fate: such, by all appearance, we shall soon have; and then you may rejoice, if the event is favourable to us. Thank you, meanwhile, for all your sympathy. It has cost a deal of scheming, striving and much address to bring matters to this point. Don't speak to me of dangers; the last Action costs me only a Coat' (torn, useless, only one skirt left, by some rebounding cannon-ball?) 'and a Horse' (shot under me): 'that is not paying dear for a victory.

'In my life, I was never in so bad a posture as in this Campaign. Believe me, miracles are still needed if I am to overcome all the difficulties which I still see ahead. And one is growing weak withal. "Herculean" labours to accomplish at an age when my powers are forsaking me, my weaknesses increasing, and, to speak candidly, even hope, the one comfort of the unhappy, begins to be wanting. You are not enough acquainted with the posture of things, to know all the dangers that threaten the State: I know them, and conceal them; I keep all the fears to myself, and communicate to the Public only the hopes, and the trifle of good news I may now and then have. If the stroke I am meditating succeed' (stroke on Daun's Anti-Schweidnitz strategies, of which anon), 'then my dear Marquis, it will be time to expand one's joy; but till then let us not flatter ourselves, lest some unexpected bit of bad news depress us too much.

'I live here' (Schloss of Hermannsdorf, a seven miles west of Breslau) 'like a Military Monk of La Trappe: endless businesses, and these done, a little consolation from my Books. I know not, if I shall outlive this

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See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 198 (D'Argens himself, '19th October' following), and *ib.* 191 *n.*; Rödenbeck, ii. 31, 36;—mention of it in Voltaire, Montalembert, etc.

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War: but should it so happen, I am firmly resolved to pass the remainder of my life in solitude, in the bosom of Philosophy and Friendship. When the roads are surer, perhaps you will write me oftener. I know not where our winter-quarters this time are to be! My House in Breslau is burnt down in the Bombardment' (Loudon's, three weeks ago). 'Our enemies grudge us everything, even daylight, and air to breathe: some nook, however, they must leave us; and if it be a safe one, it will be a true pleasure to have you again with me.

'Well, my dear Marquis, what has become of the Peace with France' (English Peace)! 'Your Nation, you see, is blinder than you thought: those fools will lose their Canada and Pondichery, to please the Queen of Hungary and the Czarina. Heaven grant Prince Ferdinand may pay them for their zeal! And it will be the innocent that suffer, the poor officers and soldiers, not the Choiseuls and'— * * 'But here is business come on me. Adieu, dear Marquis; I embrace you.— F.'[1]

Two Events, of opposite complexion, a Russian and a Saxon, Friedrich had heard of while at Hermannsdorf, before writing as above. The Saxon Event is a pleasant one, and comes first:

Hülsen on the Dürrenberg, August 20th. 'August 20th, at Strehla, in that Schlettau-Meissen Country, the Reichsfolk and Austrians made attack on Hülsen's Posts, principal Post of them the Dürrenberg (*Dry-Hill*) there,—in a most extensive manner; filling the whole region with vague artillery-thunder, and endless charges, here, there, of foot and horse; which all issued in zero and minus quantities; Hülsen standing beautifully to his work, and Hussar Kleist especially, at one point, cutting-in with masterly execution, which proved general overthrow to the Reichs Project; and left Hülsen master of the field and of his Dürrenberg, *plus* 1,217 prisoners and one Prince among them, and one cannon: a Hülsen who has actually given a kind of beating to the Reichsfolk and Austrians, though they were 30,000 to his 10,000, and had counted on making a new Maxen of it.'[2] Friedrich writes a glad laudatory letter to Hülsen: 'Right, so; give them more of that when they apply next!'[3]

This is a bit of sunshine to the Royal mind, dark enough otherwise. Had Friedrich got done here, right fast would he fly to the relief of Hülsen, and recovery of Saxony. Hope, in good moments, says,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 191.

[2] Archenholtz, ii. 114; *Bericht von der am* 20 *August* 1760 *bey Strehla vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 703-719).

[3] Letter in *Schöning*, ii. 396, 'Hermsdorf' (Hermannsdorf), '27th August 1760.'

, Hülsen will be able to hold out till then!' Fear answers, 'No, he cannot, unless you get done here extremely soon!'—The Russian Event, full of painful anxiety to Friedrich, was a new Siege of Colberg. That is the sad fact; which, since the middle of August, has been becoming visibly certain.

Second Siege of Colberg, August 26th. 'Under siege again, that poor Place; and this time the Russians seem to have made a vow that take it they will. Siege by land and by sea; land troops direct from Petersburg, 15,000 in all (8,000 of them came by ship), with endless artillery; and near 40 Russian and Swedish ships-of-war, big and little, blackening the waters of poor Colberg. August 26th' (the day before Friedrich's writing as above), 'they have got all things adjusted,—the land-troops covered by redoubts to rearward, ships moored in their battering-places; —and begin such a bombardment and firing of redhot balls upon Colberg as was rarely seen. To which, one can only hope old Heyde will set a face of grey-steel character, as usual; and prove a difficult article to deal with, till one get some relief contrived for him.'[1]

CHAPTER IV

DAUN IN WRESTLE WITH FRIEDRICH IN THE SILESIAN HILLS

In spite of Friedrich's forebodings, an extraordinary recoil, in all Anti-Friedrich affairs, ensued upon Liegnitz; everything taking the backward course, from which it hardly recovered, or indeed did not recover at all, during the rest of this Campaign. Details on the subsequent Daun-Friedrich movements,—which went all aback for Daun, Daun driven into the Hills again, Friedrich hopeful to cut-off his bread, and drive him quite through the Hills, and Home again,—are not permitted us. No human intellect in our day could busy itself with understanding these thousandfold marchings, manœuvrings, assaults, surprisals, sudden facings-about, (retreat changed to advance); nor could the powerfulest human

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 116; in *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 73-83), '*Tagebuch* of Siege, 26th August—18th September,' and other details.

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memory, not exclusively devoted to study the Art Military under Friedrich, remember them when understood. For soldiers, desirous not to be sham-soldiers, they are a recommendable exercise; for them I do advise Tempelhof and the excellent German Narratives and Records. But in regard to others—A sample has been given: multiply that by the ten, by the three-score and ten; let the ingenuous imagination get from it what will suffice. Our first duty here to poor readers, is to elicit from that sea of small things the fractions which are cardinal, or which give human physiognomy and memorability to it; and carefully suppress all the rest.

Understand, then, that there is a general going-back on the Austrian and Russian part. Czernichef we already saw at once retire over the Oder. Soltikof bodily, the second day after, deaf to Montalembert, lifts himself to rearward; takes post behind bogs and bushy grounds more and more inaccessible;[1] followed by Prince Henri with his best impressiveness for a week longer, till he seem sufficiently remote and peaceably-minded: 'Making home for Poland, he,' thinks the sanguine King; 'leave Goltz with 12,000 to watch him. The rest of the Army over hither!' Which is done, August 27th; General Forcade taking charge, instead of Henri,—who is gone, that day or next, to Breslau, for his health's sake. 'Prince Henri really ill,' say some; 'Not so ill, but in the sulks,' say others:—partly true, both theories, it is now thought; impossible to settle in what degree true. Evident it is, Henri sat quiescent in Breslau, following regimen, in more or less pathetic humour, for two or three months to come; went afterwards to Glogau, and had private theatricals; and was no more heard of in this Campaign. Greatly to his Brother's loss and regret; who is often longing for 'your recovery' (and return hither), to no purpose.

Soltikof does, in his heart, intend for Poland; but has to see the Siege of Colberg finish first; and, in decency even to the Austrians, would linger a little: 'Willing I always, if

[1] 'August 18th, to Trebnitz, on the road to Militsch' (Tempelhof, iv. 167).

only *you* prove feasible!' Which occasions such negotiating, and messaging across the Oder, for the next six weeks, as—as shall be omitted in this place. By intense suasion of Montalembert, Soltikof even consents to undertake some sham movement on Glogau, thereby to alleviate his Austrians across the River; and staggers gradually forward a little in that direction:—sham merely; for he has not a siege-gun, nor the least possibility on Glogau; and Goltz with the 12,000 will sufficiently take care of him in that quarter.

Friedrich, on junction with Forcade, has risen to perhaps 50,000; and is now in some condition against the Daun-Loudon-Lacy Armies, which cannot be double his number. These still hang about, in the Breslau-Parchwitz region; gloomy of humour; and seem to be aiming at Schweidnitz, —if that could still prove possible with a Friedrich present. Which it by no means does; though they try it by their best combinations;—by 'a powerful Chain of Army-posts, isolating Schweidnitz, and uniting Daun and Loudon'; by 'a Camp on the Zobtenberg, as crown of the same';—and put Friedrich on his mettle. Who, after survey of said Chain, executes (night of August 30th) a series of beautiful manœuvres on it, which unexpectedly conclude its existence: —'with unaccountable hardihood' (as Archenholtz has it, physiognomically *true* to Friedrich's general style just now, if a little incorrect as to the case in hand), 'sees good to march direct, once for all, athwart said Chain; right across its explosive cannonadings and it,—counter-cannonading, and marching rapidly on; such a march for insolence, say the Austrians!'[1] Till, in this way, the insolent King has Schweidnitz under his protective hand again; and forces the Chain to coil itself wholly together, and roll into the Hills for a safe lodging. Whither he again follows it: with continual changes of position, vying in inaccessibility with your own;

[1] Archenholtz (ii. 115-116); who is in a hurry, dateless, and rather confuses a subsequent *day* (September 18th) with this 'night of August 30th.' See *Retzow*, ii. 26; and still better, *Tempelhof*, iv. 203.

threatening your meal-wagons; trampling on your skirts in this or the other dangerous manner; marching insolently up to your very nose, more than once ('Dittmannsdorf, September 18th,' for a chief instance), and confusing your best schemes.[1]

This 'insolent' style of management, says Archenholtz, was practised by Julius Cæsar on the Gauls; and since his time by nobody,—till Friedrich, his studious scholar and admirer, revived it 'against another enemy.' 'It is of excellent efficacy,' adds Tempelhof; 'it disheartens your adversary, and especially his common people, and has the reverse effect on your own; confuses him in endless apprehensions, and details of self-defence; so that he can form no plan of his own, and his overpowering resources become useless to him.' Excellent efficacy,—only you must be equal to doing it; not unequal, which might be very fatal to you!

For about five weeks, Friedrich, eminently practising this style, has a most complex multifarious Briarean wrestle with big Daun and his Lacy-Loudon Satellites; who have a troublesome time, running hither, thither, under danger of slaps, and finding nowhere an available mistake made. The scene is that intricate Hill-Country between Schweidnitz and Glatz (kind of *glacis* from Schweidnitz to the Glatz Mountains): Daun, generally speaking, has his back on Glatz, Friedrich on Schweidnitz; and we hear of encampings at Kunzendorf, at *Bunzelwitz*, at *Burkersdorf*,—places which will be more famous in a coming Year. Daun makes no complaint of his Lacy-Loudon or other satellite people; who are diligently circumambient all of them, as bidden; but are unable, like Daun himself, to do the least good; and have perpetually, Daun and they, a bad life of it beside this Neighbour. The outer world, especially the Vienna outer world, is naturally a little surprised: 'How is this, Feldmarschall Daun? Can you do absolutely nothing with him, then; but sit pinned in the Hills, eating sour herbs!'

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 193-231; etc. etc.: in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iv. 222-235, 'Diary of the *Austrian* Army' (3d-8th September).

In the Russians appears no help. Soltikof on Glogau, we know what that amounts to! Soltikof is evidently intending home, and nothing else. To all Austrian proposals, —and they have been manifold, as poor Montalembert knows too well,—the answer of Soltikof was and is: 'Above 90,000 of you circling about, helping one another to do Nothing. Happy were you, not a doubt of it, could *we* be wiled across to you, to get worried in your stead!' Daun begins to be extremely ill-off; provisions scarce, are far away in Bohemia; and the roads daily more insecure, Friedrich aiming evidently to get command of them altogether. Think of such an issue to our once-flourishing Campaign 1760! Daun is vigilance itself against such fatality; and will do anything, except risk a Fight. Here, however, is the fatal posture: Since September 18th, Daun sees himself considerably cut-off from Glatz, his provision-road more and more insecure;—and for fourteen days onward, the King and he have got into a deadlock, and sit looking into one another's faces; Daun in a more and more distressed mood, his provender becoming so uncertain, and the Winter season drawing nigh. The sentries are in mutual view: each Camp could cannonade the other; but what good were it? By a tacit understanding they don't. The sentries, outposts and vedettes forbear musketry; on the contrary, exchange tobaccos sometimes, and have a snatch of conversation. Daun is growing more and more unhappy. To which of the gods, if not to Soltikof again, can he apply?

Friedrich himself, successful so far, is abundantly dissatisfied with such a kind of success;—and indeed seems to be less thankful to his stars than in present circumstances he ought. Profoundly wearied we find him, worn-down into utter disgust in the Small War of Posts: 'Here we still are, nose to nose,' exclaims he (see Letters *to Henri*), 'both of us in unattackable camps. This Campaign appears to me more unsupportable than any of the foregoing. Take what trouble and care I like, I can't advance a step in regard to great

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interests; I succeed only in trifles.' 'Oh for good news of your health: I am without all assistance here; the Army must divide again before long, and I have none to intrust it to.'[1]

And *to D'Argens*, in the same bad days: 'Yes, yes, I escaped a great danger there' (at Liegnitz). 'In a common War it would have signified something; but in this it is a mere skirmish; my position little improved by it. I will not sing Jeremiads to you; nor speak of my fears and anxieties, but can assure you they are great. The crisis I am in has taken another shape; but as yet nothing decides it, nor can the development of it be foreseen. I am getting consumed by slow fever; I am like a living body losing limb after limb. Heaven stand by us: we need it much.'[2] * * 'You talk always of my person, of my dangers. Need I tell you, it is not necessary that I live; but it is that I do my duty, and fight for my Country to save it if possible. In many *little* things I have had luck: I think of taking for my motto, *Maximus in minimis, et minimus in maximis.* A worse Campaign than any of the others: I know not sometimes what will become of it. But why weary you with such details of my labours and my sorrows? My spirits have forsaken me. All gaiety is buried with the Loved Noble Ones whom my heart was bound to. Adieu.'

Or, again, *to Henri*: 'Berlin? Yes; I am trying something in bar of that. Have a bad time of it, in the interim. Our means, my dear Brother, are so eaten away; far too short for opposing the prodigious number of our enemies set against us:—if we must fall, let us date our destruction from the infamous Day of Maxen!'

Is in such health, too, all the while: 'Am a little better, thank you; yet have still the'—what shall we say (dreadful biliary affair)?—'*hémorrhoïdes aveugles:* nothing that, were

[1] Schöning, ii. 416.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 193 ('Dittmannsdorf, 18th September,' day after, or day of finishing, that cannonade).

it not for the disquietudes I feel: but all ends in this world, and so will these.' * * 'I flatter myself your health is recovering. For these three days in continuance I have had so terrible a cramp, I thought it would choke me;—it is now a little gone. No wonder the chagrins and continual disquietudes I live in should undermine and at length overturn the robustest constitution.'[1]

Friedrich, we observe, has heard of certain Russian-Austrian intentions on Berlin; but, after intense consideration, resolves that it will behove him to continue here, and try to dislodge Daun, or help Hunger to dislodge him; which will be the remedy for Berlin and all things else. There are news from Colberg of welcome tenor: could Daun be sent packing, Soltikof, it is probable, will not be in much alacrity for Berlin!—September 18th, at Dittmannsdorf, was the first day of Daun's dead-lock: ever since, he has had to sit, more and more hampered, pinned to the Hills, eating sour herbs; nothing but Hunger ahead, and a retreat (battle we will not dream of), likely to be very ruinous, with a Friedrich sticking to the wings of it. Here is the Note on Colberg:

September 18th, Colberg Siege raised. 'The same September 18th, what a day at Colberg too! It is the twenty-fourth day of the continual bombardment there. Colberg is black ashes, most of its houses ruins, not a house in it uninjured. But Heyde and his poor Garrison, busy day and night, walk about in it as if fire-proof; with a great deal of battle still left in them. The King, I know not whether Heyde is aware, has contrived something of relief; General Werner coming:—the fittest of men, if there be possibility. When, see, September 18th, uneasy motion in the Russian intrenchments (for the Russians too are intrenched against attack): Something that has surprised the Russians yonder. Climb, some of you, to the highest surviving steeple, highest chimney-top if no steeple survive:—"Yonder *is* Werner come to our relief, oh God the Merciful!"

'Werner, with 5,000, was detached from Glogau (September 5th), from Goltz's Small Corps there; has come as on wings, 200 miles in

[1] Schöning, ii. 419: '2d October.' *Ib.* ii. 410: '16th September.' *Ib.* ii. 408.

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thirteen days. And attacks now, as with wings, the astonished Russian 15,000, who were looking for nothing like him,—with wings, with claws, and with beak; and in a highly aquiline manner, fierce, swift, skilful, storms these intrenched Russians straightway, scatters them to pieces,—and next day is in Colberg, the Siege raising itself with great precipitation; leaving all its artilleries and furnitures, rushing on shipboard all of it that can get,—the very ships-of-war, says Archenholtz, hurrying dangerously out to sea, as if the Prussian Hussars might possibly take *them*. A glorious Werner! A beautiful defence, and ditto rescue; which has drawn the world's attention.'[1]

Heyde's defence of Colberg, Werner's swift rescue of it, are very celebrated this Autumn. Medals were struck in honour of them at Berlin, not at Friedrich's expense, but under Friedrich's patronage; who purchased silver or gold copies, and gave them about. Veteran Heyde had a Letter from his Majesty, and one of these gold Medals;—what an honour! I do not hear that Heyde got any other reward, or that he needed any. A beautiful old Hero, voiceless in History; though very visible in that remote sphere, if you care to look.

That is the news from Colberg; comfortable to Friedrich; not likely to inspire Soltikof with new alacrity in behalf of Daun. It remains to us only to add, that Friedrich, with a view to quicken Daun, shot-out (September 24th, after night-fall, and with due mystery) a Detachment towards Neisse,—4,000 or so, who call themselves 15,000, and affect to be for Mähren ultimately. 'For Mähren, and my bit of daily bread!' Daun may well think; and did for some time think, or partly did. Pushed-off one small detachment really thither, to look after Mähren; and (September 29th) pushed-off another bigger; Lacy namely, with 15,000, pretending to be thither,—but who, the instant they were out of Friedrich's sight, have whirled, at a rapid pace, quite into the opposite direction: as will shortly be seen! Daun has now other irons in the fire. Daun, ever since this fatal Dead-lock in the Hills, has been shrieking hoarsely to the Russians, day and night; who at last take pity on him,—or find something feasible in his proposals.

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 634; Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 73-83), *Tagebuch* of Siege.

The Russians make a Raid on Berlin, for Relief of Daun and their own Behoof (October 3d-12th, 1760)

Powerful entreaties, influences are exercised at Petersburg, and here in the Russian Camp: 'Noble Russian Excellencies, for the love of Heaven, take this man off my windpipe! A sally into Brandenburg: oh, could not you? Lacy shall accompany; seizure of Berlin, were it only for one day!' Soltikof has fallen sick,—and, indeed, practically vanishes from our affairs at this point;—Fermor, who has command in the interim, finally consents: 'Our poor siege of Colberg, what an end is come to it! What an end is the whole Campaign like to have! Let us at least try this of Berlin, since our hands are empty.' The joy of Daun, of Montalembert, and of everybody in Austrian Court and Camp may be conceived.

Russians to the amount of 20,000, Czernichef Commander; Tottleben Second in command, a clever soldier, who knows Berlin: these are to start from Sagan Country, on this fine Expedition, and to push on at the very top of their speed. September 20th, Tottleben, with 3,000 of them as Vanguard, does accordingly cross Oder, at Beuthen in Sagan Country; and strides forward direct upon Berlin: Lacy, with 15,000, has started from Silesia, we saw how, above a week later (September 29th), but at a still more furious rate of speed. Soltikof,—theoretically Soltikof, but practically Fermor, should the dim German Books be ambiguous to any studious creature, —with the Main Army (which by itself is still a 20,000 odd), moves to Frankfurt, to support the swift Expedition, and be within two marches of it. Here surely is a feasibility! Berlin, for defence, has nothing but weak palisades; and of effective garrison 1,200 men.

And feasible, in a sort, this thing did prove; indisputably delivering Daun from strangulation in the Silesian Mountains; filling the Gazetteer mind with loud emotion of an empty

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nature; and very much affecting many poor people in Berlin and neighbourhood. Making a big Chapter in Berlin Local History; though compressible to small bulk for strangers, who have no specific sympathies in that locality.

'*Friday 3d October* 1760, Tottleben, with his hasty Vanguard of 3,000, preceded by hastier rumour, comes circling round Berlin environs; takes post at the Halle Gate' (west side of the City); 'summons Rochow' (the same old Commandant of Haddick's time);—'requires instant admittance; ransom of Four million Thalers, and other impossible things. Berlin has been putting itself in some posture; repairing its palisades, throwing-up bits of redoubts in front of the gates; and, though sounding with alarms and uncertainties, shows a fine spirit of readiness for the emergency. Rochow is still Commandant, the same old Rochow who shrunk so questionably in Haddick's time: but Rochow has no Court to tremble for at present; Queen and Royal Family, Archives, Principal Ministries, Directorium in a body, went all to Magdeburg again, on the Kunersdorf Disaster last year, and are safe from such insults. The spirit of the population, it appears, even of the rich classes, some of whom are very rich, is extraordinary. Besides Rochow, moreover, there are, by accident, certain Generals in Berlin: Seidlitz and two others, recovering from their Kunersdorf hurts, who step into the breach with heart admirably willing, if with limbs still lame. Then there is old Field-marshal Lehwald' (Anti-Russian at Gross Jägersdorf, but dismissed as too old), 'who is official Governor of Berlin, who succeeded poor Keith in that honourable office: all these were strong for defence;—and do not now grudge, great men as they are, to take each his Gate of Berlin, his small redoubt thrown up there, and pass the night and the day in doing his utmost with it.

'Rochow refuses the surrender and the Four-millions pure specie; and Tottleben, about 3 P.M. in an intermittent way, and about 5 in a constant, begins bombarding,—grenadoes, red-hot balls, what he can;—and continues the same till 3 next morning. Without result to speak of; Seidlitz and Consorts making good counter-play; the poor old 1,200 of Garrison growing almost young again with energy, under their Seidlitzes; and the population zealously coöperating, especially quenching all fires that rose. What greatly contributed withal was the arrival of Prince Eugen overnight. Eugen of Würtemberg' (cadet of that bad Duke) 'had been engaged driving home the Swedes, but instantly quitted that with a 5,000 he had; and has marched this day,—his Vanguard has, mostly Horse, whom the Foot will follow tomorrow,—a distance of forty miles, on this fine errand. Delicate manœuvring, by these wearied horsemen, to enter Berlin amid uncertain jostlings, under

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the shine of Russian bombardment; ecstatic welcome to them, when they did get in,—instant subscription for fat oxen to them; a just abundance of beef to them, of generous beer I hope not more than an abundance: phenomena which, with others of the like, could be dwelt on, had we room.[1]

'Tottleben, under these omens, found it would not do; wended off towards his Czernichef next morning; eastward again as far as Cöpenik, Prince Eugen attending him in a minatory manner: and, in Berlin for the moment, the bad ten hours were over. For four days more, the fate of things hung dubious; hope soon fading again, but not quite going out till the fifth day. And this, in fact, was mainly all of bombardment that the City had to suffer; though its fate of capture was not to be averted. Is not Tottleben gone? Yes; but Lacy, marching at a rate he never did before (except from Bischofswerda), is arrived in the environs this same evening, cautious but furious. The King is far away; what are Eugen's 5,000 against these?

'On the other hand, Hülsen, leaving his Saxon affairs to their chance,—which, alas, are about extinct, at any rate; except Wittenberg, all Saxony gone from us!—Hülsen is on winged march hitherward with about 9,000. "How would the King come on wings, like an eagle from the Blue, if he were but aware!" thought everybody, and said. Hülsen did arrive on the 8th; so that there are now 14,000 of us. Hülsen did;—but no King could; the King is just starting (October 4th, the King, on these bad rumours about Saxony, about Berlin, quitted the attempt on Daun; October 7th, got on march hitherward; has finished his first march hitherward,—Daun gradually preparing to attend him in the distance),—when Hülsen arrives. And here are all their Lacys, Czernichefs fairly assembled; five to two of us,—35,000 of them against our 14,000.

'Hülsen and Eugen, drawn-out in their skilfulest way, manœuvred about, all this Wednesday 8th; attempted, did not attempt; found on candid examination, That 14,000 *versus* 35,000 ran a great risk of being worsted; that, in such case, the fate of the City might be still more frightful; and that, on the whole, their one course was that of withdrawing to Spandau, and leaving poor Berlin to capitulate as it could. Capitulation starts again with Tottleben that same night; Gotzkowsky, a magnanimous Citizen and Merchant-Prince, stepping forth with beautiful courageous furtherances of every kind; and it ends better than one could have hoped: Ransom—not of Four-millions pure specie (which would have been 600,000*l.*): "Gracious Sir, it is beyond our utmost possibility!"—but of One and a Half million in modern Ephraim

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 266-290; Archenholtz, ii. 122-148; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103-149, 350-352; etc. etc.

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coin; with a 30,000*l.* of douceur-money to the common man, Russian and Austrian, for his forbearance;—"for the rest, we are at your Excellency's mercy, in a manner!" And so,

Thursday October 9th, about 7 in the morning, Tottleben marches in; exactly six days since he first came circling to the Halle Gate and began bombarding. Tottleben, knowing Friedrich, knew the value of despatch; and, they say, was privately no enemy to Berlin, remembering old grateful days here. For Tottleben has himself been in difficulties; indeed, was never long out of them, during the long stormy life he had. Not a Russian at all; though I suppose Father of the now Russian Tottlebens whom one hears of: this one was a poor Saxon Gentleman, Page once to poor old drunken Weissenfels, whom, for a certain fair soul's sake, we sigh to remember! Weissenfels dying, Tottleben became a soldier of Polish Majesty's;—acceptable soldier, but disagreed with Brühl, for which nobody will like him worse. Disagreed with Brühl; went into the Dutch service (may have been in Fontenoy for what I know); was there till Aix-la-Chapelle, till after Aix-la-Chapelle; kindly treated, and promoted in the Dutch Army; but with outlooks, I can fancy, rather dull. Outlooks probably dull in such an element,—when, being a handsome fellow in epaulettes (Major-General, in fact, though poor), he, diligently endeavouring, caught the eye of a Dutch West-Indian Heiress; soft creature with no end of money; whom he privately wedded, and ran away with. To the horror of her appointed Dutch Lover and Friends; who prosecuted the poor Major-General with the utmost rigour, not of Law only. And were like to be the ruin of his fair West-Indian and him; when Friedrich, about 1754 as I guess, gave him shelter in Berlin; finding no insupportable objection in what the man had done. The rather, as his Heiress and he were rich. Tottleben gained general favour in Berlin society; wished, in 1756, to take service with Friedrich on the breaking-out of this War. "A Colonel with me, yes," said Friedrich. But Tottleben had been Major-General among the Dutch, and could not consent to sink; had to go among the Russians for a Major-Generalcy; and there and elsewhere, for many years coming, had many adventures, mostly troublesome, which shall not be memorable to us here.[1]

'Lacy, who, after hovering about in these vicinities for four days, had now actually come up, so soon as Eugen and Hülsen withdrew,—was deeply disgusted at the Terms of Capitulation; angry to find that Tottleben had concluded without him; and, in fact, flew into open rage at the arrangements Tottleben had made for himself and for others. "No admittance, except on order from his Excellency!" said the Russian Sentry to Lacy's Austrians: upon which, Lacy forced the Gate,

[1] Sketch of Tottleben's Life, in *Rödenbeck*, ii. 69-72.

and violently marched in. Took lodging, to his own mind, in the Friedrichstadt quarter; and was fearfully truculent upon person and property, during his short stay. A scandal to be seen, how his Croats and loose hordes went openly ravening about, bent on mere house-breaking, street-robbery and insolent violence. So that Tottleben had fairly to fire upon the vagabonds once or twice; and force on the unwilling Lacy some coercion of them within limits. For the three days of his continuance,—it was but three days in all,—Lacy was as the evil genius of Berlin; Tottleben and his Russians the good. Their discipline was so excellent; all Cossacks and loose rabble strictly kept out beyond the Walls. To Bachmann, Russian Commandant, the Berliners, on his departure, had gratefully got ready a money-gift of handsome amount: "By no means," answered Bachmann: "your treatment was according to the mildness of our Sovereign Czarina. For myself, if I have served you in anything, the fact that for three days I have been Commandant of the Great Friedrich's Capital is more than a reward to me."

'Tottleben and Lacy, during those three days of Russian and Austrian joint dominion, had a stormy time of it together. "Destroy the *Lager-Haus*," said Lacy: Lager-Haus, where they manufacture their soldiers' uniforms; it is the parent of all cloth-manufacturing in Prussia; set up by Friedrich-Wilhelm,—not on free-trade principles. "The Lager-Haus, say you? I doubt, it is now private property; screened by our Capitulation";—which it proves to be. "You shall blow-up the Arsenal!" said Lacy, with vehemence and truculence. A noble edifice, as travellers yet know: fancy its fragments flying about among the populous streets, plunging through the roofs of Palaces, and great houses all round. Lacy was inexorable; Tottleben had to send a Russian Party (one wishes they had been Croats) on this sad errand. They proceeded to the Powder-Magazine for explosive material, as preliminary; they were rash in handling the gunpowder there, which blew-up in their hands; sent itself and all of them into the air; and saved the poor Arsenal: "Not powder enough now left for our own artillery uses," urged Tottleben.

'Saxon and Austrian Parties were in the Palaces about,—at Potsdam, at Charlottenburg, Schönhausen (the Queen's), at Friedrichsfeld (the Margraf Karl's), some of whom behaved well, some horribly ill. In Charlottenburg, certain Saxon Brühl-Dragoons, who by their conduct might have been Dragoons of Attila, smashed the furnitures, the doors, cutting the Pictures, much maltreating the poor people; and, what was reckoned still more tragical, overset the poor Polignac Collection of Antiques and Classicalities; not only knocking-off noses and arms, but beating them small, lest reparation by cement should be possible. Their Officers, Pirna people, looking quietly on. A scandalous pro-

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ceeding, thought everybody, friend or foe,—especially thought Friedrich; whose indignation at this ruin of Charlottenburg came out in way of reprisal by and by. At Potsdam, on the other hand, Prince Esterhazy, with perhaps Hungarians among his people, behaved like a very Prince; received from the Castellan an Attestation that he had scrupulously respected everything; and took, as souvenir, only one Picture of little value; Prince de Ligne, who was under him, carrying off, still more daintily, one goose-quill, immortal by having been a pen of the Great Friedrich's.

'Tottleben, with no feeling other than Official tempered by Human, was in great contrast with Lacy, and very beneficent to Berlin during the three days it lay under the *tribula*, or harrow of War. But the Tutelary Angel of Berlin, then and afterwards for weeks and months, till all scores got settled, was the Gotzkowsky mentioned above.' Whom we shall see again helpful at Leipzig; a man worth marking in these tumults. 'If Tottleben was the temporal Armed King, this Gotzkowsky was the Spiritual King, *Papa* or Universal Father, armed only with charities, pieties, prayers, ever shiningly attended by self-sacrifices on Gotzkowsky's part; which averted woes innumerable (Lager-Haus only one of a long list); and which "surpassed all belief," write the Berlin Magistracy, as if in tears over such heroism. Truly a Prince of Merchants, this Gotzkowsky, not for his vast enterprises, and the mere 1,500 workmen he employs, but for the still greater heart that dwells in him. Had begun as a travelling Pedlar; used to call at Reinsberg, with female haberdasheries exquisitely chosen ("*gallanterie* wares" the Germans call them), for the then Princess Royal; not unnoticed by Friedrich, who recognised the broad sense, solidity and great thoughts of the man. Of all which Friedrich has known far more since then, in various branches of Prussian commerce improved by Gotzkowsky's managements. A truly notable Gotzkowsky; became bankrupt at last, one is sorry to hear; and died in affliction and neglect,—short of the humblest wages for so much good work done in the world![1]

'Gotzkowsky's House was like a general store-room for everybody's preciosities; his time, means, self were the refuge of all the needy. In Zorndorf time, when this Czernichef' (if readers can remember), 'who is now so supreme,—Czernichef, Soltikof and others,—had nothing for it but to lodge in the cellars of burnt Cüstrin, Gotzkowsky, with ready-money, with advice, with assaugement, had been their *Deus ex machinâ*: and now Czernichef remembers it; and Gotzkowsky, as Papa, has to go with continual prayers, negotiations, counsellings, expedients, and be the refuge of all unjustly suffering men. Berlin has immensities of trade in

[1] Preuss, ii. 257, etc. etc.; *Geschichte eines Patriotischen Kaufmanns* (Berlin, 1769, by Gotzkowsky himself).

war-furnitures: the capitals circulating are astonishing to Archenholtz; million on the back of million; no such city in Germany for trade. The desire of the Three-days Lacy Government is towards any Lager-Haus; any mass of wealth, which can be construed as Royal or connected with Royalty. Ephraim and Itzig, mint-masters of that copper coinage; rolling in foul wealth by the ruin of their neighbours; ought not these to bleed? Well, yes,—if anybody; and copiously if you like! I should have said so: but the generous Gotzkowsky said in his heart, "No"; and again pleaded and prevailed. Ephraim and Itzig, foul swollen creatures, were not broached at all; and their gratitude was, That, at a future day, Gotzkowsky's day of bankruptcy, they were hardest of any on Gotzkowsky.

'Archenholtz and the Books are enthusiastically copious upon Gotzkowsky and his procedures; but we must be silent. This Anecdote only, in regard to Freedom of the Press,—to the so-called "air we breathe, not having which we die!" Would modern Friends of Progress believe it? Because, in former stages of this War, the Berlin Newspapers have had offensive expressions (scarcely noticeable to the microscope in our day, and below calculation for smallness) upon the Russian and Austrian Sovereigns or Peoples,—the Able Editors (there are only Two) shall now in person, here in the Market-place of Berlin, actually run the gantlet for it,—"run the rods (*Gassen-laufen*"), as the fashion now is;—which is worse than *gantlet*, not to speak of the ignominy. That is the barbaric Russian notion: "Who are you, ill-informed insolent persons, that give a loose to your tongue in that manner? Strip to the waistband, swift! Here is the true career opened for you: on each hand, one hundred sharp rods ranked waiting you; run your courses there,—no hurry more than you like!" The alternative of death, I suppose, was open to these Editors; Roman death at least, and martyrdom for a new Faith (Faith in the Loose Tongue), very sacred to the Democratic Ages now at hand. But nobody seems to have thought of it; Editors and Public took the thing as a sorrow incident to this dangerous Profession of the Tongue Loose (or looser than usual); which nobody yet knew to be divine. The Editors made passionate enough lamentation, in the stript state; one of them, with loud weeping, pulled off his wig, showed ice-grey hair; "I am in my 68th year!" But it seems nothing would have steaded them, had not Gotzkowsky been busy interceding. By virtue of whom there was pardon privately in readiness: to the ice-grey Editor complete pardon; to the junior quasi-complete; only a few switches to assert the principle, and dismissal with admonition.'[1]

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103-148; Rödenbeck, ii. 41-54; Archenholtz, ii. 130-147; Preuss, *ubi suprà*; etc. etc.

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The pleasant part of the fact is, that Gotzkowsky's powerful intercessions were thenceforth no farther needed. The same day, Saturday October 11th, a few hours after this of the *Gassen-laufen*, news arrived full gallop : 'The King is coming !' After which it was beautiful to see how all things got to the gallop ; and in a no-time Berlin was itself again. That same evening, Saturday, Lacy took the road, with extraordinary velocity, towards Torgau Country, where the Reichsfolk, in Hülsen's absence, are supreme ; and, the second evening after, was got 60 miles thitherward. His joint dominion had been of Two days. On the morning of Sunday 12th, went Tottleben, who had businesses, settlements of ransom and the like, before marching. Tottleben, too, made uncommon despatch ; marched, as did all these invasive Russians, at the rate of thirty miles a day ; their Main Army likewise moving-off from Frankfurt to a safer distance. Friedrich was still five marches off ; but there seemed not a moment to lose.

The Russian spoilings during the retreat were more horrible than ever : 'The gallows gaping for us ; and only this one opportunity, if even this !' thought the agitated Cossack to himself. Our poor friend Nüssler had a sad tale to tell of them ;[1] as who had not ? Terror and murder, incendiary fire and other worse unnamable abominations of the Pit. One old Half-pay gentleman, whom I somewhat respect, desperately barricaded himself ; amid his domestics and tenantries, Wife and Daughters assisting : 'Human Russian Officers can enter here ; Cossacks no, but shall kill us first. Not a Cossack till all of us are lying dead !'[2] And kept his word ; the human Russians owning it to be proper.

In Guben Country, 'at Gross-Muckro, October 15th,' the day after passing Guben, Friedrich first heard for certain, That the Russians had been in Berlin, and also that they

[1] In Büsching, *Beytrage*, i. 400, 401, account of their sacking of Nüssler's pleasant home and estate, 'Weissensee, near Berlin.'

[2] Archenholtz, ii. 150.

were gone, and that all was over. He made two marches farther,—not now direct for Berlin, but direct for Saxony *and* it;—to Lübben, 50 or 60 miles straight south of Berlin; and halted there some days, to adjust himself for a new sequel. 'These are the things,' exclaims he, sorrowfully, to D'Argens, 'which I have been in dread of since Winter last; this is what gave the dismal tone to my Letters to you. It has required not less than all my philosophy to endure the reverses, the provocations, the outrages, and the whole scene of atrocious things that have come to pass.'[1] Friedrich's grief about Berlin we need not paint; though there were murmurs afterwards, 'Why did not he start sooner?' which he could not, in strict reason, though aware that these savageries were on march. He had hoped the Eugen-Hülsen appliances, even should all else fail, might keep them at bay. And indeed, in regard to these latter, it turned only on a hair. Montalembert calculating, vows, on his oath, 'Can assure you, M. l'Ambassadeur, *puis bien vous assurer comme si j'étais devant Dieu*, as if I stood before God,'[2] that, from first to last, it was my doing; that but for me, at the very last, the Russians, on sight of Hülsen and Eugen, and no Lacy come, would have marched away!

Friedrich's orderings and adjustings, dated Lübben, where his Army rested after this news from Berlin, were manifold; and a good deal still of wrecks from the Berlin Business fell to his share. For instance, one thing he had at once ordered: 'Your Bill of a Million-and-half to the Russians, don't pay it, or any part of it! When Bamberg was ransomed, Spring gone a year,—Reich and Kaiser, did they respect our Bill we had on Bamberg? Did not they cancel it, and flatly refuse?' Friedrich is positive on the point, 'Reprisal our clear remedy!' But Berlin itself was in alarm, for perhaps another Russian visit; Berlin and Gotzkowsky were humbly positive the other way. Upon which a visit of Gotzkowsky to the Royal Camp: 'Merchants' Bills are a sacred thing,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 199: '22d Oct.' [2] Montalembert, ii. 108.

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your Majesty!' urged Gotzkowsky. Who, in his zeal for the matter, undertook dangerous visits to the Russian Quarters, and a great deal of trouble, peril and expense, during the weeks following. Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, in 'mere bribes to the Russian Officials, spent about 6,000*l.* of his own,' for one item. But he had at length convinced his Majesty that Merchants' Bills were a sacred thing, in spite of Bamberg and desecrative individualities; and that this Million-and-half must be paid. Friedrich was struck with Gotzkowsky and his view of the facts. Friedrich, from his own distressed funds, handed to Gotzkowsky the necessary Million-and-half, commanding only profound silence about it; and to Gotzkowsky himself a present of 150,000 thalers (20,000*l.* odd);[1] and so the matter did at last end.

It had been a costly business to Berlin, and to the King, and to the poor harried Country. To Berlin, bombardment of ten hours; alarm of discursive siege-work in the environs for five days; foreign yoke for three days; lost money to the amounts above stated; what loss in wounds to body or to peace of mind, or whether any loss that way, nobody has counted. The Berlin people rose to a more than Roman height of temper, testifies D'Argens;[2] so that perhaps it was a gain. The King's Magazines and War-furnitures about Berlin are wasted utterly,—Arsenal itself not blown up, we well know why;—and much Hunnish ruin in Charlottenburg, with damage to Antiques,—for which latter clause there shall, in a few months, be reprisal, if it please the Powers!

Of all this Montalembert declares, 'Before God, that he, Montalembert, is and was the mainspring.' And indeed, Tempelhof, without censure of Montalembert and his vocation, but accurately computing time and circumstance, comes to the same conclusion;—as thus: '*October 8th*, seeing no Lacy come, Czernichef, had it not been for Montalembert's

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 146.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 195-199: 'D'Argens to the King: Berlin, 19th October 1760,'—an interesting Letter of details.

eloquence, had fixed for returning to Cöpenik : whom cautious Lacy would have been obliged to imitate. Suppose Czernichef had, *October 9th*, got to Cöpenik,—Eugen and Hülsen remain at Berlin ; Czernichef could not have got back thither before the 11th ; on the 11th was news of Friedrich's coming ; which set all on gallop to the right about.'[1] So that really, before God, it seems Montalembert must have the merit of this fine achievement :—the one fruit, so far as I can discover, of his really excellent reasonings, eloquences, patiences, sown broadcast, four or five long years, on such a field as fine human talent never had before. I declare to you, M. l'Ambassadeur, this excellent vulture-swoop on Berlin, and burning or reburning of the Peasantry of the Mark, is due solely to one poor zealous gentleman !—

What was next to follow out of *this*,—in Torgau neighbourhood, where Daun now stands expectant,—poor M. de Montalembert was far from anticipating ; and will be in no haste to claim the merit of before God or man.

CHAPTER V

BATTLE OF TORGAU

After Hülsen's fine explosion on the Dürrenberg, August 20th, on the incompetent Reichs Generals, there had followed nothing eminent ; new futilities, attemptings and desistings, advancings and recoilings, on the part of the Reich ; Hülsen solidly maintaining himself, in defence of his Torgau Magazine and Saxon interests in those regions, against such overwhelming odds, till relief and reinforcement for them and him should arrive ; and gaining time, which was all he could aim at in such circumstances. Had the Torgau Magazine been bigger, perhaps Hülsen might have sat there to the end. But having solidly eaten-out said Magazine, what could Hülsen do

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 277.

but again move rearward?[1] Above all, on the alarm from Berlin, which called him off double-quick, things had to go their old road in that quarter. Weak Torgau was taken, weak Wittenberg besieged. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg, all that Country, by the time the Russians left Berlin, was again the Reich's. Eugen and Hülsen, hastening for relief of Wittenberg, the instant Berlin was free, found Wittenberg a heap of ruins, out of which the Prussian garrison, very hunger urging, had issued the day before, as prisoners of war. Nothing more to be done by Eugen, but take post, within reach of Magdeburg and victual, and wait new Order from the King.

The King is very unquestionably coming on; leaves Lübben thitherward October 20th.[2] With full fixity of purpose as usual; but with as gloomy an outlook as ever before. Daun, we said, is now arrived in those parts: Daun and the Reich together are near 100,000; Daun some 60,000,—Loudon having stayed behind, and gone southward, for a stroke on Kosel (if Goltz will permit, which he won't at all!),—and the Reich 35,000. Saxony is all theirs; cannot they maintain Saxony? Not a Town or a Magazine now belongs to Friedrich there, and he is in number as 1 to 2. 'Maintain Saxony; indisputably you can!' that is the express Vienna Order, as Friedrich happens to know. The Russians themselves have taken Camp again, and wait visibly, about Landsberg and the Warta Country, till they see Daun certain of executing said Order; upon which they intend, they also, to winter in those Elbe-Prussian parts, and conjointly to crush Friedrich into great confinement indeed. Friedrich is aware of this Vienna Order; which is a kind of comfort in the circumstances. The intentions of the hungry Russians, too, are legible to Friedrich; and he is much resolved that

[1] *Hofbericht von dem Rückzug des General-Lieutenants von Hülsen aus dem Lager bey Torgau* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 755-784).

[2] Rödenbeck, ii. 35: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 241-245) Friedrich's Two Marches, towards and from Berlin (7th-17th October, to Lübben; thence, 20th October—3d November, to Torgau).

said Order shall be impossible to Daun. 'Were it to be possible, we are landless. Where are our recruits, our magazines, our resources for a new Campaign? We may as well die, as suffer that to be possible!' Such is Friedrich's fixed view. He says to D'Argens:

'You, as a follower of Epicurus, put a value on life; as for me, I regard death from the Stoic point of view. Never shall I see the moment that forces me to make a disadvantageous Peace; no persuasion, no eloquence, shall ever induce me to sign my dishonour. Either I will bury myself under the ruins of my Country, or if that consolation appears too sweet to the Destiny that persecutes me, I shall know how to put an end to my misfortunes when it is impossible to bear them any longer. I have acted, and continue to act, according to that interior voice of conscience and of honour which directs all my steps: my conduct shall be, in every time, conformable to those principles. After having sacrificed my youth to my Father, my ripe years to my Country, I think I have acquired the right to dispose of my old age. I have told you, and I repeat it, Never shall my hand sign a humiliating Peace. Finish this Campaign I certainly will, resolved to dare all, and to try the most desperate things either to succeed or to find a glorious end (*fin glorieuse!*).'[1]

Friedrich had marched from Lübben, after three-days settling of affairs, *October 20th*; arrived at Jessen, on the Elbe, within wind of Wittenberg, in two days more. 'He formed a small magazine at Düben,' says Archenholtz; 'and was of a velocity, a sharpness,'—like lightning, in a manner! Friedrich is uncommonly dangerous when crushed into a corner, in this way; and Daun knows that he is. Friedrich's manœuvrings upon Daun—all readers can anticipate the general type of them. The studious military reader, if England boasts any such, will find punctual detail of them in

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 202 ('Kemberg, 28th October 1760,' a week and a day before Torgau).

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Tempelhof and the German Books. For our poor objects, here is a Summary which may suffice :

From Lübben, having winded-up these bad businesses,—and reinforced Goltz, at Glogau, to a 20,000 for Silesia's sake, to look towards Kosel and Loudon's attempts there,—Friedrich gathered himself into proper concentration ; and with all the strength now left to him pushed forward (20th October) towards Wittenberg, and recovery of those lost Saxon Countries. To Wittenberg from Lübben is some 60 miles ;—can be done, nearly, in a couple of days. With the King, after Goltz is furnished, there are about 30,000 ; Eugen and Hülsen, not idle for their own part, wait in those far Western or Ultra-Wittenberg regions (in and beyond Dessau Country), to join him with their 14,000, when they get signal. Joined with these, he will be 44,000 ; he will then cross Elbe somewhere, probably not where Daun and the Reich imagine, and be in contact with his Problem ; with what a pitch of willingness nobody need be told ! Daun, in Torgau Country, has one of the best positions ; nor is Daun a man for getting flurried.

The poor Reichs Army, though it once flattered itself with intending to dispute Friedrich's passage of the Elbe, and did make some detachings and manœuvrings that way, on his approach to Wittenberg (October 22d-23d),—took a safer view, on his actual arrival there, on his re-seizure of that ruined place, and dangerous attitude on the right bank below and above. Safer view, on salutary second thoughts ;—and fell back Leipzig-way, southward to Düben, 30 or 40 miles. Whence rapidly to Leipzig itself, 30 or 40 more, on his actually putting down his bridges over Elbe. Friedrich's crossing-place was Schanzhaus, in Dessau Country, between Roslau and Klikau, 12 or 15 miles below Wittenberg ; about midway between Wittenberg and the inflow of the Mulda into Elbe.* He crossed *October 26th,* no enemy within wind at all ; Daun at Torgau in his inexpugnable Camp, Reichsfolk at Düben, making towards Leipzig at their best pace. And is now wholly between Elbe and Mulda ; nothing but Mulda and the Anhalt Countries and the Halle Country now to rear of him.

At Jonitz, next march southward, he finds the Eugen-Hülsen people ready. We said they had not been idle while waiting signal : of which here is one pretty instance. Eugen's Brother, supreme Reigning Duke of Würtemberg,—whom we parted with at Fulda, last Winter, on sore terms ; but who again, zealous creature, heads his own little Army in French-Austrian service, in still more eclipsed circumstances ('No subsidy at all, this Year, say your august Majesties? Well, I must do without : a volunteer ; and shall need only what I can make by forced

* Map, p. 321.

contributions!' which of course he is diligent to levy wherever possible), —has latterly taken Halle Country in hand, very busy raising contributions there: and Eugen hears, not without interest, that certain regiments or detachments of his, pushed out, are lying here, there, superintending that salutary work,—within clutch, perhaps, of Kleist the Hussar! Eugen despatches Kleist upon him; who pounces with his usual fierce felicity upon these people. To such alarm of his poor Serenity and poor Army, that Serenity flies off homeward at once, and out of these Wars altogether; where he never had other than the reverse of business to be, and where he has played such a farce-tragedy for four years back. Eugen has been heard to speak,—theoretically, and in excited moments, —of 'running such a fellow through the body, were one near him': but it is actually Eugen in person that sends him home from these Wars: which may be counted a not unfraternal or unpatriotic procedure; being of indisputable benefit to the poor Sovereign man himself, and to everybody concerned with him.

Hearing that Friedrich was across, Daun came westward that same day (October 26th), and planted himself at Eilenburg; concluding that the Reichsfolk would now be in jeopardy first of all. Which was partly the fact; and indeed this Daun movement rather accelerated the completion of it. Without this the Reichs Army might have lived another day. It had quitted Düben, and gone in all haste for Leipzig, at 1 in the morning (not by Eilenburg, of which or of Daun's arrival there it knows nothing),—'at 1 in the morning of the 27th,' or in fact, so soon as news could reach it at the gallop, That Friedrich was across. And now Friedrich, seeing Daun out in this manner, judged that a junction was contemplated; and that one could not be too swift in preventing it. October 29th, with one diligent march, Friedrich posted himself at Düben; there, in a sort now between Daun and the Reichsfolk, detached Hülsen with a considerable force to visit these latter in Leipzig itself; and began with all diligence forming 'a small Magazine in Düben,' Magdeburg and the current of the Elbe being hitherto his only resource in that kind. By the time of Hülsen's return, this little operation will be well forward, and Daun will have declared himself a little.

Hülsen, evening of October 30th, found Leipzig in considerable emotion, the Reichsfolk taking refuge in it: not the least inclined to stand a push, when Hülsen presented himself. Night of 30th-31st, there was summoning and menacing; Reich endeavouring to answer in firm style; but all the while industriously packing-up to go. By 5 in the morning, things had come to extremity;—morning, happily for some of us, was dark mist. But about 5 o'clock, Hülsen (or Hülsen's Second) coming on with menace of fire and sword upon these poor Reichspeople, found the Reichspeople wholly vanished in the mist. Gone bodily; in

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full march for the spurs of the Metal-Mountain Range again;—concluding, for the fourth time, an extremely contemptible Campaign. Daun, with the King ahead of him, made not the least attempt to help them in their Leipzig difficulty; but retired to his strong Camp at Torgau; feels his work to lie *there*,—as Friedrich perceives of him, with some interest.

Hülsen left a little garrison in Leipzig (friend Quintus a part of it);[1] and returned to the King; whose small Magazine at Düben, and other small affairs there,—Magdeburg with boats, and the King with wagons, having been so diligent in carrying grain thither,—are now about completed. From Daun's returning to Torgau, Friedrich infers that the cautious man has got Order from Court to maintain Torgau at all costs,—to risk a battle rather than go. 'Good: he shall have one!' thinks Friedrich. And, *November 2d*, in four columns, marches towards Torgau; to Schilda, that night, which is some seven miles on the southward side of Torgau. The King, himself in the vanguard as usual, has watched with eager questioning eye the courses of Daun's advanced parties, and by what routes they retreat; discerns for certain that Daun has no views upon Düben or our little Magazine; and that the tug of wrestle for Torgau, which is to crown this Campaign into conquest of Saxony, or shatter it into zero like its foregoers on the Austrian part, and will be of death-or-life nature on the Prussian part, ought to ensue tomorrow. Forward, then!

This Camp of Torgau is not a new place to Daun. It was Prince Henri's Camp last Autumn; where Daun tried all his efforts to no purpose; and though hugely outnumbering the Prince, could make absolutely nothing of it. Nothing, or less; and was flowing back to Dresden and the Bohemian Frontier, uncheered by anything, till that comfortable Maxen Incident turned up. Daun well knows the strength of this position. Torgau and the Block of Hill to West, called Hill of Siptitz:—Hülsen, too, stood here this Summer; not to

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 290.

mention Finck and Wunsch, and their beating the Reichs-people here. A Hill and Post of great strength; not unfamiliar to many Prussians, nor to Friedrich's studious considerations, though his knowledge of it was not personal on all points;—as Tomorrow taught him, somewhat to his cost.

'Tourists, from Weimar and the Thüringian Countries,' says a Notebook, sometimes useful to us, 'have most likely omitted Rossbach in their screaming railway flight eastward; and done little in Leipzig, but endeavour to eat dinner, and, still more vainly, to snatch a little sleep in the inhuman dormitories of the Country. Next morning, screaming Dresden-ward, they might, especially if military, pause at Oschatz, a stage or two before Meissen, where again are objects of interest. You can look at Hubertsburg, if given that way,—a Royal Schloss, memorable on several grounds;—at Hubertsburg, and at other features, in the neighbourhood of Oschatz. This done, or this left not done, you strike-off leftward, that is northward, in some open vehicle, for survey of Torgau and its vicinities and environs. Not above fifteen miles for you; a drive singular and pleasant; time enough to return and be in Dresden for dinner.

'Torgau is a fine solid old Town; Prussian military now abundant in it. In ancient Heathen times, I suppose, it meant the *Gau*, or District, of *Thor*; Capital of that Gau,—part of which, now under Christian or quasi Christian circumstances, you have just been traversing, with Elbe on your right hand. Innocent rural aspects of Humanity, Boor's life, Gentry's life, all the way, not in any holiday equipment; on the contrary, somewhat unkempt and scraggy, but all the more honest and inoffensive. There is sky, earth, air, and freedom for your own reflections: a really agreeable kind of Gau; pleasant, though in part ugly. Large tracts of it are pine-wood, with pleasant Villages, and fine arable expanses interspersed. Schilda and many Villages you leave to right and left. Old-fashioned Villages, with their Village industries visible around; labouring each in its kind,—not too fast; probably with extinct tobacco-pipe hanging over its chin (*kalt-rauchend*, "smoking *cold*," as they phrase it).

'Schilda has an absurd celebrity among the Germans: it is the Gotham of Teutschland; a fountain of old broad-grins and homely and hearty rustic banter; welling-up from the serious extinct Ages to our own day; "*Schilt*bürger" (Inhabitant of *Schilda*) meaning still, among all the Teutsch populations, a man of calmly obstinate whims and delusions, of notions altogether contrary to fact, and agreeable to him-

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self only; resolutely pushing his way through life on those terms: amid horse-laughter, naturally, and general wagging of beards from surrounding mankind. Extinct mirth, not to be growled at or despised, in Ages running to the shallow, which have lost their mirth, and become all one snigger of mock-mirth. For it is observable, the more solemn is your background of *dark*, the brighter is the play of all human genialities and coruscations on it,—of genial mirth especially, in the hour for mirth. Who the *Doctor Bordel* of Schilda was, I do not know: but they have had their Bordel, as Gotham had;—probably various Bordels; industrious to pick-up those Spiritual fruits of the earth. For the records are still abundant and current; fully more alive than those of Gotham here are. —And yonder, then, is actually Schilda of the absurd fame. A small, cheerful-looking human Village, in its Island among the Woods; you see it lying to the right:—a clean brick-slate congeries, with faint smoke-canopy hanging over it, indicating frugal dinner-kettles on the simmer; —and you remember kindly those good old grinnings, over good *Schiltburgers* good *Wise Men of Gotham* and their learned Chroniclers, and unlearned Peasant Producers, who have contributed a wrinkle of human Fun to the earnest face of Life.

'After Schilda, and before, you traverse long tracts of Pine Forest, all under forest management; with long straight stretches of sandy road (one of which is your own), straight like red tape-strings, intersecting the wide solitudes: dangerous to your topographies,—for the finger-posts are not always there, and human advice you can get none. Nothing but the stripe of blue sky overhead, and the brown one of tape (or sand) under your feet: the trees poor and mean for most part, but so innumerable, and all so silent, watching you all like mute witnesses, mutely whispering together; no voice but their combined whisper or big forest *sough* audible to you in the world:—on the whole, your solitary ride there proves, unexpectedly, a singular deliverance from the mad railway, and its iron bedlamisms and shrieking discords and precipitancies; and is soothing, and pensively welcome, though sad enough, and in outward features ugly enough. No wild boars are now in these woods, no chance of a wolf':—what concerns us more is, that Friedrich's columns, on the 3d of November, had to march-up through these long lanes, or tape-stripes of the Torgau Forest; and that one important column, one or more, took the wrong turn at some point, and was dangerously wanting at the expected moment!—

'Torgau itself stands near Elbe; on the shoulder, eastern or Elbeward shoulder, of a big mass of Knoll, or broad Height, called of Siptitz, the main Eminence of the Gau. Shoulder, I called it, of this Height of Siptitz; but more properly it is on a continuation, or lower ulterior height dipping into Elbe itself, that Torgau stands. Siptitz Height,

nearly a mile from Elbe, drops down into a straggle of ponds; after which, on a second or final rise, comes Torgau dipping into Elbe. Not a shoulder strictly, but rather a *cheek*, with *neck* intervening;—neck *goitry* for that matter, or quaggy with ponds! The old Town stands high enough, but is enlaced on the western and southern side by a set of lakes and quagmires, some of which are still extensive and undrained. The course of the waters hereabouts, and of Elbe itself, has had its intricacies: close to north-west, Torgau is bordered, in a straggling way, by what they call *Old Elbe*; which is not now a fluent entity, but a stagnant congeries of dirty waters and morasses. The Hill of Siptitz abuts in that aqueous or quaggy manner; its fore-feet being, as it were, at or in Elbe River, and its sides, to the South and to the North for some distance each way, considerably enveloped in ponds and boggy difficulties.

'Plenty of water all about, but I suppose mostly of bad quality; at least Torgau has declined drinking it, and been at the trouble to lay a pipe, or *Röhrgraben*, several miles long, to bring its culinary water from the western neighbourhoods of Siptitz Height. Along the southern side of Siptitz Height goes leisurely an uncomfortable kind of Brook, called the "*Röhrgraben* (Pipe-Ditch)"; the meaning of which unexpected name you find to be, That there is a *Service-Pipe* laid cunningly at the bottom of this Brook; lifting the Brook at its pure upper springs, and sending it along, in secret tubular quasi-bottled condition; leaving the fouler drippings from the neighbourhood to make what "brook" they still can, over its head, and keep it out of harm's way till Torgau get it. This is called the *Röhrgraben*, this which comes running through Siptitz Village, all along by the southern base of Siptitz Hill; to the idle eye, a dirtyish Brook, ending in certain notable Ponds eastward: but to the eye of the inquiring mind, which has pierced deeper, a Tube of rational Water, running into the throats of Torgau, while the so-called Brook disembogues at discretion into the *Entefang* (Duck-trap), and what Ponds or reedy Puddles there are,'—of which, in poor Wunsch's fine bit of fighting, last Year, we heard mention. Let readers keep mind of them.

The Hill Siptitz, with this *Röhrgraben* at the southern basis of it, makes a very main figure in the Battle now imminent. Siptitz Height is, in fact, Daun's Camp; where he stands intrenched to the utmost, repeatedly changing his position, the better to sustain Friedrich's expected attacks. It is a blunt broad-backed Elevation, mostly in vineyard, perhaps on the average 200 feet above the general level, and of five or six square miles in area: length, east to west, from

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Grosswig neighbourhood to the environs of Torgau, may be about three miles; breadth, south to north, from the Siptitz to the Zinna neighbourhoods, above half that distance. The Height is steepish on the southern side, all along to the south-west angle (which was Daun's left flank in the great Action coming), but swells-up with easier ascent on the west, north and other sides. Let the reader try for some conception of its environment and it, as the floor or arena of a great transaction this day.

Daun stands fronting southward along these Siptitz Heights, looking towards Schilda and his dangerous neighbour; heights, woods, ponds and inaccessibilities environing his Position and him. One of the strongest positions imaginable; which, under Prince Henri, proved inexpugnable enough to some of us. A position not to be attacked on that southern front, nor on either of its flanks:—where can it be attacked? Impregnable, under Prince Henri in far inferior force: how will you take it from Daun in decidedly superior? A position not to be attacked at all, most military men would say;—though One military man, in his extreme necessity, must and will find a way into it.

One fault, the unique military man, intensely pondering, discovers that it has: it is too small for Daun; not area enough for manœuvring 65,000 men in it; who will get into confusion if properly dealt with. A most comfortable light-flash, the *eureka* of this terrible problem. 'We will attack it on rear and on front simultaneously; that is the way to handle it!' Yes; simultaneously, though that is difficult, say military judges; perhaps to Prussians it may be possible. It is the opinion of military judges who have studied the matter, that Friedrich's plan, could it have been perfectly executed, might have got not only victory from Daun, but was capable to fling his big Army and him pell-mell upon the Elbe Bridge, that is to say, in such circumstances, into Elbe River, and swallow him bodily at a frightful rate! That fate was spared poor Daun.

Monday 3d November 1760, at half-past 6 in the morning Friedrich is on march for this great enterprise. The march goes northward, in Three Columns, with a Fourth of Baggage; through the woods, on four different roads; roads, or combinations of those intricate sandy avenues already noticed. Northward all of it at first; but at a certain point ahead (at crossing of the Eilenburg-Torgau Road, namely), the March is to divide itself in two. Half of the force is to strike-off rightward there with Ziethen, and to issue on the south side of Siptitz Hill; other half, under Friedrich himself, to continue northward, long miles farther, and then at last bending round, issue,—simultaneously with Ziethen, if possible,—upon Siptitz Hill from the north side.* We are about 44,000 strong, against Daun, who is 65,000.

Simultaneously with Ziethen, so far as humanly possible: that is the essential point! Friedrich has taken every pains that it shall be correct, in this and all points; and to take double assurance of hiding it from Daun, he yesternight, in dictating his Orders on the other heads of method, kept entirely to himself this most important Ziethen portion of the Business. And now, at starting, he has taken Ziethen in his carriage with him a few miles, to explain the thing by word of mouth. At the Eilenburg road, or before it, Ziethen thinks he is clear as to everything; dismounts; takes in hand the mass intrusted to him; and strikes-off by that rightward course: 'Rightward, Herr Ziethen; rightward till you get to Klitschen, your first considerable island in this sea of wood; at Klitschen strike to the left into the woods again,—your road is called the Butter-Strasse (*Butter-Street*); goes by the north-west side of Siptitz Height; reach Siptitz by the Butter-Street, and then do your endeavour!'

With the other Half of his Army, specially with the First Column of it, Friedrich proceeds northward on his own part of the adventure. Three Columns he has, besides the Baggage one: in number about equal to Ziethen's; if perhaps other-

* See Map and Plan, p. 321.

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wise, rather the chosen Half; about 8,000 grenadier and foot-guard people, with Kleist's Hussars, are Friedrich's own Column. Friedrich's Column marches nearest the Daun positions; the Baggage-column farthest; and that latter is to halt, under escort, quite away to left or westward of the disturbance coming; the other Two Columns, Hülsen's of foot, Holstein's mostly of horse, go through intermediate tracks of wood, by roads more or less parallel; and are all, Friedrich's own Column, still more the others, to leave Siptitz several miles to right, and to end, not *at* Siptitz Height, but several miles past it, and then wheeling round, begin business from the northward or rearward side of Daun, while Ziethen attacks or menaces his front,—simultaneously, if possible. Friedrich's march, hidden all by woods, is more than twice as far as Ziethen's,—some 14 or 15 miles in all; going straight northward 10 miles; thence bending eastward, then southward through woods; to emerge about Neiden, there to cross a Brook (Striebach), and strike home on the north side of Daun. The track of march is in the shape somewhat of a shepherd's crook; the long *handle* of it, well away from Siptitz, reaches up to Neiden, this is the straight or wooden part of said crook; after which comes the bent, catching, or iron part,—intended for Daun and his fierce flock. Ziethen has hardly above six miles; and ought to be deliberate in his woodlands, till the King's party have time to get round.

The morning, I find, is wet; fourteen miles of march: fancy such a Promenade through the dripping Woods; heavy, toilsome, and with such errand ahead! The delays were considerable; some of them accidental. Vigilant Daun has Detachments watching in these Woods:—a General Ried, who fires cannon and gets off: then a General St. Ignon and the St. Ignon Regiment of Dragoons; who, being *between* Column First and Column Second, cannot get away; but, after some industry by Kleist and those of Column Two, are caught and pocketed, St. Ignon himself prisoner among the rest. This delay may perhaps be considered profitable:

but there were other delays absolutely without profit. For example, that of having difficulties with your artillery-wagons in the wet miry lanes; that of missing your road, at some turn in the solitary woods; which latter was the sad chance of Column Third, fatally delaying it for many hours.

Daun, learning by those returned parties from the Woods what the Royal intentions on him are, hastily whirls himself round, so as to front north, and there receive Friedrich: best line northward for Friedrich's behoof; rear line or second-best will now receive Ziethen or what may come. Daun's arrangements are admitted to be prompt and excellent. Lacy, with his 20,000,—who lay, while Friedrich's attack was expected from south, at Loswig, as advanced guard, east side of the *Grosse Teich* (supreme pond of all, which is a continuation of the Duck-trap, *Entefang*, and hangs like a chief goitre on the goitry neck of Torgau),—Lacy is now to draw himself north and westward, and looking into the Entefang over his left shoulder (so to speak), be rearguard against any Ziethen or Prussian party that may come. Daun's baggage is all across the Elbe, all in wagons since yesterday; three Bridges hanging for Daun and it, in case of adverse accident. Daun likewise brings all or nearly all his cannon to the new front, for Friedrich's behoof: 200 new pieces hither; Archenholtz says 400 in whole; certainly such a weight of artillery as never appeared in Battle before. Unless Friedrich's arrangements prove punctual, and his stroke be emphatic, Friedrich may happen to fare badly. On the latter point, of emphasis, there is no dubiety for Friedrich: but on the former,—things are already past doubt, the wrong way! For the last hour or so of Friedrich's march there has been continual storm of cannonade and musketry audible from Ziethen's side:—'Ziethen engaged!' thinks everybody; and quickens step here, under this marching music from the distance. Which is but a wrong reading or mistake, nothing more; the real phenomenon being as follows: Ziethen

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punctually got to Klitschen at the due hour; struck into the *Butter-Strasse*, calculating his paces; but, on the edge of the Wood found a small Austrian party, like those in Friedrich's route; and, pushing into it, the Austrian party replied with cannon before running. Whereupon Ziethen, not knowing how inconsiderable it was, drew-out in battle-order; gave it a salvo or two; drove it back on Lacy, in the Duck-trap direction,—a long way east of Butter-Street, and Ziethen's real place;—unlucky that he followed it so far! Ziethen followed it; and got into some languid dispute with Lacy: dispute quite distant, languid, on both sides, and consisting mainly of cannon; but lasting in this way many precious hours. This is the phenomenon which friends in the distance read to be, 'Ziethen engaged!' Engaged, yes, and alas with what? What Ziethen's degree of blame was, I do not know. Friedrich thought it considerable:—'Stupid, stupid, *mein lieber*!' which Ziethen never would admit;—and, beyond question, it was of high detriment to Friedrich this day. Such accidents, say military men, are inherent, not to be avoided, in that double form of attack: which may be true, only that Friedrich had no choice left of forms just now.

About noon Friedrich's Vanguard (Kleist and Hussars), about 1 o'clock Friedrich himself, 7 or 8,000 Grenadiers, emerged from the Woods about Neiden. This Column, which consists of choice troops, is to be Front-line of the Attack. But there is yet no Second Column under Hülsen, still less any Third under Holstein, come in sight: and Ziethen's cannonade is but too audible. Friedrich halts; sends Adjutants to hurry-on these Columns;—and rides out reconnoitering, questioning peasants; earnestly surveying Daun's ground and his own. Daun's now right wing well eastward about Zinna had been Friedrich's intended point of attack; but the ground, out there, proves broken by boggy brooks and remnant stagnancies of the Old Elbe: Friedrich

finds he must return into the Wood again; and attack Daun's left. Daun's left is carefully drawn down *en potence*, or gallows-shape there; and has, within the Wood, carefully built by Prince Henri last year, an extensive Abatis, or complete western wall,—only the north part of which is perhaps now passable, the Austrians having in the cold time used a good deal of it as firewood lately. There, on the north-west corner of Daun, across that weak part of the Abatis, must Friedrich's attack lie. But Friedrich's Columns are still fatally behind,—Holstein, with all the Cavalry we have, so precious at present, is wandering by wrong paths; took the wrong turn at some point, and the Adjutant can hardly find him at all, with his precept of 'Haste, haste!'

We may figure Friedrich's humour under these ill omens. Ziethen's cannonade becomes louder and louder; which Friedrich naturally fancies to be death or life to him,—not to mean almost nothing, as it did. '*Mein Gott*, Ziethen is in action, and I have not my Infantry up!'[1] cried he. And at length decided to attack as he was: Grenadiers in front, the chosen of his Infantry; Ramin's Brigade for Second Line; and, except about 800 of Kleist, no Cavalry at all. His battalions march out from Nieden hand, through difficult brooks, Striebach and the like, by bridges of Austrian build, which the Austrians are obliged to quit in hurry. The Prussians are as yet perpendicular to Daun, but will wheel rightward, into the Domitsch Wood again; and then form,—parallel to Daun's north-west shoulder; and to Prince Henri's Abatis, which will be their first obstacle in charging. Their obstacles in forming were many and intricate; ground so difficult, for artillery especially: seldom was seen such expertness, such willingness of mind. And seldom lay ahead of men such obstacles *after* forming! Think only of one fact: Daun, on sight of their intention, has opened 400 pieces of artillery on them, and these go raging and thundering into the hem of the Wood, and to whatever issues from it, now and for

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 303.

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hours to come, at a rate of deafening uproar and of sheer deadliness, which no observer can find words for.

Archenholtz, a very young officer of fifteen, who came into it perhaps an hour hence, describes it as a thing surpassable only by Doomsday: clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down on you, with horrid crash; the Forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal deathpeal; comparable to the Trump of Doom. Friedrich himself, who is an old hand, said to those about him: 'What an infernal fire (*höllisches Feuer*)! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? I never.'[1] Friedrich is between the Two Lines of his Grenadiers, which is his place during the attack: the first Line of Grenadiers, behind Prince Henri's Abatis, is within 800 yards of Daun; Ramin's Brigade is to rear of the Second Line, as a Reserve. Horse they have none, except the 800 Kleist Hussars; who stand to the left, outside the Wood, fronted by Austrian Horse in hopeless multitude. Artillery they have, in effect, none: their Batteries, hardly to be got across these last woody difficulties of trees growing and trees felled, did rank outside the Wood, on their left; but could do absolutely nothing (gun-carriages and gunners, officers and men, being alike blown away); and when Tempelhof saw them afterwards, they never had been fired at all. The Grenadiers have their muskets, and their hearts and their right-hands.

With amazing intrepidity, they, being at length all ready in rank within 800 yards, rush into the throat of this Fire-volcano; in the way commanded,—which is the alone way: such a problem as human bravery seldom had. The Grenadiers plunge forward upon the throat of Daun; but it is into the throat of his iron engines and his tearing billows of cannon-shot that most of them go. Shorn down by the company, by the regiment, in those terrible 800 yards,—then and afterwards. Regiment *Stutterheim* was nearly all killed and

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 304; Archenholtz, ii. 164.

wounded, say the Books. You would fancy it was the fewest of them that ever got to the length of selling their lives to Daun, instead of giving them away to his 400 cannon. But it is not so. The Grenadiers, both Lines of them, still in quantity, did get into contact with Daun. And sold him their lives, hand to hand, at a rate beyond example in such circumstances ;—Daun having to hurry-up new force in streams upon them ; resolute to purchase, though the price, for a long while, rose higher and higher.

At last the 6,000 Grenadiers, being now reduced to the tenth man, had to fall back. Upon which certain Austrian Battalions rushed down in chase, counting it Victory come : but were severely admonished of that mistake ; and driven back by Ramin's people, who accompanied them into their ranks, and again gave Daun a great deal of trouble before he could overpower them. This is Attack First, issuing in failure first : one of the stiffest bits of fighting ever known. Began about 2 in the afternoon ; ended, I should guess, rather after 3.

Daun, by this time, is in considerable disorder of line ; though his 400 fire-throats continue belching ruin, and deafening the world, without abatement. Daun himself had got wounded in the foot or leg during this Attack, but had no time to mind it : a most busy, strong and resolute Daun ; doing his very best. Friedrich, too, was wounded,—nobody will tell me in which of these attacks ;—but I think not now, at least will not speak of it now. What his feelings were, as this Grenadier Attack went on,—a struggle so unequal, but not to be helped, from the delays that had risen,—nobody, himself least of all, records for us : only by this little symptom : Two Grandsons of the Old Dessauer's are Adjutants of his Majesty, and well loved by him ; one of them now at his hand, the other heading his regiment in this charge of Grenadiers. Word comes to Friedrich that this latter one is shot dead. On which Friedrich, turning to the Brother, and not hiding his emotion, as was usual

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in such moments, said: 'All goes ill today; my friends are quitting me. I have just heard that your Brother is killed (*Tout va mal aujourd'hui; mes amis me quittent. On vient de m'annoncer la mort de votre frère)!*'[1] Words which the Anhalt kindred, and the Prussian military public, treasured up with a reverence strange to us. Of Anhalt perhaps some word by and by, at a fitter season.

Shortly after 3, as I reckon the time, Hülsen's Column did arrive: choice troops these too, the Pomeranian *Manteuffel*, one regiment of them;—young Archenholtz of *Forcade* (first Battalion here, second and third are with Ziethen, making vain noise) was in this Column; came, with the others, winding to the Wood's edge, in such circuits, poor young soul; rain pouring, if that had been worth notice; cannon-balls plunging, boughs crashing, such a *Todes-Posaune*, or Doomsday-Thunder, broken loose:—they did emerge steadily, nevertheless, he says, 'like sea-billows or flow of tide, under the smoky hurricane.' Pretty men are here too, Manteuffel Pommerners; no hearts stouter. With these, and the indignant Remnants which waited for them, a new assault upon Daun is set about. And bursts out, on that same north-west corner of him; say about half-past 3. The rain is now done, 'blown away by the tremendous artillery,' thinks Archenholtz, if that were any matter.

The Attack, supported by a few more Horse (though Column Three still fatally lingers), and, I should hope, by some practicable weight of Field-batteries, is spurred by a grimmer kind of indignation, and is of fiercer spirit than ever. Think how Manteuffel of Foot will blaze out; and what is the humour of those once-overwhelmed Remnants, now getting air again! Daun's line is actually broken in this point, his artillery surmounted and become useless; Daun's potence and north front are reeling backwards, Prussians in possession of their ground. 'The field to be ours!' thinks Friedrich, for some time. If indeed Ziethen had been seriously busy on

[1] Preuss, ii. 226.

the southern side of things, instead of vaguely cannonading in that manner! But resolute Daun, with promptitude, calls-in his Reserve from Grosswig, calls-in whatsoever of disposable force he can gather; Daun rallies, rushes again on the Prussians in overpowering number: and, in spite of their most desperate resistance, drives them back, ever back; and recovers his ground.

A very desperate bout, this Second one; probably the toughest of the Battle: but the result again is Daun's; the Prussians palpably obliged to draw back. Friedrich himself got wounded here;—poor young Archenholtz too, *only* wounded, not killed, as so many were:—Friedrich's wound was a contusion on the breast; came of some spent bit of case-shot, deadened farther by a famed pelisse he wore,—'which saved my life,' he said afterwards to Henri. The King himself little regarded it (mentioning it only to Brother Henri, on inquiry and solicitation), during the few weeks it still hung about him. The Books intimate that it struck him to the earth, void of consciousness for some time, to the terror of those about him; and that he started up, disregarding it altogether in this press of business, and almost as if ashamed of himself, which imposed silence on people's tongues. In military circles there is still, on this latter point, an Anecdote; which I cannot confirm or deny, but will give for the sake of Berenhorst and his famed Book on the *Art of War*. Berenhorst,—a natural son of the Old Dessauer's, and evidently enough a chip of the old block, only gone into the articulate-speaking or intellectual form,—was, for the present, an Adjutant or Aide-de-camp of Friedrich's; and at this juncture was seen bending over the swooned Friedrich, perhaps with an over-pathos or elaborate something in his expression of countenance; when Friedrich reopened his indignant eyes: '*Was macht Er hier?*' cried Friedrich: '*Er sammle Fuyards!* What have you to do here? Go and gather runaways' (be of some real use, can't you)!—which unkind cut struck deep into Berenhorst, they say; and could never after be eradi-

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cated from his gloomy heart. It is certain he became Prince Henri's Adjutant soon after, and that in his *Kriegskunst*, amidst the clearest orthodox admiration, he manifests, by little touches up and down, a feeling of very fell and pallid quality against the King; and belongs, in a peculiarly virulent though taciturn way, to the Opposition Party. His Book, next to English Lloyd's (or perhaps superior, for Berenhorst is of much the more cultivated intellect, highly condensed too, though so discursive and far-read, were it not for the vice of perverse diabolic temper), seemed, to a humble outsider like myself, greatly the strongest-headed, most penetrating and humanly illuminative I had had to study on that subject. Who the weakest-headed was (perhaps *Jomini*, among the widely-circulating kind?), I will not attempt to decide, so great is the crush in that bad direction. To return.

This Second Attack is again a repulse to the indignant Friedrich; though he still persists in fierce effort to recover himself: and indeed Daun's interior, too, it appears, is all in a whirl of confusion; his losses too having been enormous :— when, see, here at length, about half-past 4, Sun now down, is the tardy Holstein, with his Cavalry, emerging from the Woods. Comes wending on yonder, half a mile to north of us; straight eastward or Elbe-ward (according to the order of last night), leaving us and our death-struggles unregarded, as a thing that is not on his tablets, and is no concern of Holstein's. Friedrich halts him, not quite too late; organises a new and third Attack. Simultaneous universal effort of foot and horse upon Daun's Front; Holstein himself, who is almost at Zinna by this time, to go upon Daun's right wing. This is Attack Third; and is of sporadic intermittent nature, in the thickening dust and darkness: part of it successful, none of it beaten, but nowhere the success complete. Thus, in the extreme west or leftmost of Friedrich's attack, *Spaen* Dragoons, —one of the last Horse Regiments of Holstein's Column,— *Spaen* Dragoons, under their Lieutenant-Colonel Dalwig (a beautiful manœuvrer, who has stormed through many fields,

from Mollwitz onwards), cut in, with an admired impetuosity, with an audacious skill, upon the Austrian Infantry Regiments there; broke them to pieces, took two of them in the lump prisoners; bearded whole torrents of Austrian Cavalry rushing-up to the rescue,—and brought off their mass of prisoner regiments and six cannon;—the Austrian rescuers being charged by some new Prussian party, and hunted home again.[1] 'Had these Prussian Horse been on their ground at 2 o'clock, and done as now, it is very evident,' says Tempelhof, 'what the Battle of Torgau had by this time been!'

Near by, too, farther rightwards, if in the bewildering indistinctness I might guess where (but the where is not so important to us), Baireuth Dragoons, they of the 67 standards at Striegau long since, plunged into the Austrian Battalions at an unsurpassable rate; tumbled four regiments of them (Regiment *Kaiser*, Regiment *Neipperg*,—nobody now cares which four) heels-over-head, and in few minutes took the most of them prisoners; bringing them home too, like Dalwig, through crowds of rescuers. Eastward, again, or Elbe-ward, Holstein has found such intricacies of ground, such boggy depths and rough steeps, his Cavalry could come to no decisive sabering with the Austrian; but stood exchanging shot;—nothing to be done on that right wing of Daun.

Daun's left flank, however, does appear, after Three such Attacks, to be at last pretty well ruined: Tempelhof says, 'Daun's whole Front Line was tumbled to pieces; disorder had, sympathetically, gone rearward, even in those eastern parts; and on the western and north-western the Prussian Horse Regiments were now standing in its place.' But, indeed, such charging and recharging, pulsing and repulsing, has there been hereabouts for hours past, the rival Hosts have got completely interpenetrated; Austrian parties, or whole regiments, are to rear of those Prussians who stand ranked here, and in victorious posture, as the Night sinks. Night is now sinking on this murderous day: 'Nothing more to be made of it; try

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 305.

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it again tomorrow!' thinks the King; gives Hülsen charge of bivouacking and re-arranging these scattered people; and rides with escort north-westward to Elsnig, north of Neiden, well to rear of this bloody arena,—in a mood of mind which may be figured as gloomy enough.

Daun, too, is home to Torgau,—I think, a little earlier—to have his wound dressed, now that the day seems to him secure. Buccow, Daun's second, is killed; Daun's third is an Irish Graf O'Donnell, memorable only on this one occasion; to this O'Donnell, and to Lacy, who is firm on his ground yonder, untouched all day, the charge of matters is left. Which cannot be a difficult one, hopes Daun. Daun, while his wound is dressing, speeds off a courier to Vienna. Courier did enter duly there, with glorious trumpeting postillions, and universal Hep-hep-hurrah; kindling that ardently loyal City into infinite triumph and illumination,—for the space of certain hours following.

Hülsen meanwhile has been doing his best to get into proper bivouac for the morrow; has drawn back those eastward horse regiments, drawn forward the infantry battalions; forward, I think, and well rightward, where, in the daytime, Daun's left flank was. On the whole, it is north-westward that the general Prussian Bivouac for this night is; the extremest *south*-westernmost portion of it is Infantry, under General Lestwitz; a gallant useful man, who little dreams of becoming famous this dreary uncertain night.

It is 6 o'clock. Damp dusk has thickened down into utter darkness, on these terms:—when, lo, cannonade and musketade from the south, audible in the Lestwitz-Hülsen quarters: seriously loud; red glow of conflagration visible withal,—some unfortunate Village going up ('Village of Siptitz, think you?'); and need of Hülsen at his fastest! Hülsen, with some readiest Foot Regiments, circling round, makes thitherward; Lestwitz in the van. Let us precede him thither, and explain a little what it was.

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Ziethen, who had stood all day making idle noises,—of what a fatal quality we know, if Ziethen did not,—waiting for the King's appearance, must have been considerably displeased with himself at nightfall, when the King's fire gradually died out farther and farther north, giving rise to the saddest surmises. Ziethen's Generals, Saldern and the Leuthen Möllendorf, are full of gloomy impatience, urgent on him to try something. 'Push westward, nearer the King? Some stroke at the enemy on their south or south-western side, where we have not molested them all day? No getting across the Röhrgraben on them, says your Excellenz? Siptitz Village, and their Battery there, is on *our* side of the Röhrgraben:—*um Gottes Willen*, something, Herr General!' Ziethen does finally assent: draws leftward, westward: unbuckles Saldern's people upon Siptitz; who go like sharp hounds from the slip; fasten on Siptitz and the Austrians there, with a will; wrench these out, force them to abandon their Battery, and to set Siptitz on fire, while they run out of it. Comfortable bit of success, so far,—were not Siptitz burning, so that we cannot get through. 'Through, no: and were we through, is not there the Röhrgraben?' thinks Ziethen, not seeing his way.

How lucky that, at this moment, Möllendorf comes in, with a discovery to westward; discovery of our old friend 'the Butter-Street,'—it is nothing more,—where Ziethen should have marched this morning: there would he have found a solid road across the Röhrgraben, free passage by a bridge between two bits of ponds, at the *Schäferei* (Sheep-Farm) of Siptitz yonder. 'There still,' reports Möllendorf, 'the solid road is; unbeset hitherto, except by me Möllendorf!' Thitherward all do now hasten, Austrians, Prussians: but the Prussians are beforehand; Möllendorf is master of the Pass, deploying himself on the other side of it, and Ziethen and everybody hastening through to support him there, and the Austrians making fierce fight in vain. The sound of which has reached Hülsen, and set Lestwitz and him in motion thither.

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For the thing is vital, if we knew it. Close ahead of Möllendorf, when he is through this Pass, close on Möllendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the south-west corner of Siptitz Height. South-west corner, highest point of it; summit and key of all that Battle area; rules it all, if you get cannon thither. It hangs steepish on the southern side, over the Röhrgraben, where this Möllendorf-Austrian fight begins; but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side,—a fine saddle-shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle; Domitsch Wood the crupper part; summit of this Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep:—it is here (on the southern saddle-flap, so to speak), gradually mounting westward to the crupper-and-pommel part, that the agony now is.

And here, in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind: not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hülsen, come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire; 'beating the Prussian march, they,' sharply on all their drums,—Prussian march, rat-tat-tan, sharply through the gloom of Chaos in that manner; and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Möllendorf's, to Ziethen's left and the saddle-flap there, and fall on. The night is pitch-dark, says Archenholtz; you cannot see your hand before you. Old Hülsen's bridle-horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off: no horse left; and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon; and so rides, and arrives; right welcome the sight of him, doubt not! And the Fight rages still for an hour or more.

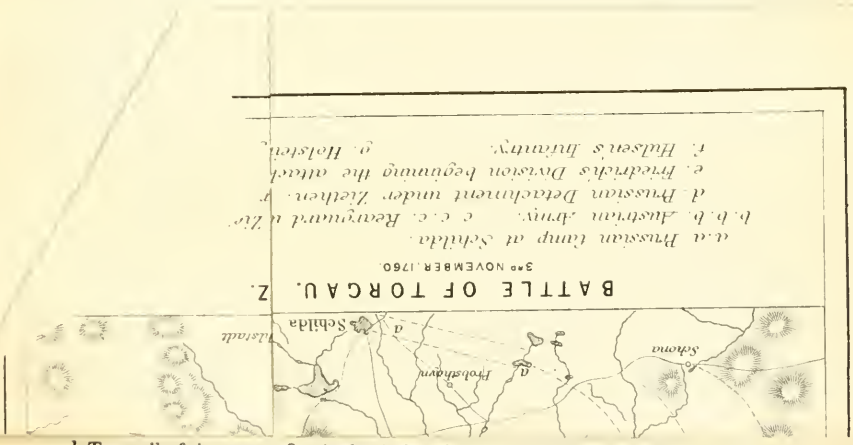
To an observant Möllendorf, watching about all day, the importance and all-importance of Siptitz Summit, if it can be got, is probably known; to Daun it is alarmingly well known, when he hears of it. Daun is zealously urgent on Lacy, on O'Donnell; who do try what they can; send reinforcements,

and the like; but nothing that proves useful. O'Donnell is not the man for such a crisis: Lacy, too, it is remarked, has always been more expert in ducking out of Friedrich's way than in fighting anybody.[1] In fine, such is the total darkness, the difficulty, the uncertainty, most or all of the reinforcements sent halted short, in the belly of the Night, uncertain where; and their poor friends got altogether beaten and driven away.

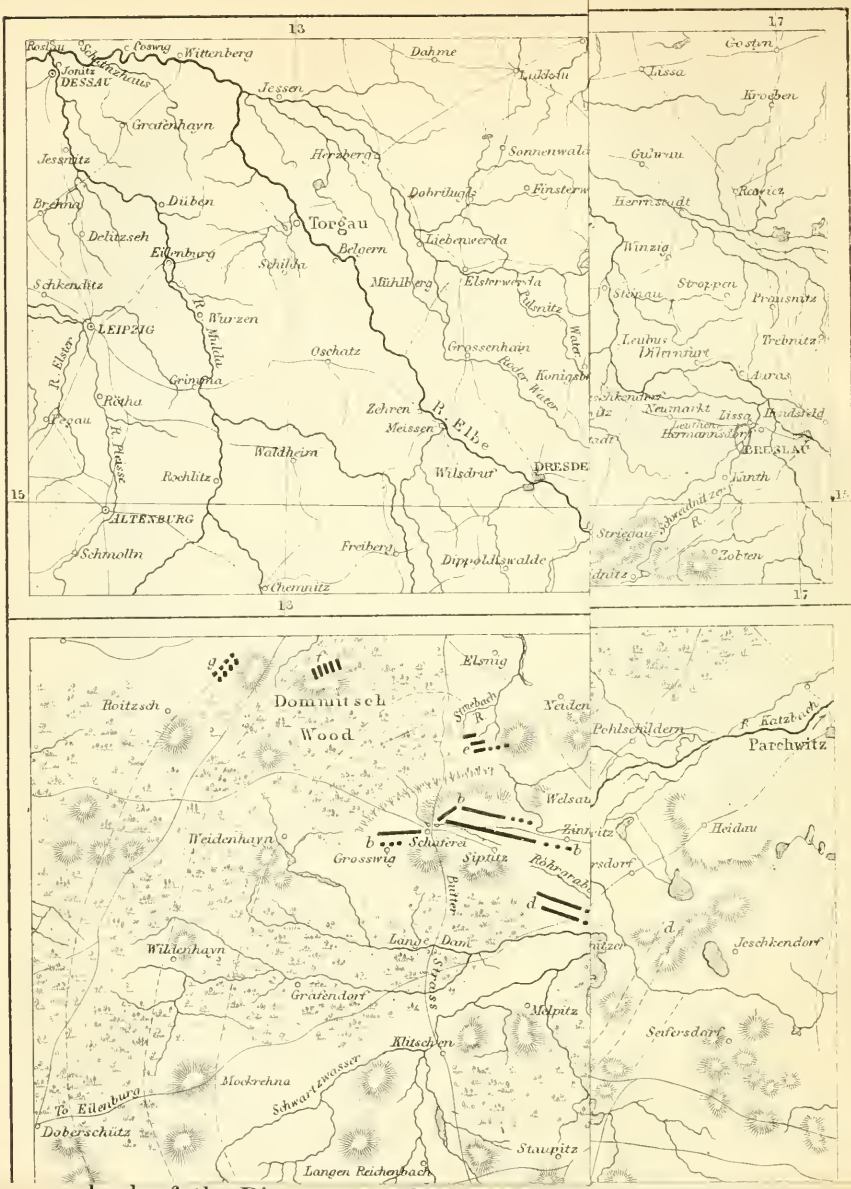
About 9 at night, all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward, eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till 10); and that all-important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled themselves, in a kind of half-moon shape, close on the suburbs of Torgau; the Prussians in a parallel half-moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time; not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him; that he will have to send a second Courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all across and standing on wheels. With excellent despatch and order Daun winds himself across,—all of him that is still coherent; and indeed, in the distant parts of the Battle-field, wandering Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the River's voice in the great darkness,—and Daun's loss in prisoners, though great, was less than could have been expected: 8,000 in all.

Till towards one in the morning, the Prussians, in their half-moon, had not learned what he was doing. About one they pushed into Torgau, and across the Town Bridge; found 26 pontoons,—all the rest packed-off except these 26;—and did not follow farther. Lacy retreated by the other or left bank of the River, to guard against attempts from that side. Next day there was pursuit of Lacy; some prisoners and

[1] Archenholtz's sour remark.



[1] Tempelhof, iv. 291-318; Archenholtz, ii. 159-174; Retzow, ii. 299 et seq.; *Umständliche Beschreibung des etc.* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 823-848): in *Helden-Geschichte*, or in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 245-300), the Daun *Despatches*, the Lists, etc.



bank of the River, to guard against attempts from that side. Next day there was pursuit of Lacy; some prisoners and

[1] Archenholtz's sour remark.

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furnitures got from him, but nothing of moment: Daun and Lacy joined at Dresden; took post, as usual, behind their inaccessible Plauen Chasms. Sat there, in view of the chasing Prussians, without farther loss than this of Torgau, and of a Campaign gone to water again. What an issue, for the third time![1]—

On Torgau-field, behind that final Prussian half-moon, there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express. Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground; not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the happier that were dead. 'Unutterable!' says Archenholtz; who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty; lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it: water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their Staff-Officers, seeking to re-form their Battalions; to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory; 'but in the dark who needed mind them?—they went raving elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word-of-command saw itself futile.' Pitch-darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn: farther back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather: 'Peace and truce between us; to-morrow morning we will see which are prisoners, which are captors.' So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

Friedrich, at Elsnig, found every hut full of wounded, and

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 291-318; Archenholtz, ii. 159-174; Retzow, ii. 299 et seq.; *Umständliche Beschreibung des etc.* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 823-848): in *Helden-Geschichte*, or in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 245-300), the Daun *Despatches*, the Lists, etc.

their surgeries, and miseries silent or loud. He himself took shelter in the little Church; passed the night there. Busy about many things;—'using the altar,' it seems, 'by way of writing-table' (self or secretaries kneeling, shall we fancy, on those new terms?), 'and the stairs of it as seat.' Of the final Ziethen-Lestwitz effort he would scarcely hear the musketry or cannonade, being so far away from it. At what hour, or from whom first, he learned that the Battle of Torgau had become Victory in the night-time, I know not: the Anecdote-Books send him out in his cloak, wandering up and down before daybreak; standing by the soldiers' fires; and at length, among the Woods, in the faint incipiency of dawn, meeting a Shadow which proves to be Ziethen himself in the body, with embraces and congratulations:—evidently mythical, though dramatic. Reach him the news soon did; and surely none could be welcomer. Headquarters change from the altar-steps in Elsnig Church to secular rooms in Torgau. Ziethen has already sped forth on the skirts of Lacy; whole Army follows next day; and, on the War-theatre it is, on the sudden, a total change of scene. Conceivable to readers without the details.

Hopes there were of getting back Dresden itself; but that, on closer view, proved unattemptable. Daun kept his Plauen Chasm, his few square miles of ground beyond; the rest of Saxony was Friedrich's, as heretofore. Loudon had tried hard on Kosel for a week; storming once, and a second time, very fiercely, Goltz being now near; but could make nothing of it; and, on wind of Goltz, went his way.[1] The Russians, on sound of Torgau, shouldered arms, and made for Poland. Daun, for his own share, went to Vienna this Winter; in need of surgery, and other things. The population there is rather disposed to be grumbly on its once heroic Fabius; wishes the Fabius were a little less cunctatory. But Imperial Majesty

[1] *Hofbericht von der Belagerung von Kosel, im October* 1760 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 798-804): began 'October 21st'; ended 'at daybreak, October 27th.'

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herself, one is proud to relate, drove out, in Old Roman spirit, some miles, to meet him, her defeated ever-honoured Daun, and to inquire graciously about his health, which is so important to the State.[1]

Torgau was Daun's last Battle: Daun's last Battle; and, what is more to the joy of readers and their Editor here, was Friedrich's last,—so that the remaining Two Campaigns may fairly be condensed to an extreme degree; and a few Chapters more will deliver us altogether from this painful element!—

Daun lost at Torgau, by his own account, 'about 11,000 men,'—should have said, according to Tempelhof, and even to neutral persons, 'above 12,000 killed and wounded, *plus* 8,000 prisoners, 45 cannon, 29 flags, 1 standard (or horse-flag),'[2] which brings him to at least 20,000 minus;—the Prussian loss, heavy enough too, being, by Tempelhof's admission, 'between 13 and 14,000, of whom 4,000 prisoners.' The sore loss, not so computable in arithmetic,—but less sore to Daun, perhaps, than to most people,—is that of being beaten, and having one's Campaign reduced to water again. No Conquest of Saxony, any more than of Silesia, possible to Daun, this Year. In Silesia, thanks to Loudon, small thanks to Loudon's Chief, they have got Glatz: Kosel they could not get; fiery Loudon himself stormed and blazed to no purpose there, and had to hurry home on sight of Goltz and relief. Glatz is the net sum-total. Daun knows all this; but in a stoical arithmetical manner, and refuses to be flurried by it.

Friedrich, as we said, had hoped something might be done in Saxony on the defeated Daun;—perhaps Dresden itself be got back from him, and his Army altogether sent to winter in Bohemia again? But it proved otherwise. Daun showed not the least disposition to quit his Plauen Chasm, or fall into discouragement: and after some weeks of diligent

[1] Archenholtz, i. 179. [2] Tempelhof, iv. 213; Kausler, p. 726.

trial, on Friedrich's part, and much running about in those central and Hill-ward parts, Friedrich found he would have to be content with his former allotment of Saxon territory, and to leave the Austrians quiet in theirs. Took winter-quarters accordingly, and let the Enemy take. Cantoned himself, in that Meissen-Freyberg Country, in front of the Austrians and their impassable Plauens and Chasms:—pretty much as in the past Year, only that the Two Armies lay at a greater distance, and were more peaceable, as if by mutual consent.

Headquarter of the King is Leipzig; where the King did not arrive till December 8th,—such adjusting and arranging has he had, and incessant running to and fro. He lived in the 'Apel House, *New* Neumarkt, No. 16';[1] the same he had occupied in 1757, in the Rossbach time. '*Ach!* how lean your Majesty has grown!' said the Mistress of it, at sight of him again (mythically, I should fancy, though it is in the Anecdote-Books). 'Lean, *ja wohl*,' answered he: 'and what wonder, with Three Women' (Theresa, Czarina, Pompadour) 'hanging on the throat of me all this while!' But we propose to look-in upon him ourselves, in this Apel House, on more authentic terms, by and by. Read, meanwhile, these Two bits of Autograph, thrown-off incidentally, at different places, in the previous busy journeyings over Meissen-Freyberg Country:

1. *Friedrich to Marquis d'Argens* (at Berlin)

'Meissen, 10th November 1760.

* * 'I drove the enemy to the Gates of Dresden; they occupy their Camp of last Year; all my skill is not enough to dislodge them,'—(Chasm of Plauen, a place impregnable, were it garrisoned by chimney-sweeps,' says the King once). 'We have saved our reputation by the Day of Torgau: but don't imagine our enemies are so disheartened as to desire Peace. Duke Ferdinand's affairs are not in a good way' (missed Wesel, of which presently;—and, alas also, George II. died, this day gone a fortnight, which is far worse for us, if we knew it!)—'I fear

[1] Rödenbeck, ii. 65.

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the French will preserve through Winter the advantages they gained during the Campaign.

'In a word, I see all black, as if I were at the bottom of a tomb. Have some compassion on the situation I am in; conceive that I disguise nothing from you, and yet that I do not detail to you all my embarrassments, my apprehensions and troubles. Adieu, dear Marquis; write to me sometimes,—don't forget a poor devil, who curses ten times a day his fatal existence, and could wish he already were in those Silent Countries from which nobody returns with news.' [1]

2. The Second, of different complexion, is a still more interesting little Autograph, date elsewhere, farther on, in those wanderings. Madam Camas, Widow of the Colonel Camas whom we knew twenty years ago, is 'Queen's *Ober-Hofmeisterinn* (Lady in Chief),'—to whom the King's Letters are always pretty:

Friedrich to Madam Camas (at Magdeburg, with the Queen's Majesty)

'Neustadt, 18th November 1760.

'I am exact in answering, and eager to satisfy you' (in that matter of the porcelain): 'you shall have a breakfast-set, my good Mamma; six coffee-cups, very pretty, well diapered, and tricked-out with all the little embellishments which increase their value. On account of some pieces which they are adding to the set, you will have to wait a few days; but I flatter myself this delay will contribute to your satisfaction, and produce for you a toy that will give you pleasure, and make you remember your old Adorer. It is curious how old people's habits agree. For four years past I have given-up suppers, as incompatible with the Trade I am obliged to follow; and in marching days, my dinner consists of a cup of chocolate.

'We hurried off, like fools, quite inflated with our Victory, to try if we could not chase the Austrians out of Dresden: they made a mockery of us from the tops of their mountains. So I have withdrawn, like a bad little boy, to conceal myself, out of spite, in one of the wretchedest villages in Saxony. And here the first thing will be to drive the Circle gentlemen' (Reichs Army) 'out of Freyberg into Chemnitz, and get ourselves room to quarter and something to live upon. It is, I swear to you, a dog of a life' (or even a she-dog, *chienne de vie*), 'the like of which

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 204-5.

nobody but Don Quixote ever led before me. All this tumbling and toiling, and bother and confusion that never ceases, has made me so old, that you would scarcely know me again. On the right side of my head the hair is all grey; my teeth break and fall out; I have got my face wrinkled like the falbalas of a petticoat; my back bent like a fiddle-bow; and spirit sad and downcast like a monk of La Trappe. I forewarn you of all this, lest, in case we should meet again in flesh and bone, you might feel yourself too violently shocked by my appearance. There remains to me nothing but the heart,—which has undergone no change, and which will preserve, so long as I breathe, its feelings of esteem and of tender friendship for my good Mamma. Adieu.'[1]——To which add only this on Duke Ferdinand, 'whose affairs,' we just heard, 'are not in a good way':

Fight of Kloster Kampen (Night of October 15th-16th); *Wesel not to be had by Duke Ferdinand*

After *Warburg* (July 31st, while Friedrich was on the eve of crossing Elbe on new adventures, Dresden Siege having failed him), Duke Ferdinand made no figure to the Gazetteers; fought no Battle farther; and has had a Campaign, which is honourable only to judges of a higher than the Gazetteer sort.

By Warburg Ferdinand had got the Diemel; on the north bank of which he spread himself out, impassable to Broglio, who lay trying on the opposite bank:—'No Hanover by this road.' Broglio thereupon drew back a little; pushed-out circuitously from his right wing, which reaches far eastward of Ferdinand, a considerable Brigade,—circuitously, round by the Weser-Fulda Country, and beyond the embouchure of Diemel,—to try it by that method. Got actually a few miles into Hanoverian territory, by that method; laid hold of Göttingen, also of Münden, which secures a road thither: and at Göttingen there, 'ever since August 4th,' Broglio has been throwing-up works, and shooting-out hussar-parties to a good distance;—intending, it would seem, to maintain himself, and to be mischievous, in that post. Would, in fact, fain entice Ferdinand across the Weser, to help Göttingen. 'Across Weser, yes;—and so leave Broglio free to take Lippstadt from me, as he might after a short siege,' thinks Ferdinand always; 'which would beautifully shorten Broglio's communication' (quite direct then, and without interruption, all the way to Wesel), 'and make Hanover itself, Hanover and Brunswick, the central Seat of War!' Which Ferdinand, grieved as he is for Göttingen, will by no means consent to.

Ferdinand, strong only as one to two, cannot hinder Broglio, though

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 144.

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he tries variously; and is much at a loss, seeing Broglio irrepressibly busy this way, all through August and on into September;—has heard, however, from Wesel, through secret partisans there, that Wesel, considered altogether out of risk, is left in a very weak condition; weak in garrison, weak even in gunners. Reflecting upon which, in his difficulties, Ferdinand asks himself, 'A sudden stroke at Wesel, 200 miles away, might it not astonish Broglio, who is so busy on us just here?'—and, September 22d, despatches the Hereditary Prince on that errand. A man likely for it, if there be one in the world:—unable to do it, however, as the issue told. Here is what I find noted.

'*September 22d*, the Erbprinz, with a chosen Corps of 15,000, mostly English, left these Diemel regions towards Wesel, at his speediest. September 29th, Erbprinz and vanguard, Corps rapidly following, are got to Dorsten, within 20 miles of Wesel. A most swift Erbprinz; likely for such work. And it is thought by judges, Had he had either siege-artillery or scaling apparatus, he might really have attacked Wesel with good chance upon it. But he has not even a ladder ready, much less a siege-gun. Siege-guns are at Bielefeld' (come from Bremen, I suppose, by English boating, up the Weser so far); 'but that is six-score miles of wheel-carriage; roads bad, and threatening to be worse, as it is equinoctial weather. There is nothing for it but to wait for those guns.

'The Erbprinz, hopefully waiting, does his endeavour in the interim; throws a bridge over the Rhine, pounces upon Cleve garrison (prisoners with their furnitures), pounces upon this and that; "spreads terror" on the French thereabouts "up to Düsseldorf and Köln,"—and on Broglio himself, so far off, the due astonishment. "Wesel to be snatched,—ye Heavens! Our Netherlands road cut-off: Düsseldorf, Köln, our Rhine Magazines, all and sundry, fallen to the hawks,—who, the lighter-winged of them, might pay visits in France itself!" Broglio has to suspend his Göttingen operations, and detach Marquis de Castries with (say ultimately, for Castries is to grow and gather by the road) 35,000, to relieve Wesel. Castries marches double-quick; weather very rainy;—arrives in those parts *October 13th*;—hardly a gun from Bielefeld come to hand yet, Erbprinz merely filling men with terror. And so,

'*October 14th*, after two weeks and a day, the Hereditary Prince sees, not guns from Bielefeld, but Castries pushing into Wesel a 7,000 of additional garrison,—and the Enterprise on Wesel grown impossible. Impossible, and probably far more; Castries in a condition to devour us, if he prove sharp. It behoves the Hereditary Prince to be himself sharp;—which he undoubtedly was, in this sharp crisis. Next day, our Erbprinz, taking survey of Castries in his strong ground of Kloster Kampen, decides, like a gallant fellow, to attack *him*;—and straightway does it. Breaks, that same night (October 15th-16th, 1760), stealthily, through

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woods and with precautions, into Castries' Post;—intending surprisal, and mere ruin to Castries. And there ensued, not the *Surprisal* as it turned out, but the *Battle* of *Kloster Kampen*; which again proved unsuccessful, or only half-successful, to the Hereditary Prince. A many-winged, intricate Night-Battle; to be read of in Books. This is where the Chevalier d'Assas, he or Somebody, gave the alarm to the Castries people at the expense of his life. "*A moi, Auvergne,* Ho, Auvergne!" shouted D'Assas (if it was D'Assas at all), when the stealthy English came upon him; who was at once cut down.[1] It is certain Auvergne gave fire; awoke Castries bodily; and saved him from what was otherwise inevitable. Surprise now there was none farther; but a complex Fight, managed in the darkness with uncommon obstinacy; ending in withdrawal of the Erbprinz, as from a thing that could not be done. His loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, was 1,638; that of Castries, by his own counting, 2,036: but Kloster Kampen, in the wide-awake state, could not be won.

'During the Fight, the Erbprinz's Rhine-Bridge had burst in two: his ammunition was running short;—and, it would seem, there is no retreat, either! The Erbprinz put a bold face on the matter, stood to Castries in a threatening attitude; manœuvred skilfully for two days longer, face still to Castries, till the Bridge was got mended; then, night of October 18th-19th, crossed to his own side; gathered-up his goods; and at a deliberate pace marched home, on those terms;—doing some useful fighting by the road.'[2]

Had lost nothing, say his admirers, 'but one cannon, which burst.' One burst cannon left on the field of Kloster Kampen;—but also, as we see, his errand along with it; and 1,600 good fighters lost and burst: which was more important! Criticisms there were on it in England, perhaps of the *un*wise sort generally; sorrow in the highest quarter.

[1] Preuss (ii. 270 *n.*) asserts it to be proved, in '*Miscellen aus den neuesten ausländischen Litteratur* (1824, No. 3, p. 409),' a Book which none of us ever saw, 'That the real hero' (equal to a Roman Decius or more) 'was not Captain d'Assas, of the Regiment Auvergne, but a poor Private Soldier of it, called Dubois!'—Is not this a strange turn, after such be-*pension*ing, be-painting, singing and celebrating, as rose upon poor D'Assas, or the Family of D'Assas, twenty years afterwards (1777-1790)!—Both Dubois and D'Assas, I conclude, lay among the slain at Kloster Kampen, silent they forever:—and a painful doubt does rise, As to the miraculous operation of Posthumous Rumour and Wonder; and Whether there was any 'miracle of heroism,' or other miracle at all, and not rather a poor nocturnal accident,—poor sentry in the edge of the wood, shrieking out, on apparition of the stealthy English. 'Ho, Auvergne, help!' probably firing withal; and getting killed in consequence? *Non nostrum est.*

[2] Mauvillon, ii. 120-129; Tempelhof, ii. 325-332.

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'An unaccountable expedition,' Walpole calls it, 'on which Prince Ferdinand suddenly despatched his Nephew, at the head of a considerable force, towards the frontiers of Holland,'—merely to see the country there?—'which occasioned much solicitude in England, 'as the Main Army, already unequal to that of France, was thus rendered much weaker. King George felt it with much anxiety.'[1] An unaccountable Enterprise, my poor Gazetteer friends,—very evidently an unsuccessful one, so far as Wesel went. Many English fallen in it, too: 'the English showed here again a *ganz ausnehmende Tapferkeit*,' says Mauvillon; and probably their share of the loss was proportionate.

Clearly enough there is no Wesel to be had. Neither could Broglio, though disturbed in his Göttingen fortifyings and operations, be ejected out of Göttingen. Ferdinand, on failure of Wesel, himself marched to Göttingen, and tried for some days; but found he could not, in such weather, tear-out that firmly-rooted French Post, but must be content to 'mask it,' for the present; and, this done, withdrew (December 13th) to his winter-quarters near by, as did Broglio to his,—about the time Friedrich and Daun had finally settled in theirs.

Ferdinand's Campaigns henceforth, which turn all on the defence of Hanover, are highly recommended to professional readers; but to the laic sort do not prove interesting in proportion to the trouble. In fact, the huge War henceforth begins everywhere, or everywhere except in Pitt's department of it, to burn lower, like a lamp with the oil getting done; and has less of brilliancy than formerly. 'Let us try for Hanover,' the Belleisles, Choiseuls and wise French heads had said to themselves: 'Canada, India, everything is lost; but were dear Hanover well in our clutch, Hanover would be a remedy for many things!' Through the remaining Campaigns, as in this now done, that is their fixed plan. Ferdinand, by unwearied effort, succeeded in defending Hanover,—nothing of it but that inconsiderable slice or skirt round Göttingen, which they kept long, could ever be got by the French. Ferdinand defended Hanover; and wore-out annually the big French Armies which were missioned thither, as in the spasm of an expiring last effort by this poor hag-ridden France,—at an expense to her, say,

[1] Walpole's *George Second*, iii. 299.

of 50,000 men per year. Which was good service on Ferdinand's part; but done less and less in the shining or universally notable way.

So that with him too we are henceforth, thank Heaven, permitted and even bound to be brief. Hardly above two Battles more from him, if even two :—and mostly the wearied Reader's imagination left to conceive for itself those intricate strategies, and endless manœuvrings on the Diemel and the Dill, on the Ohm River and the Schwalm and the Lippe, or wherever they may be, with small help from a wearied Editor !—

CHAPTER VI

WINTER-QUARTERS 1760-61

A MELANCHOLY little event, which afterwards proved unexpectedly unfortunate for Friedrich, had happened in England ten days before the Battle of Torgau. Saturday 25th October 1760, George II., poor old gentleman, suddenly died. He was in his 77th year; feeble, but not feebler than usual,—unless, perhaps, the unaccountable news from Kloster Kampen may have been too agitating to the dim old mind? On the Monday of this week he had, 'from a tent in Hyde Park,' presided at a Review of Dragoons; and on Thursday, as his Coldstream Guards were on march for Portsmouth and foreign service, 'was in his Portico at Kensington to see them pass';—full of zeal always in regard to military matters, and to this War in particular. Saturday, by sunrise he was on foot; took his cup of chocolate; inquired about the wind, and the chances of mails arriving; opened his window, said he would have a turn in the Gardens, the morning being so fine. It was now between 7 and 8. The Valet then withdrew with the chocolate apparatus; but had hardly shut the door, when he heard a deep sigh, and fall of something,—'billet of wood from the fire?' thought he;—upon which,

hurrying back, he found it was the King, who had dropt from his seat, 'as if in attempting to ring the bell.' King said faintly, 'Call Amelia,' and instantly died. Poor deaf Amelia (Friedrich's old love, now grown old and deaf) listened wildly for some faint sound from those lips now mute forever. George Second was no more; his grandson George Third was now King.[1]

Intrinsically taken, this seemed no very great event for Friedrich, for Pitt, for England or mankind: but it proved otherwise. The merit of this poor King deceased, who had led his Nation stumbling among the chimney-pots at such a rate in these mad German Wars for Twenty Years past, was, That he did now stand loyal to the Enterprise, now when it had become sane indeed; now when the Nation was broad awake, and a Captain had risen to guide it out of that perilous posture, into never-expected victory and triumph! Poor old George had stood by his Pitt, by his Ferdinand, with a perfect loyalty at all turns; and been devoted, heart and soul and breeches-pocket, to completely beating Bourbon's oppressive ideas out of Bourbon's head. A little fact, but how important, then and there! Under the Successor, all this may be different:—ghastly beings, Old Tutors, Favourites, Mother's-Favourites, flit, as yet invisible, on the new back-stairs:—should Bute and Company get into the foreground, people will then know how important it was. Walpole says:

'The Yorkes' (Ex-Chancellor Hardwicke people) 'had long distasted this War': yes, and been painfully obliged to hold their tongues: 'but now,' within a month or so of the old King's death, there was published, under Lord Hardwicke's countenance, a Tract setting forth the burden and ill-policy of our German measures. It was called *Considerations on the German War*; was ably written, and changed many men's minds.' This is the famous 'Mauduit Pamphlet': first of those small stones, from the sling of Opposition *not* obliged to be dormant, which are now beginning to rattle on Pitt's Olympian Dwelling-place,—high really as Olympus, in comparison with others of the kind, but which unluckily is

[1] Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 486-88).

made of *glass*, like the rest of them ! The slinger of this first resounding little missile, Walpole informs us, was 'one Mauduit, formerly a Dissenting Teacher,'—son of a Dissenting Minister in Bermondsey, I hear, and perhaps himself once a Preacher, but at present concerned with Factorage of Wool on the great scale; got soon afterwards promoted to be Head of the Customhouse in Southampton, so lovely did he seem to Bute and Company. 'How agreeable his politics were to the interior of the Court, soon appeared by a place' (Southampton Customhouse) 'being bestowed on him by Lord Bute.' A fortunate Mauduit, yet a stupidly tragical; had such a destiny in English History ! Hear Walpole a little farther, on Mauduit, and on other things then resonant to Arlington Street in a way of their own. '*To Sir Horace Mann*' (at Florence):

'*November 14th*, 1760' (tenth night after Torgau). * * 'We are all in guns and bonfires for an unexpected victory of the King of Prussia over Daun; but as no particulars are yet arrived, there are doubters.'

'*December 5th*, 1760. I have received the samples of brocadella.' * * 'I shall send you a curious Pamphlet, the only work I almost ever knew that changed the opinions of many. It is called *Considerations on the Present German War*,[1] and is written by a wholesale Woollen-Draper' (connected with Wool, in some way; 'Factor at Blackwell Hall,' if that mean Draper:—and a growing man ever after; came to be 'Agent for Massachusetts,' on the Boston-*Tea* occasion, and again did Tracts; was 'President of the'—in short, was a conspicuous *Vice*-president, so let us define him, of The general Anti-Penalty or Life-made-Soft Association, with Cause of civil and religious Liberty all over the World, and suchlike; and a Mauduit comfortably resonant in that way till he died[2]); 'but the materials are supposed to be furnished by the faction of the Yorkes. The confirmation of the King of Prussia's victory near Torgau does not prevent the disciples of the Pamphlet from thinking that the best thing which could happen for us would be to have that Monarch's head shot off.' (Hear, hear !)—

'There are Letters from the Hague' (what foolish Letters do fly about, my friend !), 'that say Daun is dead of his wounds. If he is, I shall begin to believe that the King of Prussia will end successfully at last.' (Oh !) 'It has been the fashion to cry-down Daun; but, as much as the King of Prussia may admire himself' (does immensely, according to our Selwyn informations), 'I dare say he would have been glad to be

[1] 'London: Printed for John Wilkie, at the Bible, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1761,' adds my poor Copy (a frugal 12mo, of pp. 144), not adding of what edition.

[2] Chalmers, *Biog. Dictionary*; Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*; etc. etc.

matched with one much more like himself than one so opposite as the Marshal.'

'*January 2d*, 1761. The German War is not so popular as you imagine, either in the Closet or in the Nation.'[1] (Enough, enough.)

The Mauduit Pamphlet, which then produced such an effect, is still to be met in old Collections and on Bookstalls; but produces little save weariness to a modern reader. 'Hanover not in real danger,' argues he; 'if the French had it, would not they, all Europe ordering them, have to give it up again?' Give it up,—*gratis*, or in return for Canada and Pondichery, Mauduit does not say. Which is an important omission! But Mauduit's grand argument is that of expense; frightful outlay of money, aggravated by ditto mismanagement of same.

A War highly expensive, he says—(and the truth is, Pitt was never stingy of money: 'Nearly the one thing we have in any plenty; be frank in use of that, in an Enterprise so ill-provided otherwise, and involving life and death!' thinks Pitt);—'dreadfully expensive,' urges Mauduit, and gives some instances of Commissariat moneys signally wasted,—not by Pitt, but by the stupidity of Pitt's War Offices, Commissariat Offices, Offices of all kinds; not to be cured at once by any Pitt:—How magazines of hay were shipped and re-shipped, carried hither, thither, up this river, down that (nobody knowing where the war-horses would be that were to eat it); till at length, when it had reached almost the value of bohea tea, the right place of it was found to be Emden (nearest to Britain from the first, had one but known), and not a horse would now taste it, so spoiled was the article; all horses snorted at it, as they would have done at bohea, never so expensive.[2] These things are incident to British warfare; also to Swedish, and to all warfares that have their War Offices in an imaginary state,—state much to be abhorred by

[1] Walpole, *Letters to Sir Horace Mann* (Lond. 1843), i. 6, 7.

[2] Mauduit (towards the end) has a story of that tenor,—particulars not worth verifying.

every sane creature; but not to be mended all at once by the noblest of men, into whose hands they are suddenly thrust for saving his Nation. Conflagration to be quenched; and your buckets all in hideous leakage, like buckets of the Danaïdes:—your one course is, ply them, pour with them, such as they are.

Mauduit points out farther the enormous fortunes realised by a swindling set of Army-Furnishers, Hebrews mainly, and unbeautiful to look on. Alas, yes; this too is a thing incident to the case; and in a degree to all such cases, and situations of sudden crisis;—have not we seen Jew Ephraim growing rich by the copper money even of a Friedrich? Christian Protestants there are, withal, playing the same game on a larger scale. Herr Schimmelmann ('*Mouldy*-man') the Dane, for instance,—Dane or Holsteiner,—is coining false money for a Duke of Holstein-Plön, who has not a Seven-Years War on his hands. Diligently coining, this Mouldy Individual; still more successfully, is trading in Friedrich's Meissen China (bought in the cheapest market, sold in the dearest); has at Hamburg his 'Auction of Meissen Porcelain,' steadily going on, as a new commercial institution of that City;—and, in short, by assiduously labouring in such harvest-fields, gathers a colossal fortune, 100,000*l.*, 300,000*l.*, or I will not remember what. Gets 'ennobled,' furthermore, by a Danish Government prompt to recognise human merit: Elephant Order, Dannebrog Order; no Order good enough for this Mouldyman of merit;[1]—and is, so far as I know, begetting 'Nobles,' that is to say, Vice-Kings and monitory Exemplars, for the Danish People, to this day. Let us shut-down the iron lid on all that.

Mauduit's Pamphlet, if it raised in the abhorrent unthinking English mind some vague notion, as probably it did, that Pitt was responsible for these things, or was in a sort the cause or author of them, might produce some effect against him. 'What a splash is this you are making, you

[1] Preuss, ii. 391, 282, etc.

Great Commoner; wetting everybody's feet,—as our Mauduit proves;—while the Conflagration seems to be going out, if you let it alone!' For the heads of men resemble—My friend, I will not tell you what they, in multitudinous instances, resemble.

But thus has woollen Mauduit, from his private camp ('Clement's Lane, Lombard Street,' say the Dictionaries), shot, at a very high object, what pigeon's-egg or small pebble he had; the first of many such that took that aim; with weak though loud-sounding impact, but with results—results on King Friedrich in particular, which were stronger than the Cannonade of Torgau! As will be seen. For within year and day,—Mauduit and Company making their noises from without, and the Butes and Hardwickes working incessantly with such rare power of leverage and screwage in the interior parts,—a certain Quasi-Olympian House, made of glass, will lie in sherds, and the ablest and noblest man in England see himself forbidden to do England any service farther: 'Not needed more, Sir! Go you,—and look at *us* for the remainder of your life!'

King Friedrich in the Apel House at Leipzig (8th December 1760—17th March 1761)

Friedrich's Winter in the Apel House at Leipzig is of cheerfuler character than we might imagine. Endless sore business he doubtless has, of recruiting, financiering, watching and providing, which grows more difficult year by year; but he has subordinates that work to his signal, and an organised machinery for business such as no other man. And solacements there are withal: his Books he has about him; welcomer than ever in such seasons: Friends too,—he is not solitary; nor neglectful of resources. Faithful D'Argens came at once (stayed till the middle of March):[1] D'Argens,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 212, 213. Sends a Courier to conduct D'Argens '*for* December 8th'; '21st March,' D'Argens is back at Berlin.

Quintus Icilius, English Mitchell; these three almost daily bore him company. Till the middle of January, also, he had his two Nephews with him (Sons of his poor deceased Brother, the late tragic Prince of Prussia),—the elder of whom, Friedrich Wilhelm, became King afterwards; the second, Henri by name, died suddenly of small-pox within about seven years hence, to the King's deep and sore grief, who liked him the better of the two. Their ages respectively are now about 16 and 14.[1] Their appetite for dancing, and their gay young ways, are pleasant now and afterwards to the old Uncle in his grim element.[2]

Music, too, he had; daily evening Concert, though from himself there is no fluting now. One of his Berlin Concert people who had been sent for was Fasch, a virtuoso on I know not what instrument,—but a man given to take note of things about him. Fasch was painfully surprised to see his King so altered in the interim past: 'bent now, sunk into himself, grown old; to whom these five years of war-tumult and anxiety, of sorrow and hard toil, had given a dash of gloomy seriousness and melancholy, which was in strong contrast with his former vividly bright expression, and was not natural to his years.'[3]

From D'Argens there is one authentic Anecdote, worth giving. One evening D'Argens came to him; entering his Apartment, found him in a situation very unexpected; which has been memorable ever since. 'One evening' (there is no date to it, except vaguely, as above, December 1760—March 1761), 'D'Argens, entering the King's Apartment, found him sitting on the ground with a big platter of fried meat, from which he was feeding his dogs. He had a little rod, with which he kept order among them, and shoved the best bits to his favourites. The Marquis, in astonishment, recoiled a

[1] Henri, born 30th December 1747, died 26th May 1767;—Friedrich Wilhelm, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm II. (sometimes called *Der Dicke*, The Big), born 25th December 1744; King, 17th August 1786; died 16th November 1797.

[2] Letters, etc. in *Schöning*.

[3] Zelter's *Life of Fasch* (cited in *Preuss*, ii. 278).

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step, struck his hands together, and exclaimed: 'The Five Great Powers of Europe, who have sworn alliance, and conspired to undo the Marquis de Brandebourg, how might they puzzle their heads to guess what he is now doing! Scheming some dangerous plan for the next Campaign, think they; collecting funds to have money for it; studying about magazines for man and horse; or he is deep in negotiations to divide his enemies, and get new allies for himself? Not a bit of all that. He is sitting peaceably in his room, and feeding his dogs!"'[1]

Interview with Herr Professor Gellert (Thursday 18th December 1760)

Still more celebrated is the Interview with Gellert; though I cannot say it is now more entertaining to the ingenuous mind. One of Friedrich's many Interviews, this Winter, with the Learned of Leipzig University; for he is a born friend of the Muses so-called, and never neglects an opportunity. Wonderful to see how, in such an environment, in the depths of mere toil and tribulation, with a whole breaking world lying on his shoulders, as it were,—he always shows such appetite for a snatch of talk with anybody presumably of sense, and knowledge on something!

This Winter, say the Books, 'he had, in vacant intervals, a great deal of communing with the famed of Leipzig University'; this or the other famed Professor,—Winkler, Ernesti, Gottsched again, and others, coming to give account, each for himself, of what he professed to be teaching in the world: 'on the Natural Sciences, more especially the Moral; on Libraries, on Rare Books. Gottsched was able to satisfy the King on one point; namely, That the celebrated passage of St. John's Gospel—'*There are Three that bear record*'—was *not* in the famous Manuscript of the Vienna Library; Gottsched having himself examined that important *Codex*,

[1] Preuss, ii. 282.

and found in the text nothing of said Passage, but merely, written on the margin, a legible intercalation of it, in Melanchthon's hand. Luther, in his Version, never had it at all.'[1] A Gottsched inclined to the Socinian view? Not the least consequence to Friedrich or us! Our business is exclusively with Gellert here

'Readers have heard of Gellert; there are, or there were, English Writings about him, *Lives*, or I forget what: and in his native Protestant Saxony, among all classes, especially the higher, he had, in those years and onwards to his death, such a popularity and real splendour of authority as no man before or since. Had risen, against his will in some sort, to be a real Pope, a practical Oracle in those parts. In his modest bachelor lodging' (age of him five-and-forty gone) 'he has sheaves of Letters daily,—about affairs of the conscience, of the household, of the heart: from some evangelical young lady, for example, "Shall I marry *him*, think you, O my Father?" and perhaps from her Papa, "Shall *she*, think you, O my ditto?"—Sheaves of Letters: and of oral consulters such crowds, that the poor Oracle was obliged to appoint special hours for that branch of his business. His class-room (he lectures on *Morals*, some *Theory of Moral Sentiment*, or suchlike) is crowded with "blue uniforms" (ingenuous Prussian Officers eager to hear a Gellert), in these Winters. Rugged Hülsen, this very season, who commands in Freyberg Country, alleviates the poor Village of Hainichen from certain official inflictions, and bids the poor people say, "It is because Gellert was born among you!" Plainly the Trismegistus of mankind at that date:—who is now, as usual, become a surprising Trismegistus to the new generations!

'He had written certain thin Books, all of a thin languid nature; but rational, clear; especially a Book of *Fables in Verse*, which are watery, but not wholly water, and have still a languid flavour in them for readers. His Book on *Letter-writing* was of use to the rising generation, in its time. Clearly an amiable, ingenious, correct, altogether good man; of pious mind,—and, what was more, of strictly orthodox, according to the then Saxon standard in the best circles. This was the figure of his Life for the last fifteen years of it; and he was now about the middle of that culminating period. A modest, despondent kind of man, given to indigestions, dietetics, hypochondria: "of neat figure and dress; nose hooked, but not too much; eyes mournfully blue and beautiful, fine open brow";—a fine countenance, and fine soul of its

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 596.

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sort, poor Gellert: "punctual like the church-clock at divine service, in all weathers."[1]

'A man of some real intellect and melody; some, by no means much; who was of amiable meek demeanour; studious to offend nobody, and to do whatever good he could by the established methods;—and who, what was the great secret of his success, was of orthodoxy perfect and eminent. Whom, accordingly, the whole world, polite Saxon orthodox world, hailed as its Evangelist and Trismegistus. Essentially a commonplace man; but who employed himself in beautifying and illuminating the commonplace of his day and generation:—infinitely to the satisfaction of said generation. "How charming that you should make thinkable to us, make vocal, musical and comfortably certain, what we were all inclined to think; you creature plainly divine!" And the homages to Gellert were unlimited and continual, not pleasant all of them to an idlish man in weak health.

'Mitchell and Quintus Icilius, who are often urging on the King that a new German Literature is springing up, of far more importance than the King thinks, have spoken much to him of Gellert the Trismegistus;—and at length, in the course of a ten days from Friedrich's arrival here, actual Interview ensues. The *Dialogue*, though it is but dull and watery to a modern palate, shall be given entire, for the sake of one of the Interlocutors. The Report of it, gleaned gradually from Gellert himself, and printed, not long afterwards, from his manuscripts or those of others, is to be taken as perfectly faithful. Gellert, writing to his inquiring Friend Rabener (a then celebrated Berlin Wit), describes, from Leipzig, "29th January 1760," or about six weeks after the event: "How, one day about the middle of December, Quintus Icilius suddenly came to my poor lodging here, to carry me to the King." Am too ill to go. Quintus will excuse me today; but will return tomorrow, when no excuse shall avail. Did go accordingly next day, Thursday 18th December, 4 o'clock of the afternoon; and continued till a quarter to 6. "Had nothing of fear in speaking to the King. Recited my *Maler zu Athen*." King said, at parting, he would send for me again. "The English Ambassador" (Mitchell), "an excellent man, was probably the cause of the King's wish to see me." . . . . "The King spoke sometimes German, sometimes French; I mostly German."[2] As follows:

King. "Are you (*Er*) the Professor Gellert?"
Gellert. "Yea, *IhroMajestät.*"

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[1] Jördens, *Lexikon Deutscher Dichter und Prosaisten* (Leipzig, 1807), ii. 54-68 (§ Gellert).

[2] *Gellert's Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius, herausgegeben, von F. A. Ebert* (Leipzig, 1823), pp. 629, 631.

King. "The English Ambassador has spoken highly of you to me. Where do you come from?"

Gellert. "From Hainichen, near Freyberg."

King. "Have not you a brother at Freyberg?"

Gellert. "Yea, *Ihro Majestät.*"

King. "Tell me why we have no good German Authors."

Major Quintus Icilius (puts in a word). "Your Majesty, you see here one before you;—one whom the French themselves have translated, calling him the German La Fontaine!"

King. "That is much. Have you read La Fontaine?"

Gellert. "Yes, your Majesty; but have not imitated: I am original (*ich bin ein Original*)."

King. "Well, this is one good Author among the Germans; but why have not we more?"

Gellert. "Your Majesty has a prejudice against the Germans."

King. "No; I can't say that (*Nein; das kann ich nicht sagen*)."

Gellert. "At least, against German writers."

King. "Well, perhaps. Why have we no good Historians? Why does no one undertake a Translation of Tacitus?"

Gellert. "Tacitus is difficult to translate; and the French themselves have but bad translations of him."

King. "That is true (*Da hat Er Recht*)."

Gellert. "And, on the whole, various reasons may be given why the Germans have not yet distinguished themselves in every kind of writing. While Arts and Sciences were in their flower among the Greeks, the Romans were still busy in War. Perhaps this is the Warlike Era of the Germans:—perhaps also they have yet wanted Augustuses and Louis-Fourteenths!"

King. "How, would you wish one Augustus, then, for all Germany?"

Gellert. "Not altogether that; I could wish only that every Sovereign encouraged men of genius in his own country."

King (starting a new subject). "Have you never been out of Saxony?"

Gellert. "I have been in Berlin."

King. "You should travel."

Gellert. "*Ihro Majestät,* for that I need two things,—health and means."

King. "What is your complaint? Is it *die gelehrte Krankheit* (Disease of the Learned," Dyspepsia so called)? "I have myself suffered from that. I will prescribe for you. You must ride daily, and take a dose of rhubarb every week."

Gellert. "*Ach, Ihro Majestät*: if the horse were as weak as I am, he would be of no use to me; if he were stronger, I should be too weak

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to manage him." (Mark this of the Horse, however; a tale hangs by it.)

King. "Then you must drive out."

Gellert. "For that I am deficient in the means."

King. "Yes, that is true; that is what Authors (*Gelehrte*) in Deutschland are always deficient in. I suppose these are bad times, are not they?"

Gellert. "*Ja wohl;* and if your Majesty would grant us Peace (*den Frieden geben wollten*)—"

King. "How can I? Have not you heard, then? There are three of them against me (*Es sind ja drei wider mich*)!"

Gellert. "I have more to do with the Ancients and their History than with the Moderns."

King (changing the topic). "What do you think, is Homer or Virgil the finer as an Epic Poet?"

Gellert. "Homer, as the more original."

King. "But Virgil is much more polished (*viel polirter*)."

Gellert. "We are too far removed from Homer's times to judge of his language. I trust to Quinctilian in that respect, who prefers Homer."

King. "But one should not be a slave to the opinion of the Ancients."

Gellert. "Nor am I that. I follow them only in cases where, owing to the distance, I cannot judge for myself."

Major Icilius (again giving a slight fillip or suggestion). "He," the Herr Professor here, "has also treated of *German Letter-writing,* and has published specimens."

King. "So? But have you written against the *Chancery Style,* then" (the painfully solemn style, of ceremonial and circumlocution; Letters written so as to be mainly wig and buckram)?

Gellert. "*Ach ja,* that have I, *Ihro Majestät*!"

King. "But why doesn't it change? The Devil must be in it (*Er ist etwas Verteufeltes*). They bring me whole sheets of that stuff, and I can make nothing of it!"

Gellert. "If your Majesty cannot alter it, still less can I. I can only recommend, where you command."

King. "Can you repeat any of your Fables?"

Gellert. "I doubt it; my memory is very treacherous."

King. "Bethink you a little; I will walk about" (Gellert bethinks him, brow puckered. King, seeing the brow unpucker itself.) "Well, have you one?"

Gellert. "Yes, your Majesty: *The Painter.*" Gellert recites ('voice plaintive and hollow'; somewhat *preachy,* I should doubt, but not

cracked or shrieky);—we condense him into prose abridgment for English readers; German can look at the bottom of the page:[1]

"'A prudent Painter in Athens, more intent on excellence than on money, had done a God of War; and sent for a real Critic to give him his opinion of it. On survey, the Critic shook his head: "Too much Art visible; won't do, my friend!" The Painter strove to think otherwise; and was still arguing, when a young Coxcomb' (*Geck*, Gawk) 'stept in: "Gods, what a masterpiece!" cried he at the first glance: "Ah, that foot, those exquisitely-wrought toe-nails; helm, shield, mail, what opulence of Art!" The sorrowful Painter looked penitentially at the real Critic, looked at his brush; and the instant this *Geck* was gone, struck-out his God of War.'"

King. "And the Moral?"

Gellert (still reciting):

"'When the Critic does not like thy Bit of Writing, it is a bad sign for thee; but when the fool admires, it is time thou at once strike it out.'"

King. "That is excellent; very fine indeed. You have a something of soft and flowing in your verses; them I understand altogether. But there was Gottsched, one day, reading me his Translation of *Iphigénie*; I had the French Copy in my hand, and could not understand a word of him" (a Swan of Saxony, labouring in vain that day)! "They recommended me another Poet, one Peitsch" (Herr Peitsch of Königsberg, Hofarth, Doctor and Professor there, Gottsched's Master in Art; edited by Gottsched thirty years ago; now become a dumb idol, though at one time a god confessed); "him I flung away."

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[1] "*Ein kluger Maler in Athen,*
Der minder, weil man ihn bezhalte,
Als weil er Ehre suchte, malte,
Liess einen Kenner einst den Mars im Bilde sehn,
Und bat sich seine Meinung aus.
Der Kenner sagt ihm frei heraus,
Dass ihm das Bild nicht ganz gefallen wollte,
Und dass es, um recht schön zu sein,
Weit minder Kunst verrathen sollte.
Der Maler wandte vieles ein;
Der Kenner stritt mit ihm aus Gründen,
Und konnt ihn doch nicht überwinden.
Gleich trat ein junger Geck herein,
Und nahm das Bild in Augenschein.
'O,' rief er, 'bei dem ersten Blicke,
Ihr Götter, welch ein Meisterstücke!
Ach, welcher Fuss! O, wie geschickt
Sind nicht die Nägel ausgedrückt!
Mars lebt durchaus in diesem Bilde.
Wie viele Kunst, wie viele Pracht
Ist in dem Helm und in dem Schilde,
Und in der Rüstung angebracht!'
Der Maler ward beschämt gerühret,
Und sah den Kenner kläglich an.
'Nun,' spracht er, 'bin ich überführet!
Ihr habt mir nicht zu viel gethan.'
Der junge Geck war kaum hinaus,
So strich er seinen Kriegsgott aus."

MORAL.

"*Wenn deine Schrift dem Kenner nicht gefällt,*
So ist es schon ein böses Zeichen;
Doch, wenn sie gar des Narren Lob erhält,
So ist es Zeit, sie auszustreichen."
(Gellert's *Werke*: Leipzig, 1840: i. 135.)

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Gellert. "*Ihro Majestät,* him I also fling away."

King. "Well, if I continue here, you must come again often; bring your *Fables* with you, and read me something."

Gellert. I know not if I can read well; I have the singing kind of tone, native to the Hill Country."

King. "*Ja,* like the Silesians. No, you must read me the *Fables* yourself; they lose a great deal otherwise. Come back soon."[1] (*Exit Gellert*).

King (to Icilius, as we learn from a different Record). "That is quite another man than Gottsched!" (*Exeunt omnes.*)

The modest Gellert says he 'remembered Jesus Sirach's advice, *Press not thyself on Kings*, and never came back'; nor was specially sent for, in the hurries succeeding; though the King never quite forgot him. Next day, at dinner, the King said, 'He is the reasonablest man of all the German Literary People, *C'est le plus raisonnable de tous les Savans Allemands.*' And to Garve, at Breslau, years afterwards: 'Gellert is the only German that will reach posterity; his department is small, but he has worked in it with real felicity.' And indeed the King had, before that, as practical result of the Gellert Dialogue, managed to set some Berlin Bookseller upon printing of these eligible *Fables*, 'for the use of our Prussian Schools'; in which and other capacities the *Fables* still serve with acceptance there and elsewhere.[2]

In regard to Gellert's Horse-exercise, I had still to remember that Gellert, not long after, did get a Horse; two successive Horses; both highly remarkable. The first especially; which was Prince Henri's gift: 'The Horse Prince Henri had ridden at the Battle of Freyberg' (Battle to be mentioned hereafter);—quadruped that must have been astonished at itself! But a pretty enough gift from the warlike admiring Prince to his dyspeptic Great Man. This Horse having yielded to Time, the very Kurfürst (grandson of Polish Majesty that now is) sent Gellert another, housing and furniture complete; mounted on which, Gellert and it

[1] *Gellert Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius* (already cited), pp. 632 et seq.

[2] Preuss, ii. 274.

were among the sights of Leipzig;—well enough known here to young Goethe, in his College days, who used to meet the great man and princely horse, and do salutation, with perhaps some twinkle of scepticism in the corner of his eye.[1] Poor Gellert fell seriously ill in December 1769; to the fear and grief of all the world: 'estafettes from the Kurfürst himself galloped daily, or oftener, from Dresden for the sick bulletin'; but poor Gellert died, all the same (13th of that month); and we have (really with pathetic thoughts, even we) to bid his amiable existence in this world, his bits of glories and him, adieu forever.

Dialogue with General Saldern (in the Apel House, Leipzig, 21st January 1761)

Four or five weeks after this of Gellert, Friedrich had another Dialogue, which also is partly on record, and is of more importance to us here: Dialogue with Major-General Saldern; on a certain business, delicate, yet profitable to the doer,—nobody so fit for it as Saldern, thinks the King. Saldern is he who did that extraordinary feat of packing the wrecks of battle on the Field of Liegnitz; a fine, clear-flowing, silent kind of man, rapid and steady, with a great deal of methodic and other good faculty in him,—more, perhaps, than he himself yet knows of. Him the King has sent for, this morning; and it is on the business of Polish Majesty's Royal Hunting-Schloss at Hubertsburg,—which is a thing otherwise worth some notice from us.

For three months long the King had been representing, in the proper quarters, what plunderings, and riotous and even disgusting savageries, the Saxons had perpetrated at Charlottenburg, Schönhausen, Friedrichsfeld, in October last, while masters there for a few days: but neither in Reichs Diet, where Plotho was eloquent, nor elsewhere by the Diplomatic

[1] *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Theil. ii. Buch 6 (in Goethe's *Werke*, xxv. 51 et seq.).

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method, could he get the least redress, or one civil word of regret. From Polish Majesty himself, to whom Friedrich remonstrated the matter, through the English Resident at Warsaw, Friedrich had expected regret; but he got none. Some think he had hoped that Polish Majesty, touched by these horrors of war, and by the reciprocities evidently liable to follow, might be induced to try something towards mediating a General Peace: but Polish Majesty did not; Polish Majesty answered simply nothing at all, nor would get into any correspondence: upon which Friedrich, possibly a little piqued withal, had at length determined on retaliation.

Within our cantonments, reflects Friedrich, here is Hubertsburg Schloss, with such a hunting apparatus in and around it; Polish Majesty's *Hertzblatt* ('lid of the *heart*,' as they call it; breastbone, at least, and pit of his *stomach*, which inclines to nothing but hunting): let his Hubertsburg become as our Charlottenburg is; perhaps that will touch his feelings! Friedrich had formed this resolution; and, Wednesday January 21st, sends for Saldern, one of the most exact, deft-going and punctiliously honourable of all his Generals, to execute it. Enter Saldern accordingly,—royal Audience-room 'in the *Apel'sche Haus*, New Neumarkt, No. 16,' as above;—to whom (one Küster, a reliable creature, reporting for us on Saldern's behalf) the King says, in the distinct slowish tone of a King giving orders:

King. "Saldern, tomorrow morning you go" (*Er*, He goes) "with a detachment of Infantry and Cavalry, in all silence, to Hubertsburg; beset the Schloss, get all the furnitures carefully packed-up and invoiced. I want nothing with them; the money they bring I mean to bestow on our Field Hospitals, and will not forget *you* in disposing of it."

'Saldern, usually so prompt with his "*Ja*" on any Order from the King, looks embarrassed, stands silent,—to the King's great surprise; —and after a moment or two says:

Saldern. "Forgive me, your Majesty: but this is contrary to my honour and my oath."

King (still in a calm tone). "You would be right to think so, if I did not intend this desperate method for a good object. Listen to me:

great lords don't feel it in their scalp when their subjects are torn by the hair; one has to grip their own locks, as the only way to give them pain." ('These last words the King said in a sharper tone; he again made his apology for the resolution he had formed; and renewed his Order. With the modesty usual to him, but also with manliness, Saldern replied:)

Saldern. "Order me, your Majesty, to attack the enemy and his batteries, I will on the instant cheerfully obey: but against honour, oath and duty, I cannot, I dare not!"

'The King,' with voice gradually rising, I suppose, 'repeated his demonstration that the thing was proper, necessary in the circumstances; but Saldern, true to the inward voice, answered steadily:

Saldern. "For this commission your Majesty will easily find another person in my stead."

King ('whirling hastily round, with an angry countenance,' but, I should say, an admirable preservation of his dignity in such extreme case). "*Saldern, Er will nicht reich werden,*—Saldern, you refuse to become rich." And *exit*, leaving Saldern to his own stiff courses.[1]

Nothing remained for Saldern but to fall ill, and retire from the Service; which he did: a man honourably ruined, thought everybody; —which did not prove to be the case, by and by.

This surely is a remarkable Dialogue; far beyond any of the Gellert kind. An absolute King and Commander-in-Chief, and of such a type in both characters, getting flat refusal once in his life (this once only, so far as I know), and how he takes it:—one wishes Küster, or somebody, had been able to go into more details!—Details on the Quintus-Icilius procedure, which followed next day, would also have been rather welcome, had Küster seen good. It is well known, Quintus Icilius and his Battalion, on order now given, went cheerfully, next day, in Saldern's stead. And sacked Hubertsburg Castle, to the due extent or farther: 100,000 thalers (15,000*l.*) were to be raised from it for the Field-Hospital behoof; the rest was to be Quintus's own; who, it was thought, made an excellent thing of it for himself. And in hauling out the furnitures, especially in selling them, Quintus having an enterprising sharp head in trade affairs, 'it is

[1] Küster, *Charakterzüge des General-Lieutenant v. Saldern* (Berlin, 1793), pp. 39-44.

21st Jan. 1761]
certain,' says Küster, as says everybody, 'various *Schändlichkeiten* (scandals) occurred, which were contrary to the King's intention, and would not have happened under Saldern.' What the scandals particularly were, is not specified to me anywhere, though I have searched up and down; much less the net amount of money realised by Quintus. I know only, poor Quintus was bantered about it, all his life after, by this merciless King; and at Potsdam, in years coming, had ample time and admonition for what penitence was needful.

'The case was much canvassed in the Army,' says poor Küster; 'it was the topic in every tent among Officers and common Men. And among us Army-Chaplains too,' poor honest souls, 'the question of conflicting duties arose: Your King ordering one thing, and your own Conscience another, what ought a man to do? What ought an Army-Chaplain to preach or advise? And considerable mutual light in regard to it we struck out from one another, and saw how a prudent Army-Chaplain might steer his way. Our general conclusion was, That neither the King nor Saldern could well be called wrong. Saldern listening to the inner voice; right he, for certain. But withal the King, in his place, might judge such a thing expedient and fit; perhaps Saldern himself would, had Saldern been King of Prussia there in January 1761.'

Saldern's behaviour in his retirement was beautiful; and after the Peace, he was recalled, and made more use of than ever; being indeed a model for Army arrangements and procedures, and reckoned the completest General of Infantry now left, far and near. The outcries made about Hubertsburg, which still linger in Books, are so considerable, one fancies the poor Schloss must have been quite ruined, and left standing as naked walls. Such, however, we by no means find to be the case; but, on the contrary, shall ourselves see that everything was got refitted there, and put into perfect order again, before long.

There are some War-movements during Winter; general Financiering Difficulties. Choiseul proposes Peace

February 15th, there fell out, at Langensalza, on the Unstrut, in Gotha Country, a bit of sharp fighting; done by Friedrich's people and Duke Ferdinand's in concert; which, and still more what followed on it, made some noise in the quiet months. Not a great thing, this of Langensalza, but a sudden, and successfully done; costing Broglio some 2,000 prisoners; and the ruin of a considerable Post of his, which he had lately pushed out thither, 'to seize the Unstrut,' as he hoped. A Broglio grasping at more than he could hold, in those Thüringen parts, as elsewhere! And, indeed, the Fight of Langensalza was only the beginning of a series of such; Duke Ferdinand being now upon one of his grand Winter-Adventures: that of suddenly surprising and exploding Broglio's Winter-quarters altogether, and rolling him back to Frankfurt for a lodging. So, that, since the first days of February, especially since Langensalza day, there rose suddenly a great deal of rushing about, in those regions, with hard bits of fighting, at least of severe campaigning;—which lasted two whole months;—filling the whole world with noise that Winter; and requiring extreme brevity from us here. It was specially Duke Ferdinand's Adventure; Friedrich going on it, as per bargain, to the Langensalza enterprise, but no farther; after which it did not much concern Friedrich, nor indeed come to much result for anybody.

'Strenuous Ferdinand, very impatient of the Göttingen business, and provoked to see Broglio's quarters extend into Hessen, so near hand, for the first time, silently determines to dislodge him. Broglio's chain of quarters, which goes from Frankfurt north as far as Marburg, then turns east to Ziegenhayn; thence north again to Cassel, to Münden with its Defiles; and again east, or south-east, to Langensalza even: this chain has above 150 miles of weak length; and various other grave faults to the eye of Ferdinand,—especially this, that it is in the form, not of an elbow only, or joiner's-square, which is entirely to be disapproved, but

even of two elbows; in fact, of the *profile of a chair*' (if readers had a Map at hand). '*Foot* of the chair is Frankfurt; *seat* part is from Marburg to Ziegenhayn; *back* part, near where Ferdinand lies in chief force, is the Cassel region, on to Münden, which is *top* of the back,—still backwards from which, there is a kind of proud *curl* or overlapping, down to Langensalza in Gotha Country, which greedy Broglio has likewise grasped at! Broglio's friends say he himself knew the faultiness of this zigzag form, but had been overruled. Ferdinand certainly knows it, and proceeds to act upon it.

'In profound silence, namely, ranks himself (*February* 1*st*-12*th*) in three Divisions, wide enough asunder; bursts-up sudden as lightning, at Langensalza and elsewhere; kicks to pieces Broglio's Chair-Profile, kicks-out especially the bottom part, which ruins both foot and back, these being disjointed thereby, and each exposed to be taken in rear; —and of course astonishes Broglio not a little; but does not steal his presence of mind.

'So that, in effect, Broglio had instantly to quit Cassel and warm lodging, and take the field in person; to burn his Magazines; and, at the swiftest rate permissible, condense himself, at first partially about Fulda (well down the leg of his chair), and then gradually all into one mass near Frankfurt itself;—with considerable losses, loss especially of all his Magazines, full or half-full. And has now, except Marburg, Ziegenhayn and Cassel, no post between Gottingen and him. Ferdinand, with his Three Divisions, went storming along in the wild weather, Granby as vanguard; pricking into the skirts of Broglio. Captured this and that of Corps, of Magazines that had not been got burnt; laid siege to Cassel, siege to Ziegenhayn; blocked Marburg, not having guns ready: and, for some three or four weeks, was by the Gazetteer world and general public thought to have done a very considerable feat;—though to himself, such were the distances, difficulties of the season, of the long roads, it probably seemed very questionable whether, in the end, any feat at all.

'Cassel he could not take, after a month's siege under the best of Siege-Captains; Ziegenhayn still less under one of the worst. Provisions, ammunitions, were not to be had by force of wagonry: scant food for soldiers, doubly scant the food of Sieges';—'the road from Beverungen' (where the Weser-boats have to stop, which is 30 miles from Cassel, perhaps 60 from Ziegenhayn, and perhaps 100 from the outmost or southernmost of Ferdinand's parties) 'is paved with dead horses,' 'nor has even Cassel nearly enough of ammunition:—in a word, Broglio, finding the time come, bursts-up from his Frankfurt Position (March 14th-21st) in a sharp and determined manner; drives Ferdinand's people back, beats the Erbprinz himself one day (by sur-

prisal, "My compliment for Langensalza"), and sets his people running. Ferdinand sees the affair to be over; and deliberately retires; lucky, perhaps, that he still can deliberately: and matters return to their old posture. Broglio resumes his quarters, somewhat altered in shape, and not quite so grasping as formerly; and beyond his half-filled Magazines, has lost nothing considerable, or more considerable than has Ferdinand himself.'[1]

The vital element in Ferdinand's Adventure was the Siege of Cassel; all had to fail, when this, by defect of means, under the best of management, declared itself a failure. Siege-Captain was a Graf von Lippe-Bückeburg, Ferdinand's Ordnance-Master, who is supposed to be 'the best Artillery Officer in the world,'—and is a man of great mark in military and other circles. He is Son and Successor of that fantastic Lippe-Bückeburg, by whom Friedrich was introduced to Free-Masonry long since. He has himself a good deal of the fantast again, but with a better basis of solidity beneath it. A man of excellent knowledge and faculty in various departments; strict as steel, in regard to discipline, to practice and conduct of all kinds; a most punctilious, silently supercilious gentleman, of polite but privately irrefragable turn of mind. A tall, lean, dusky figure; much seen-to by neighbours, as he stalks loftily through this puddle of a world, on terms of his own. Concerning whom there circulates in military circles this Anecdote, among many others;—which is set down as a fact; and may be, whether quite believable or not, a symbol of all the rest, and of a man not unimportant in these Wars. 'Two years ago, on King Friedrich's birthday, 24th January 1759, the Count had a select dinner-party in his tent in Ferdinand's Camp, in honour of the occasion. Dinner was well over, and wine handsomely flowing, when somebody at last thought of asking, "What is it, then, Herr Graf, that whistling kind of noise we hear every now and then overhead?" "That is nothing," said the Graf, in his calm, dusky way: "that is only my Artillery-people practising; I have bidden them hit the pole of our tent if they can: unhappily

[1] Tempelhof, v. 15-45; Mauvillon, ii. 135-148.

there is not the slightest danger. Push the bottles on."'[1] Lippe-Bückeburg was Siege-Captain at Cassel; Commandant besieged was Comte de Broglio, the Marshal's younger Brother, formerly in the Diplomatic line;—whom we saw once, five years ago, at the Pirna Barrier, fly into fine frenzy, and kick vainly against the pricks. Friedrich says once, to D'Argens or somebody: 'I hope we shall soon have Cassel, and M. le Comte de Broglio prisoner' (deserves it for his fine frenzies, at Pirna and since);—but that comfort was denied us.

Some careless Books say, Friedrich had at first good hopes of this Enterprise; and 'had himself lent 7,000 men to it': which is the fact, but not the whole fact. Friedrich had approved, and even advised this plan of Ferdinand's, and had agreed to send 7,000 men to coöperate at Langensalza,—which, so far out in Thüringen, and pointing as if to the Reichsfolk, is itself an eye-sorrow to Friedrich. The issue we have seen. His 7,000 went accordingly, under a General Syburg; met the Ferdinand people (General Spörken head of these, and Walpole's 'Conway' one of them); found the Unstrut in flood, but crossed nevertheless; dashed-in upon the French and Saxons there, and made a brilliant thing of it at Langensalza.[2] Which done, Syburg instantly withdrew, leaving Spörken and his Conways to complete the Adventure; and, for his part, set himself with his whole might 'to raising contributions, recruits, horses, proviants, over Thüringen'; 'which,' says Tempelhof, 'had been his grand errand there, and in which he succeeded wonderfully.'

Towards the end of Ferdinand's Affair, Cassel Siege now evidently like to fail, Friedrich organised a small Expedition for his own behoof: expedition into Voigtland, or Frankenland, against the intrusive Reichs-people,—who have not now a Broglio or Langensalza to look across to, but are

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 356; Zimmermann, *Einsamkeit*, iii. 461; etc.

[2] *Bericht von der bey Langensalza am* 15 *Februar* 1761 *vorgefallenen Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 75); Tempelhof, v. 22-27.

mischievous upon our outposts on the edge of the Voigtland yonder. The expedition lasted only ten days (*April* 1*st* it left quarters; *April* 11*th* was home again); a sharp, swift and very pretty expedition;[1] of which we can here say only that it was beautifully impressive on the Reichs gentlemen, and sent their Croateries and them home again, to Bamberg, to Eger, quite over the horizon, in a considerably flurried state. After which there was no Small-War farther, and everybody rested in cantonment, making ready till the Great should come.

The Prussian wounded are all in Leipzig this Winter; a crowded stirring Town; young Archenholtz, among many others, going about in convalescent state,—not attending Gellert's course, that I hear of,—but noticing vividly to right and left. Much difficulty about the contributions, Archenholtz observes;—of course an ever-increasing difficulty, here as everywhere, in regard to finance! From Archenholtz chiefly, I present the following particulars; which, though in loose form, and without date, except the general one of Winter 1760-61, to any of them, are to be held substantially correct.

* * "It is impossible to pay that Contribution," exclaim the Leipzigers: "you said, long since, it was to be 75,000*l.* on us by the year; and this year you rise to 160,000*l.*; more than double!"—"Perhaps that is because you favoured the Reichsfolk while here?" answer the Prussians, if they answer anything: "It is the King's order. Pay it you must."—"Cannot; simply impossible." "Possible, we tell you, and also certain; we will burn your Leipzig if you don't!" And they actually, these Collector fellows, a stony-hearted set, who had a percentage of their own on the sums levied, got soldiers drawn out more than once pitch-link in hand, as if for immediate burning: but the Leipzigers thought to themselves, "King Friedrich is not a Soltikof!" and openly laughed at those pitch-links. Whereupon about a hundred of their Chief Merchants were thrown into prison,—one hundred or so, riddled down in a day or two to Seventeen; which latter Seventeen, as they stood out, were detained a good many days, how many is not said,

[1] Tempelhof, v. 48-57.

Dec. 1760-April 1761]
but only that they were amazingly firm. Black-hole for lodging, bread-and-water for diet, straw for bed: nothing would avail on the Seventeen: "Impossible," they answered always; each unit of them, in sight of the other sixteen, was upon his honour, and could not think of flinching. "You shall go for soldiers, then;—possibly you will prefer that, you fine powdered velvet gentlemen? Up, then, and march; here are your firelocks, your seventeen knapsacks: to the road with us; to Magdeburg, there to get on drill!" Upon which the Seventeen, horror-struck at such quasi-*actual* possibility, gave in.

'Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, who had come to Leipzig on business at the time' (which will give us a date for this by and by), 'and been solemnly applied to by Deputation of the Rath, pleaded with his usual zealous fidelity on their behalf; got various alleviations, abatements; gave bills:—"Never was seen such magnanimity!" said the Leipzig Town-Council solemnly, as that of Berlin, in October last, had done.'[1]

Of course the difficulties, financial and other, are increasing every Winter;—not on Friedrich's side only. Here, for instance, from the Duchy of Göttingen, are some items in the French Account current, this Winter, which are also furnished by Archenholtz:

'For bed-ticking, 13,000 webs; of shirts ready-made, 18,000; shoes,' I forget in what quantity; but 'from the poor little Town of Duderstadt 600 pairs,—liability to instant flogging if they are not honest shoes; flogging, and the whole shoemaker guild summoned out to see it.' Hardy women the same Duderstadt has had to produce: 300 of them, 'each with basket on back, who are carrying cannon-balls from the foundry at Lauterberg to Göttingen, the road being bad.'[2] 'These French are in such necessity,' continues Archenholtz, 'they spare neither friend nor foe. The Frankish Circle, for example, pleads piteously in Reichs Diet that it has already smarted by this War to the length of 2,230,000*l.*, and entreats the Kaiser to bid Most Christian Majesty cease *his* exactions,—but without the least result.' Result! If Most Christian Majesty and his Pompadour will continue this War, is it he, or is it you, that can furnish the Magazines? 'Magazine-furnishings, over all Hessen and this part of Hanover, are enormous. Recruits too, native Hessian, native Hanoverian, you shall furnish,—and "We will hang them, and do, if caught deserting" (to their own side)!'

I add only one other item from Archenholtz: 'Mice being busy in

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 187-192.

[2] *Ib.* ii. 237.

these Hanover Magazines, it is decided to have cats, and a requisition goes out accordingly' (cipher not given): 'cats do execution for a time, but cannot stand the confinement,' are averse to the solitary system, and object (think with what vocality!): 'upon which Hanover has to send foxes and weasels.'[1] These guardian animals, and the 300 women laden with cannon-balls from the forge, are the most peculiar items in the French Account current, and the last I will mention.

Difficulty, quasi-impossibility, on the French side, there evidently is, perhaps more than on any other. But Choiseul has many arts;—and his Official existence, were there nothing more, demands that he do the impossible now if ever. This Spring (26th March 1761), to the surprise and joy of mankind, there came formal Proposal, issuing from Choiseul, to which Maria Theresa and the Czarina had to put their signatures; regretting that the British-Prussian Proposal of last Year had, by ill accident, fallen to the ground, and now repeating it themselves (real 'Congress at Augsburg,' and all things fair and handsome) to Britannic and Prussian Majesties. Who answer (April 3d) as before, 'Nothing with more willingness, we!'[2]

And there actually did ensue, at Paris, a vivid Negotiating all Summer; which ended, not quite in nothing, but in less, if we might say so. Considerably less, for some of us. We shall have to look what end *it* had, and Mauduit will look! —Most people, Pitt probably among the others, came to think that Choiseul, though his France is in beggary, had no real view from the first, except to throw powder in the eyes of France and mankind, to ascertain for himself on what terms those English would make Peace, and to get Spain drawn into his quarrel. A Choiseul with many arts. But we will leave him and his Peace-Proposals, and the other rumours and futilities of this Year. They are part of the sound and smoke which fill all Years; and which vanish into next to nothing, oftenest into pure nothing, when the

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 240.

[2] The 'Declaration' (of France, &c.), with the Answer or 'Counter-Declaration,' in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 12-16.

Years have waited a little. Friedrich's finances, copper and other, were got completed; his Armies too were once more put on a passable footing;—and this Year will have its realities withal.

Gotzkowsky, in regard to those Leipzig Finance difficulties, yields me a date, which is supplementary to some of the Archenholtz details. I find it was 'January 20th, 1761,'—precisely while the Saldern Interview, and subsequent wreck of Hubertsburg, went on,—that 'Gotzkowsky arrived in Leipzig,'[1] and got those unfortunate Seventeen out of ward, and the contributions settled.

And withal, at Paris, in the same hours, there went on a thing worth noting. That January day, while Icilius was busy on the Schloss of Hubertsburg, poor old Maréchal de Belleisle,—mark him, reader!—'in the Rue de Lille at Paris,' lay sunk in putrid fever; and on the fourth day after, 'January 26th, 1761,' the last of the grand old Frenchmen died. 'He had been reported dead three days before,' says Barbier: 'the public wished it so; they laid the blame on him of this apparent' (let a cautious man write it, 'apparent) derangement in our affairs,'—instead of thanking him for all he had done and suffered (loss of so much, including reputation and an only Son) to repair and stay the same. 'He was in his 77th year. Many people say, "We must wait three months, to see if we shall not regret him,"'—even him![2] So generous are Nations.

Maréchal Duc de Belleisle was very wealthy; in Vernon Country, Normandy, he had estates and châteaux to the value of about 24,000*l.* annually. All these, having first accurately settled for his own debts, he, in his grand old way, childless, forlorn, but loftily polite to the last, bequeathed to the King. His splendid Paris Mansion he expressly left 'to serve in perpetuity as a residence for the Secretary of State in the Department of War': a magnificent Town-House it is, '*hôtel magnifique*, at the end of the Pont-

[1] Rödenbeck, ii. 77. [2] Barbier, iv. 373; i. 154.

Royal,'—which, I notice farther, is in our time called 'Hôtel de *Choiseul-Praslin*,'—a house latterly become horrible in men's memory, if my guess is right.

And thus vanishes, in sour dark clouds, the once great Belleisle. Grandiose, something almost of great in him, of sublime,—alas, yes, of too sublime; and of unfortunate beyond proportion, paying the debt of many foregoers! He too is a notability gone out, the last of his kind. Twenty years ago, he crossed the Œil-de-Bœuf with Papers, just setting out to cut Teutschland in Four; and in the Rue de Lille, No. 54, with that grandiose Enterprise drawing to its issue in universal defeat, disgrace, discontent, and preparation for the General Overturn (*Culbute Générale* of 1789), he closes his weary old eyes. Choiseul succeeds him as War-Minister; War-Minister and Prime-Minister both in one;—and by many arts of legerdemain, and another real spasm of effort upon Hanover to do the impossible there, is leading France with winged steps the same road.

Since March 17th, Friedrich was no longer in Leipzig. He left at that time, for Meissen Country, and the Hill Cantonments,—organised there his little Expedition into Voigtland, for behoof of the Reichsfolk;—and did not return. Continued, mostly in Meissen Country, as the fittest for his many businesses, Army-regulatings and other. Till the Campaign come, we will remember of him nothing, but this little Note, and pleasant little Gift, to his *Chère Maman*, the day after his arrival in those parts:

To Madam Camas (at Magdeburg, with the Queen)

'Meissen, 20th March 1761.

'I send you, my dear Mamma, a little Trifle, by way of keepsake and memento' (Snuffbox of Meissen Porcelain, with the figure of a Dog on the lid). 'You may use the Box for your rouge, for your patches, or you may put snuff in it, or *bonbons* or pills: but whatever use you turn

it to, think always, when you see this Dog, the Symbol of Fidelity, that he who sends it outstrips, in respect of fidelity and attachment to *Maman*, all the dogs in the world; and that his devotion to you has nothing whatever in common with the fragility of the material which is manufactured hereabouts.

'I have ordered Porcelain here for all the world, for Schönhausen' (for your Mistress, my poor uncomplaining Wife), 'for my Sisters-in-law; in fact, I am rich in this brittle material only. And I hope the receivers will accept it as current money: for, the truth is, we are poor as can be, good Mamma; I have nothing left but honour, my coat, my sword, and porcelain.

'Farewell, my beloved Mamma. If Heaven will, I shall one day see you again face to face; and repeat to you, by word of mouth, what I have already said and written; but, turn it and re-turn it as I may, I shall never, except very incompletely, express what the feelings of my heart to you are.— F.'[1]

*** It was during this Winter, if ever it was, that Friedrich received the following Letter from an aspiring Young Lady, just coming out, age seventeen,—in a remote sphere of things. In 'Sleepy Hollow' namely, or the Court of Mirow in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, where we once visited with Friedrich almost thirty years ago. The poor collapsed Duke has ceased making dressing-gowns there; and this is his Niece, Princess Charlotte, Sister to the now reigning Duke.

This Letter, in the translated form, and the glorious results it had for some of us, are familiar to all English readers for the last hundred years. Of Friedrich's Answer to it, if he sent one, we have no trace whatever. Which is a pity, more or less;—though, in truth, the Answer could only have been some polite formality; the Letter itself being a mere breath of sentimental wind, absolutely without significance to Friedrich or anybody else,—except always to the Young Lady herself, to whom it brought a Royal Husband and Queenship of England, within a year. Signature, presumably, this Letter once had; date of place, of day, year, or even century (except by implication), there never was any: but judicious persons, scanning on the spot, have found that the 'Victory' spoken of can only have meant Torgau; and that the aspiring Young Lady, hitherto a School Girl, not so much as 'confirmed' till a month or two ago, age seventeen in May last, can only have written it, at Mirow, in the Winter subsequent.[2] Certain it is, in September *next*, September

[1] Given in *Rödenbeck*, ii 79; omitted, for I know not what reason, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 145: cited partly in *Preuss*, ii. 282.

[2] Ludwig Giesebrecht,—*Der Fürstenhof in Mirow während der Jahre* 1708-1761, in *Programm des vereinigten Königlichen und Stadt-Gymnasiums* for 1863 (Stettin, 1863), pp. 26-29,—enters into a minute criticism.

1761, directly after George III.'s Wedding, there appeared in the English Newspapers, what doubtless had been much handed about in society before, the following '*Translation of a Letter, said to have been written by Princess Charlotte of Mecklenberg to the King of Prussia, on one of his Victories*,'—without farther commentary or remark of any kind; everybody then understanding, as everybody still. So notable a Document ought to be given in the Original as well (or in what passes for such), and with some approach to the necessary preliminaries of time and place.[1]

[*To his Majesty the King of Prussia* (in Leipzig, or Somewhere)

Mirow in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Winter of 1760-61.]

'*Sire!—Ich weiss nicht, ob ich über Ewr. Majestät letzteren Sieg fröhlich oder traurig sein soll, weil eben der glückliche Sieg, der neue Lorbeern um Dero Scheitel geflochten hat, über mein Vaterland Jammer und Elend verbreitet. Ich weiss, Sire, in diesem unserm lasterhaft verfeinerten Zeitalter werde ich verlacht werden, dass mein Herz über das Unglück des Landes trauert, dass ich die Drangsale des Krieges beweine, und von ganzer Seele die Rückkehr des Friedens wünsche. Selbst Sie, Sire, werden vielleicht denken, es schicke sich besser für mich, mich in der Kunst zu gefallen zu üben, oder mich nur um häusliche Angelegenheiten zu bekümmern. Allein dem seye wie ihm wolle, so fühlt mein Herz zu sehr für diese Unglücklichen, um eine dringende Fürbitte für dieselben zurück zu halten.*

'*Seit wenigen Jahren hatte dieses*

'*May it please your Majesty*,

'I am at a loss whether I shall congratulate or condole with you on your late victory; since the same success that has covered you with laurels has overspread the Country of Meckenburgh with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's Country, to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the art of pleasing, or to turn my thoughts to subjects of a more domestic nature: but, however unbecoming it may be in me, I can't resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

'It was but a very few years ago

[1] From *Gentleman's Magazine* (for October 1761, xxxi. 447) we take, verbatim, the *Translation;* from *Preuss* (ii. 186) the '*Original*,' who does not say where he got it,—whether from an old German Newspaper or not.

Land die angenehmste Gestalt gewonnen. Man traf keine verödete Stellen an. Alles war angebaut. Das Landvolk sah vergnügt aus, und in den Städten herrschte Wohlstand und Freude. Aber welch' eine Veränderung gegen eine so angenehme Scene! Ich bin in partheischen Beschreibungen nicht erfahren, noch weniger kann ich die Gräuel der Verwüstüng mit erdichteten Schilderungen schrecklicher darstellen. Allein gewiss selbst Krieger, welche ein edles Herz und Gefühl besitzen, würden durch den Anblick dieser Scenen zu Thränen bewegt werden. Das ganze Land, mein werthes Vaterland, liegt da gleich einer Wüste. Der Ackerbau und die Viehzucht haben aufgehört. Der Bauer und der Hirt sind Soldaten worden, und in den Städten sieht man nur Greise, Weiber und Kinder, vielleicht noch hie und da einen jungen Mann, der aber durch empfangene Wunden ein Kruppel ist und den ihn umgebenden kleinen Knaben die Geschichte einer jeden Wunde mit einem so pathetischen Heldenton erzählt, dass ihr Herz schon der Trommel folgt, ehe sie recht gehen können. Was aber das Elend auf den höchsten Gipfel bringt, sind die immer abwechselnden Vorrückungen und Zurückziehungen beider Armeen, da selbst die, so sich unsre Freunde nennen, beim Abzuge alles mitnehmen und verheeren, und wenn sie wieder kommen, gleich viel wieder herbei geschafft haben wollen. Von Dero Gerechtigkeit, Sire, hoffen wir Hülfe in dieser äussersten Noth. An Sie, Sire, mogen auch Frauen, ja selbst Kinder

that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The Country was cultivated, the peasant looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but sure even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospect now before me. The whole Country, my dear Country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued; the husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly occupied. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women and children; perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds and loss of limbs rendered unfit for service, left at his door; his little children hang round him, ask a history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat. It is impossible to express the confusion, even those who call themselves our friends create. Even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is that we hope relief; to you even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition, and whose

ihre Klagen bringen. Sie, die sich auch zur niedrigsten Klasse gütigst herablassen, und dadurch, wenn es möglich ist, noch grösser werden, als selbst durch ihre Siege, werden die meinigen nicht unerhört lassen und, zur Ehre Dero eigenen Ruhmes, Bedrückungen und Drangsalen abhelfen, welche wider alle Menschenliebe und wider alle gute Kriegszucht streiten. Ich bin, etc.'

power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.

'I am, Sire, etc.'

It is remarked that this Young Lady, so amiably melodious in tone, though she might address to King Friedrich, seems to be writing to the wind; and that she gives nothing of fact or picture in regard to Mecklenburg, especially to Mecklenburg-*Strelitz*, but what is taken from her own beautiful young brain. All operatic, vague, imaginary,—some of it expressly untrue.[1] So that latterly there have been doubts as to its authenticity altogether![2] And in fact the Piece has a good deal the air of some School-Exercise, Model of Letter-writing, Patriotic Aspiration or the like;—thrown off, shall we say, by the young Parson of Mirow (Charlotte's late Tutor), with Charlotte there to *sign;* or by some Patriotic Schoolmaster elsewhere, anywhere, in a moment of enthusiasm, and *without* any Charlotte but a hypothetic one? Certainly it is difficult to fancy how a modest, rational, practical young person like Charlotte can have thought of so airy a feat of archery into the blue! Charlotte herself never disavowed it, that I heard of; and to Colonel Grahame the Ex-Jacobite, hunting about among potential Queens of England, for behoof of Bute and of a certain Young King and King's Mother, the Letter did seem abundantly unquestionable and adorable. Perhaps authentic, after all;—and certainly small matter whether or not.

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[1] In Mecklenburg-*Schwerin*, which had always to smart sore for its Duke and the line he took, the Swedes, this year, as usual (but, *till* Torgau, with more hope than usual), had been trying for winter-quarters: and had by the Prussians, as usual, been hunted-out,—Eugen of Würtemberg speeding thither, directly after Torgau; Rostock his winter-quarters;—who, doubtless with all rigour, is levying contributions for Prussian behoof. But as to Mecklenburg-Strelitz,—see, for example, in *Schöning*, iii. 30 etc., an indirect but altogether conclusive proof of the perfectly amicable footing now and always subsisting there; Friedrich reluctant to intrude even with a small request or solicitation, on Eugen's behalf, at this time.

[2] 'Boll, *Geschichte Mecklenburgs mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Culturgeschichte* (Neubrandenburg, 1856), ii. 303-305';—cited by Giesebrecht, who himself takes the opposite view.

CHAPTER VII

SIXTH CAMPAIGN OPENS: CAMP OF BUNZELWITZ

To the outward observer Friedrich stands well at present, and seems again in formidable posture. After two such Victories, and such almost miraculous recovery of himself, who shall say what resistance he will not yet make? In comparison with 1759 and its failures and disasters, what a Year has 1760 been! Liegnitz and Torgau, instead of Kunersdorf and Maxen, here are unexpected phenomena; here is a King risen from the deeps again,—more incalculable than ever to contemporary mankind. 'How these things will end?' Fancy of what a palpitating interest *then*, while everybody watched the huge game as it went on; though it is so little interesting now to anybody, looking at it all finished! Finished; no mystery of chance, of world-hope or of world-terror now remaining in it; all is fallen stagnant, dull, distant;—and it will behove us to be brief upon it.

Contemporaries, and Posterity that will make study, must alike admit that, among the sons of men, few in any Age have made a stiffer fight than Friedrich has done and continues to do. But to Friedrich himself it is dismally evident, that year by year his resources are melting away; that a year must come when he will have no resource more. Ebbing very fast, his resources;—fast too, no doubt, those of his Enemies, but not *so* fast. They are mighty Nations, he is one small Nation. His thoughts, we perceive, have always, in the background of them, a hue of settled black. Easy to say, 'Resist till we die'; but to go about, year after year, practically doing it, under cloudy omens, no end of it visible ahead, is not easy. Many men, Kings and other, have had to take that stern posture;—few on sterner terms than those of Friedrich at present; and none that I know of with a more truly stoical and manful figure of demeanour. He is long

used to it! Wet to the bone, you do not regard new showers; the one thing is, reach the bridge before *it* be swum away.

The usual hopes, about Turks, about Peace, and the like, have not been wanting to Friedrich this Winter; mentionable as a trait of Friedrich's character, not otherwise worth mention. Hope of aid from the Turks, it is very strange to see how he nurses this fond shadow, which never came to anything! Happily, it does not prevent, it rather encourages the utmost urgency of preparation: 'The readier we are, the likelier are Turks and everything!' Peace, at least, between France and England, after such a Proposal on Choiseul's part, and such a pass as France has really got to, was a reasonable probability. But indeed, from the first year of this War, as we remarked, Peace has seemed possible to Friedrich every year; especially from 1759 onward, there is always every winter a lively hope of Peace:—'No slackening of preparation; the reverse, rather; but surely the Campaign of next Summer will be cut short, and we shall all get home only half expended!'[1]

Practically, Friedrich has been raising new Free-Corps people, been recruiting, refitting and equipping, with more diligence than ever; and, in spite of the almost impossibilities, has two Armies on foot, some 96,000 men in all, for defence of Saxony and of Silesia,—Henri to undertake Saxony, *versus* Daun; Silesia, with Loudon and the Russians, to be Friedrich's heavier share. The Campaign, of which, by the one party and the other, very great things had been hoped and feared, seemed once as if it would begin two months earlier than usual; but was staved-off, a long time, by Friedrich's dexterities, and otherwise; and in effect did not begin, what we can call beginning, till two months later than usual. Essentially it fell, almost all, to Friedrich's share; and turned out as little decisive on him as any of its foregoers. The one memorable part of it now is, Friedrich's

[1] Schöning (*in locis*).

3d May 1761]
Encampment at Bunzelwitz; which did not occur till four months after Friedrich's appearance on the Field. And from the end of April, when Loudon made his first attempt, till the end of August, when Friedrich took that Camp, there was nothing but a series of attempts, all ineffectual, of demonstrations, marchings, manœuvrings and small events; which, in the name of every reader, demand condensation to the utmost. If readers will be diligent, here, as far as needful, are the prefatory steps.

Since Fouquet's disaster, Goltz generally has Silesia in charge; and does it better than expected. He was never thought to have Fouquet's talent in him; but he shows a rugged loyalty of mind, less egoistic than the fiery Fouquet's; and honestly flings himself upon his task, in a way pleasant to look at: pleasant to the King especially, who recognises in Goltz a useful, brave, frank soul;—and has given him, this Spring, the *Order of Merit*, which was a high encouragement to Goltz. In Silesia, after Kosel last Year, there had been truce between Goltz and Loudon; which should have produced repose to both; but did not altogether, owing to mistakes that rose. And at any rate, in the end of April, Loudon, bursting suddenly into Silesia with great increase to the forces already there, gave notice, as per bargain, That 'in 96 hours' the Truce would expire. And waiting punctiliously till the last of said hours was run out, Loudon fell upon Goltz (*April 25th*, in the Schweidnitz-Landshut Country) with his usual vehemence;—meaning to get hold of the Silesian Passes, and extinguish Goltz (only 10 or 12,000 against 30,000), as he had done Fouquet last Year.

But Goltz took his measures better; seized 'the Gallows-Hill of Hohenfriedberg,' seized this and that; and stood in so forcible an attitude, that Loudon, carefully considering, durst not risk an assault; and the only result was: Friedrich hastened to relief of Goltz (rose from Meissen Country *May 3d*), and appeared in Silesia six weeks earlier than he had

intended. But again took Cantonments there (Schweidnitz and neighbourhood); — Loudon retiring wholly, on first tidings of him, home to Bohemia again. Home in Bohemia; at Braunau, on the western edge of the Glatz Mountains,— there sits Loudon thenceforth, silent for a long time; silently collecting an Army of 72,000, with strict orders from Vienna to avoid fighting till the Russians come. Loudon has very high intentions this Year. Intends to finish Silesia altogether;—cannot he, after such a beginning upon Glatz last year? That is the firm notion at Vienna among men of understanding: ever-active Loudon the favourite there, against a Cunctator who has been too cunctatory many times. Liegnitz itself, was not that (as many opine) a disaster due to cunctation, not of Loudon's?

Loudon is to be joined by 60,000 Russians, under a Feldmarschall Butturlin, not under sulky Soltikof, this Year; junction to be in Upper Silesia, in Neisse neighbourhood. 'We take that Fortress,' say the Vienna people; 'it is next on the file after Glatz. Neisse taken; thence northward, cleaning the Country as we go; Brieg, Schweidnitz, Glogau, probably Breslau itself in some good interim: there are but Four Fortresses to do; and the thing is finished. Let the King, one to three, and Loudon in command against him, try if he can hinder it!' This is the Program in Vienna and in Petersburg. And, accordingly, the Russians have got on march about the end of May; plodding on ever since, due hereabouts before June end: 'junction to be as near Neisse as you can: and no fighting of the King, on any terms, till the Russians come.' Never were the Vienna people so certain before. Daun is to do nothing 'rash' in Saxony (a Daun not given that way, they can calculate), but is to guard Loudon's game; carefully to reinforce, comfort and protect the brave Loudon and his Russians till they win;—after which, Saxony as rash as you like. This is the Program of the Season:—readers feel what an immensity of preliminary higglings, hitchings and manœuvrings will now demand to be

30th June 1761]
suppressed by us! Read these essential Fractions, chiefly chronological;—and then, at once, To Bunzelwitz, and the time of close grips in Silesia here.

'Last Year,' says a loose Note, which we may as well take with us, 'Tottleben did not go home with the rest, but kept hovering about, in eastern Pommern, with a 10,000, all Winter; attempting several kinds of mischief in those Countries, especially attempting to do something on Colberg; which the Russians mean to besiege next Summer, with more intensity than ever, for the Third, and, if possible, the last time. "Storm their outposts there," thinks Tottleben, "especially Belgard, the chief outpost; girdle tighter and tighter the obstinate little crow's-nest of a Colberg, and have it ready for besieging in good time." Tottleben did try upon the outposts, especially Belgard the chief one (January 18th, 1761), but without the least success at Belgard; with a severe reproof instead, Werner's people being broad awake:[1] upon which Tottleben and they made a truce, "Peaceable till May 12th"; till June 1st, it proved, about which time' (which time, or afterwards, as the Silesian crisis may admit!) 'we will look in on them again.'

May 3d, as above intimated, Friedrich hastened off for Silesia, quitted Meissen that day, with an Army of some 50,000; pressingly intent to relieve Goltz from his dangerous predicament there. This is one of Friedrich's famed marches, done in a minimum of time and with a maximum of ingenuity; concerning which I will remember only that, one night, 'he lodged again at Rodewitz, near Hochkirch, in the same house as on that Occasion' (what a thirty months to look back upon, as you sink to sleep!)—'and that no accident anywhere befell the March, though Daun's people, all through Saxony and the Lausitz, were hovering on the flank,—apprehensive chiefly lest it might mean a plunge *into Bohemia*, for relief of Goltz, instead of what it did.' For six weeks after that hard March, the King's people got Cantonments again, and rested.

Prince Henri is left in Saxony, with Daun in huge force against him, Daun and the Reich; between whom and Henri,—Seidlitz being in the field again with Henri, Seidlitz and others of mark,—there fell out a great deal of exquisite manœuvring, rapid detaching and occasional sharp cutting on the small scale; but nothing of moment to detain us here or afterwards. We shall say only that Henri, to a wonderful extent, maintained himself against the heavy overwhelming Daun and his Austrian and Reichs masses; and that Napoleon, I know not after what degree of study, pronounced this Campaign of 1761 to be the masterpiece of Henri,

[1] Account of it, *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 670.

and really a considerable thing, '*La campagne de* 1761 *est celle où ce Prince a vraiment montré des talents supérieurs*; the Battle of Freyberg' (wait till next Year) 'nothing in comparison.'[1] Which may well detain soldier-people upon it; but must not us, in any measure. The result of Henri being what we said,—a drawn game, or nearly so,—we will, without interference from him, follow Friedrich and Goltz.

Friedrich and Goltz,—or, alas, it is very soon Friedrich alone; the valiant Goltz soon perishing from his hand! After brief junction in Schweidnitz Country, Friedrich detached Goltz to his old fortified Camp at Glogau, there to be on watch. Goltz watching there, lynx-eyed, skilful, volunteered a Proposal (June 22d): 'Reinforce me to 20,000, your Majesty; I will attack so and so of those advancing Russians!' Which his Majesty straightway approved of, and set going.[2] Goltz thereupon taxed all his energies, perhaps overmuch; and it was thought might at last really have done something for the King, in this matter of the Russians still in separate Divisions,—a thing feasible if you have energy and velocity; always unfeasible otherwise. But, alas, poor Goltz, just when ready to march, was taken with sudden violent fever, the fruit probably of overwork; and, in that sad flame, blazed away his valiant existence in three or four days:—gone forever, June 30th, 1761; to the regret of Friedrich and of many.

Old Ziethen was at once pushed on, from Glogau over the frontier, to replace Goltz; but, I doubt, had not now the requisite velocity: Ziethen merely manœuvred about, and came home 'attending the Russians,' as Henri, Dohna and others had done. The Russians entered Silesia, from the north-east or Polish side, without difficulty; and (July 15th-20th) were within reach of Breslau and of an open road to southward, and to junction with Loudon, who is astir for them there. About Breslau they linger and higgle, at their leisure, for three weeks longer: and if their junction with the Austrians 'in Neisse neighbourhood' is to be prevented or impeded, it is Friedrich, not Ziethen, that will have to do it.

Junction in Neisse neighbourhood (Oppeln, where it should have been, which is some 35 miles from Neisse), Friedrich did, by velocity and dexterity, contrive to prevent; but junction somewhere he probably knows to be inevitable. These are among Friedrich's famed marches and manœuvrings, these against the swift Loudon and his slow Russians; but we will not dwell on them. My readers know the King's manner in such cases; have already been on two Marches with him, and even in these same routes and countries. We will say only, that the Russians

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[1] Montholon, *Mémoires de Napoléon*, vii. 324.

[2] Goltz's Letter to the King, 'Glogau, 22d June 1761,' is in Tempelhof (v. 88-90), who thinks the plan good.

11th-12th Aug. 1761]
were and had been very dilatory; Loudon much the reverse; and their and Loudon's Adversary still more. That, for five days, the Russians, at length close to Breslau (August 6th-11th), kept vaguely cannonading and belching noise and apprehension upon the poor City, but without real damage to it, and as if merely to pass the time; and had gradually pushed out fore-posts, as far as Oppeln, towards Loudon, up their safe right bank of Oder. That Loudon, on the first glimpse of these, had made his best speed Neisse-ward; and did a march or two with good hope; but at Münsterberg (July 22d), on the morning of the third or fourth day's march, was astonished to see Friedrich ahead of him, nearer Neisse than he; and that in Neisse Country there was nothing to be done, no Russian junction possible there.

'Try it in Schweidnitz Country, then!' said Loudon. The Russians leave off cannonading Breslau; cross Oder, about Auras or Leubus (August 11th-12th); and Loudon, after some finessing, marches back Schweidnitz-way, cautiously, skilfully; followed by Friedrich, anxious to prevent a junction here too, or at lowest to do some stroke before it occur. A great deal of cunning marching, shifting and manœuvring there is, for days round Schweidnitz on all sides; encampings by Friedrich, now Liegnitz headquarter, now Wahlstadt, now Schönbrunn, Striegau;—without the least essential harm to Loudon, or likelihood increasing that the junction can be hindered. No offer of battle either; Loudon is not so easy to beat as some. The Russians come on at a snail's pace, so Loudon thinks it, who is extremely impatient; but makes no mistakes in consequence, keeps himself safe (Kunzendorf, on the edge of the Glatz Hills, his main post), and the roads open for his heavy-footed friends.

In Nicolstadt, a march from Wahlstadt, 16th August, there are 60,000 Russians in front of Friedrich, 72,000 Austrians in rear: what can he, with at the very utmost 57,000, do against them? Now was the time to have fallen upon the King, and have consumed him between two fires, as it is thought might have been possible, had they been simultaneous, and both of them done it with a will. But simultaneity was difficult, and the will itself was wanting, or existed only on Loudon's side. Nothing of the kind was attempted on the confederate part, still less on Friedrich's,—who stands on his guard, and, from the Heights about, has at last to witness what he cannot hinder. Sees both Armies on march; Austrians from the south-east or Kunzendorf-Freyberg side, Russians from the north-east or Kleinerwitz side, wending in many columns by the back of Jauer and the back of Liegnitz respectively; till (August 18th) they 'join hands,' as it is termed, or touch mutually by their light troops; and on the 19th (Friedrich now off on another scheme, and *not* witnessing), fall into one another's arms, ranked all in one line

of posts.[1] 'Can the Reichshofrath say our junction is not complete?' And so ends what we call the Prefatory part; and the time of Close Grips seems to be come !—

Friedrich has now nothing for it but to try if he cannot possibly get hold of Kunzendorf (readers may look in their Map *), and cut-off Loudon's staff of bread; Loudon's, and Butturlin's as well; for the whole 130,000 are now to be fed by Loudon, and no slight task he will find it. By rushing direct on Kunzendorf with such a velocity as Friedrich is capable of, it is thought he might have managed Kunzendorf; but he had to mask his design, and march by the rear or east side of Schweidnitz, not by the west side: 'They will think I am making off in despair, intending for the strong post of Pilzen there, with Schweidnitz to shelter me in front!' hoped Friedrich (morning of the 19th), as he marched off on that errand. But on approaching in that manner, by the bow, he found that Loudon had been quite sceptical of such despair, and at any rate had, by the string, made sure of Kunzendorf and the food-sources. August 20th, at break of day, scouts report the Kunzendorf ground thoroughly beset again, and Loudon in his place there. No use marching thitherward farther:—whither now, therefore?

Friedrich knows Pilzen, what an admirable post it really is; except only that Schweidnitz will be between the enemy and him, and liable to be besieged by them; which will never do! Friedrich, on the moment of that news from Kunzendorf, gets on march, not by the east side (as intended till the scouts came in), but by the west or exposed side of Schweidnitz:—he stood waiting, ready for either route, and lost not a moment on his scouts coming in. All upon the road by 3 A.M. August 20th; and encamps, still at an early hour, midway between Schweidnitz and Striegau: right wing of him at Zedlitz (if the reader look on his Map) left wing at Jauernik; headquarters, Bunzelwitz, a poor Village, celebrated ever since in War-annals. And begins (that same evening,

[1] Tempelhof, v. 58-150.

* See Map, p. 468.

20th Aug.-19th Sept. 1761]
the earlier or *rested* part of him begins) digging and trenching at a most extraordinary rate, according to plan formed; no enemy taking heed of him, or giving the least molestation. This is the world-famous Camp of Bunzelwitz, upon which it is worth while to dwell for a little.

To common eyes the ground hereabouts has no peculiar military strength: a wavy champaign, with nothing of abrupt or high, much of it actual plain, excellent for cavalry and their work;—this latter, too, is an advantage, which Friedrich has well marked, and turns to use in his scheme. The area he takes in is perhaps some seven or eight miles long, by as many broad. On the west side runs the still-young Striegau Water, defensive more or less; and on the farther bank of it green little Hills, their steepest side stream-ward. Inexpugnable Schweidnitz, with its stores of every kind, especially with its store of cannon and of bread, is on the left or east part of the circuit; in the intervening space are peaceable farm-villages, spots of bog; knolls, some of them with wood. Not a village, bog, knoll, but Friedrich has caught up, and is busy profiting by. 'Swift, *Bursche*, dig ourselves in here, and be ready for any quotity and quantity of them, if they dare attack!'

And 25,000 spades and picks are at work, under such a Field-Engineer as there is not in the world when he takes to that employment. At all hours, night and day, 25,000 of them: half the Army asleep, other half digging, wheeling, shovelling; plying their utmost, and constant as Time himself: these, in three days, will do a great deal of spade-work. Batteries, redoubts, big and little; spare not for digging. Here is ground for Cavalry, too; post them here, there, to bivouac in readiness, should our Batteries be unfortunate. Long Trenches there are, and also short; Batteries commanding every ingate, and under them are Mines: 'We will blow you and our Batteries both into the air, in case of capture!' think the Prussians, the common men at least, if Friedrich do not. 'Mines, and that of being blown into the

air,' says Tempelhof, 'are always very terrible to the common man.' In places there are 'Trenches 16 feet broad, by 16 deep,' says an admiring Archenholtz, who was in it: 'and we have two of those *Flatterminen* (scatter-mines,' blowing-up apparatuses) 'to each battery.'[1]

'Bunzelwitz, Jauernik, Tschechen and Peterwitz, all fortified,' continues Archenholtz: 'Würben, in the centre, is like a citadel, looking down upon Striegau Water. Heavy cannon, plenty of them, we have brought from Schweidnitz: we have 460 pieces of cannon in all and 182 mines. Würben, our citadel and centre, is about five miles from Schweidnitz. Our intrenchments'—You already heard what gulfs some of them were! 'Before the lines are palisades, storm-posts, the things we call Spanish Horse (*chevaux-de-frise*);—woods we have in abundance in our Circuit, and axes busy for carpentries of that kind. There are four intrenched knolls; 24 big batteries, capable of playing beautifully, all like pieces in a concert.' Four knolls elaborately intrenched, clothed with cannon; founded upon *flatter*-mines: try where you will to enter, such torrents of death-shot will converge on you, and a concert of 24 big batteries begin their music!—

On the third day, Loudon, looking into this thing, which he has not minded hitherto, finds it such a thing as he never dreamt of before. A thing strong as Gibraltar, in a manner;—which it will be terribly difficult to attack with success! For eight days more Friedrich did not rest from his spade-work; made many changes and improvements, till he had artificially made a very Stolpen of it, a Plauen, or more. Cogniazzo, the *Austrian Veteran*, says: 'Plauen, and Daun's often-ridiculed precautions there, were nothing to it. Not as if Bunzelwitz had been so inaccessible as our sheer rocks there; but because it is a masterpiece of Art, in which the principles of tactics are combined with those of field-fortification, as never before.' Tielke grows quite eloquent on it: 'A masterpiece of judgment in ground,' says he; 'and

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 262, etc.

25th Aug. 1761]
the treatment of it a model of sound, true, and consummate field-engineering.' [1]

Ziethen, appointed to that function, watches on the Heights of Würben, the citadel of the place: keeps a sharp eye to the south-west. All round, in huge halfmoon on the edge of the Hills over there, six or more miles from Ziethen, lie the angry Enemies; Austrians south and nearest, about Kunzendorf and Freyberg. Russians are on the top of Striegau Hills, which are well known to some of us; Russian headquarter is Hohenfriedberg,—who would have thought it, Herr General von Ziethen? Sixteen years ago, we have seen these Heights in other tenancy: Austrian field-music and displayed banners coming down; a thousand and a thousand Austrian watch-fires blazing out yonder, in the silent June night, eve of such a Day! Baireuth Dragoons and their No. 67;—you will find the Baireuth Dragoons still here in a sense, but also in a sense *not*. Their fencing Chasot is gone to Lübeck long since; will perhaps pay Friedrich a visit by and by: their fiery Gessler is gone much farther, and will never visit anybody more! Many were the reapers then, and they are mostly gone to rest. Here is a new harvest; the old *sickles* are still here; but the hands that wielded them—!—'Steady!' answers the Herr General; profoundly aware of all that, but averse to words upon it.

Fancy Loudon's astonishment, on the third day: 'While we have sat consulting how to attack him, there is he,—unattackable, shall we say?' Unattackable, Loudon will not consent to think him, though Butturlin has quite consented. 'Difficult, murderous,' thinks Loudon; 'but possible, certain, could Butturlin but be persuaded!' And tries all his rhetoric on Butturlin: 'Shame on us!' urges the ardent Loudon: 'Imperial and Czarish Majesties; Kriegshofrath, Russian Senate; Vienna, Petersburg, Versailles and all the

[1] Tielke, iii. § *Bunzelwitz* (which is praised as an attractive Piece); *Œsterreichischer Veteran*, iv. 79: cited in *Preuss*, ii. 285.

world,—what are they expecting of us? To ourselves it seemed certain, and here we sit helplessly gazing!' Loudon is very diligent upon Butturlin: 'Do but believe that it is possible. A plan can be made; many plans: the problem is solved, if only your Excellency will believe.' Which Butturlin never quite will.

Nobody knows better than Friedrich in what perilous crisis he now stands: beaten here, what army or resource has he left? Silesia is gone from him; by every likelihood, the game is gone. This of Bunzelwitz is his last card; this is now his one stronghold in the world:—we need not say if he is vigilant in regard to this. From about the fourth day, when his engineering was only complete in outline, he particularly expects to be attacked. On the fifth night he concludes it will be; knowing Loudon's way. Towards sunset, that evening (August 25th), all the tents are struck: tents, cookeries, every article of baggage, his own among the rest, are sent to Würben Heights (to Schweidnitz, Archenholtz says; but has misremembered): the ground cleared for action. And horse and foot, every man marches out, and stands ready under arms.

Contrary to everybody's expectation, not a shot was heard, that night. Nor the next night, nor the next: but the practice of vigilance was continued. Punctual as mathematics: at a given hour of the afternoon, tents are all struck; tents and furnitures, field swept clear; and the 50,000 in their places wait under arms. Next morning, nothing having fallen out, the tents come back; the Army (half of it at once, or almost the whole of it, according to aspects) rests, goes to sleep if it can. By night there is vigilance, is work, and no sleep. It is felt to be a hard life, but a necessary.

Nor in these labours of detail is the King wanting; far from it; the King is there, as ear and eye of the whole. For the King alone there is, near the chief Battery, 'on the Pfarrberg, namely, in the clump of trees there,' a small Tent,

and a bundle of straw where he can lie down, if satisfied to do so. If all is safe, he will do so; but perhaps even still he soon awakens again; and strolls about among his guard-parties, or warms himself by their fires. One evening, among the orders, is heard this item: 'And remember, a lock of straw, will you,—that I may not have to sleep on the ground, as last night!'[1] Many anecdotes are current to this day, about his pleasant homely ways and affabilities with the sentry people, and the rugged hospitalities they would show him at their watch-fires. 'Good-evening, children.' 'The same to thee, Fritz.' 'What is that you are cooking?'—and would try a spoonful of it, in such company; while the rough fellows would forbid smoking, 'Don't you know he dislikes it?' 'No, smoke away!' the King would insist.

Mythical mainly, these stories; but the dialect of them true; and very strange to us. Like that of an Arab Sheik among his tribesmen; like that of a man whose authority needs no keeping up, but is a Law of Nature to himself and everybody. He permits a little bantering even; a rough joke against himself, if it spring sincerely from the complection of the fact. The poor men are terribly tired of this work: such bivouacking, packing, unpacking; and continual waiting for the tug of battle, which never comes. Biscuits, meal are abundant enough; but flesh-meat wearing low; above all, no right sleep to be had. Friedrich's own table, I should think, is very sparingly beset ('A cup of chocolate is my dinner on marching-days,' wrote he once, this Season); certainly his Lodging,—damp ground, and the straw sometimes forgotten,—is none of the best. And thus it has to last, night after night and day after day. On September 8th, General Bülow went out for a little butcher's-meat; did bring home '200 head of neat cattle' (I fear, not very fat), 'and 300 sheep.'[2]

Loudon, all this while, is labouring, as man seldom did,

[1] Seyfarth, iii. 16 *n.*

[2] Tempelhof, v. 172.

to bring Butturlin to the striking place; who continues flaccid, Loudon screwing and rescrewing, altogether in vain. Loudon does not deny the difficulty; but insists on the possibility, the necessity: Councils of War are held, remonstrances, encouragements. 'We will lend you a Corps,' answers Butturlin; 'but as to our Army coöperating,—except in that far-off way, it is too dangerous!' Meanwhile provisions are running low; the time presses. A formal Plan, presented by the ardent Loudon,—Loudon himself to take the deadlier part,—'Mark it, noble Russian gentlemen; and you to have the easier!'—surely that is loyal, and not in the old cat's-paw way? But in that, too, there is an offence. Butturlin and the Russians grumble to themselves: 'And you to take all the credit, as you did at Kunersdorf? A mere adjunct, or auxiliary, we:—and we are a Feldmarschall; and you, what is your rank and seniority?' In short, they will not do it; and in the end coldly answer: 'A Corps, if you like; but the whole Army, positively no.' Upon which Loudon goes home half mad; and has a colic for eight-and-forty hours. This was September 2d; the final sour refusal;—nearly heart-breaking to Loudon. Provisions are run so low withal; the Campaign season all but done; result, nothing: not even an attempt at a result.

No Prussian, from Friedrich downwards, had doubted but the attack would be: the grand upshot and fiery consummation of these dark continual hardships and nocturnal watchings. Thrice over, on different nights, the Prussians imagined Loudon to have drawn out, intending actual business; and thrice over to have drawn in again,—instead of once only, as was the fact, and then taken colic.[1] Friedrich's own notion, that 'over dinner, glass in hand,' the two Generals had, in the enthusiasm of such a moment, agreed to do it, but on sober inspection found it too dubious,[2] appears to be ungrounded. Whether they could in reality

[1] Tempelhof, v. 170.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 125.

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have stormed him, had they all been willing, is still a question; and must continue one. Wednesday evening 9th September, there was much movement noticeable in the Russian camp; also among the Austrian, there are regiments, foot and horse, coming down hitherward: 'Meaning to try it then?' thought Friedrich, and got at once under arms. Suppositions were various; but about 10 at night, the whole Russian Camp went up in flame; and, next morning, the Russians were not there.

Russian main Army clean gone; already got to Jauer, as we hear; and Beck with a Division to see them safe across the Oder;—only Czernichef and 20,000 being left, as a Corps of Loudon's. Who, with all Austrians, are quiet in their Heights of Kunzendorf again. And thus, on the twentieth morning, September 10th, this strange Business terminated. Shot of those batteries is drawn again; powder of those mines lifted out again: no firing of your heavy Artillery at all, nor even of your light, after such elaborate charging and shoving of it hither and thither for the last three weeks. The Prussians cease their bivouacking, nightly striking of tents; and encamp henceforth in a merely human manner; their 'Spanish Riders' (*Frisian* Horse, *Chevaux-de-Frise*, others of us call them), their Storm-pales and elaborate wooden Engineerings, they gradually burn as fuel in the cold nights; finding Loudon absolutely quiescent, and that the thing is over, for the present. One huge peril handsomely staved away, though so many others impend.

By way of accelerating Butturlin, Friedrich, next day, September 11th, despatched General Platen with some 8,000 (so I will guess them from Tempelhof's enumeration by battalions), to get round the flank of Butturlin, and burn his Magazines. Platen, a valiant skilful person, did this business, as he was apt to do, in a shining style; shot dexterously forward by the skirts of Butturlin; heard of a big *Wagenburg* or Travelling Magazine of his, at Gostyn

over the Polish Frontier; in fact, his travelling breadbasket, arranged as 'Wagon-fortress' in and round some Convent there, with trenches, brick walls, cannon and defence considered strong enough for so important a necessary of the road. September 15th, Platen, before cock-crow, burst out suddenly on this Wagon-fortress, with its cannons, trenches, brick walls and defensive Russians; stormed into it with extraordinary fury: 'Fixed bayonets,' ordered he, at the main point of their defence, 'not a shot till they are tumbled out!'—tumbled them out accordingly, into flight and ruin; took of prisoners 1,845, seven cannon, and burnt the 5,000 provender wagons, which was the soul of the adventure; and directly got upon the road again.[1] Detachments of him then fell on Posen, on Posen and other small Russian repositories in those parts,—hay-magazines, biscuit-stores, soldiers' uniforms; distributed or burnt the same;—completely destroying the travelling haversack or general road-bag of Butturlin; a Butturlin that will have to hasten forward or starve.

Which done, Platen (not waiting the King's new orders, but anticipating them, to the King's great contentment) marched instantly, with his best speed and skilfulest contrivance of routes and methods, not back to the King, but onwards toward Colberg,—(which he knows, as readers shall anon, to be much in need of him at present);—and without injury, though begirt all the way by a hurricane of Cossacks and light people, doing their utmost upon him, arrived there September 25th; victoriously cutting-in across the Besieging Party: and will again be visible enough when we arrive there. Indignant Butturlin chased violently, eager to punish Platen; but could get no hold: found Platen was clear off to Pommern,—on what errand Butturlin knew well, if not so well what to do in consequence. 'Reinforce our poor Besiegers there, and again reinforce' (to enormous amounts, 40,000 of them in the end);—'get bread from them withal:—and,

[1] Tempelhof, v. 281-293; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 643-649.

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before long, flow bodily thitherward, for bread to ourselves and for their poor sake!' That, on the whole, was what Butturlin did.

Friedrich stayed at Bunzelwitz above a fortnight after Butturlin. 'Why did not Friedrich stay altogether, and wait here?' said some, triumphantly, soon after. That was not well possible. His Schweidnitz Magazine is worn low; not above a month's provision now left for so many of us. The rate of sickness, too, gets heavier and heavier in this Bunzelwitz Circuit. In fine, it is greatly desirable that Loudon, who has nothing but Bohemia for outlook, should be got to start thither as soon as possible, and be quickened homeward. September 25th-26th, Friedrich will be under way again.

And, in the mean while, may we not employ this fortnight of quiescence in noting certain other things of interest to him and us, which have occurred, or are occurring, in other parts of the Field of War? Of Henri in Saxony we undertook to say nothing; and indeed hitherto,—big Daun with his Lacys and Reichsfolk, lying so quiescent, tethered by considerations (Daun continually detaching, watching, for support of his Loudon and Russians and their thrice-important operation, which has just had such a finish),—there could almost nothing be said. Nothing hitherto, or even henceforth, as it proves, except mutual vigilances, multifarious bickerings, manœuvrings, affairs of posts: sharp bits of cutting (Seidlitz, Green Kleist and other sharp people there); which must not detain us in such speed. But there are two points, the Britannic-French Campaign, and the Third Siege of Colberg; which in no rate of speed could be quite omitted.

Of Ferdinand's Battle of Vellinghausen (15th-16th July); *and the Campaign* 1761

Vellinghausen is a poor little moory Hamlet in Paderborn Country, near the south or left bank of the Lippe River; lies

to the north of Soest,—some 15 miles to your left-hand there, as you go by rail from Aachen to Paderborn ;—but nobody now has ever heard of it at Soest or elsewhere, famous as it once became a hundred years ago. Ferdinand had taken a singular position there, in the early days of July 1761. Here is brief Notice of that Affair, and of some results, or adjuncts, still more important, which it had :

'This Year, Ferdinand's Campaign is more difficult than ever; Choiseul having made a quite spasmodic effort towards Hanover, while negotiating for Peace. Two armies, counting together 160,000 men, in great completeness of equipment, Choiseul has got on foot, against Ferdinand's of 95,000. Had a fine dashing plan, too ;—devised by himself (something of a Soldier he too, and full of what the messrooms call "dash") ;—not so bad a Plan of the dashing kind, say judges. But it was marred sadly in one point: That Broglio, on issuing from his Hessian Winter-quarters, is not to be sole General ; that Soubise, from the Lower-Rhine Country, is to be Co-General ;—such the inexorable will of Pompadour. This clause of the business Ferdinand, at an early stage, appears to have guessed or discerned might, for him, be the saving clause.

'Now, as formerly, Ferdinand's first grand business is to guard Lippstadt,—guard it now from these two Generals :—and, singular to see, instead of opposing the junction of them, he has submitted cheerfully to let them join. And in the course of a week or two after taking the field, is found to be on the western or outmost flank of Soubise, crushing him up towards Broglio, not otherwise ! And has, partly by accident, taken a position at Vellinghausen which infinitely puzzles Broglio and Soubise, when they rush into junction at Soest (July 6th), and study the thing, with their own eyes, "for eight whole days, in concert." What continual reconnoitering, galloping about of high-plumed gentlemen together or apart ; what *memoir*-ing, mutual consulting, beating of brains, to little purpose, during those eight days !—

'Ferdinand stands in moory difficult ground, length of him about eight miles, looking eastward ; with his left at Vellinghausen and the Lippe ; centre of him is astride of the Ahse (centre partly, and right wing wholly, are on the south side of Ahse), which is a branch of Lippe ; and in front, he has various little Hamlets, Kirch-Denkern' (*Kirch*-Denkern, for there are three or four other Denkerns thereabouts), Scheidingen, Wambeln and others ; and his right wing is covered farther by a quaggy brook, which runs into the abovesaid Ahse, and is a *sub*-branch of Lippe. At most of these Villages Ferdinand has thrown-up something of earthworks : there are bogs, rough places, woods ; all are

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turned to advantage. Ferdinand is in a strongish, but yet a dangerous position; and will give difficulties, and does give endless dubieties, to these high-plumed gentlemen galloping about with their spy-glasses for eight days. One possibility they pretty soon discern in him. His left flank rests on Lippe, yes; but his right flank is in the air, has nothing to rest on;—here surely is some possibility for us? A strong Position, that of his; but if driven out of it by any method, he has no retreat; is tumbled back into the *angle* where Ahse and Lippe meet, and into the little Town of Hamm there, where his Magazine is. What a fate for him, if we succeed!—

'Ferdinand, by the incessant reconnoitering and other symptoms, judges what is coming; concludes he will be attacked in this posture of his; and on the whole, what critics now reckon very wise and very courageous of him, determines to stand his chance in it. The consultations of Broglio and Soubise are a thing unique to look upon; spread over volumes of Official Record, and about a volume and a half even of *Bourcet*, where it is still almost amusing to read;[1] and ending in helpless downbreak on both parts. Of strategic faculty nobody supposes they had much, and nearly all of it is in Broglio; Soubise being strong in Court-favour only. Exquisitely polite they both strive to be; and under the exquisite politeness, what infirmities of temper, splenetic suspicions, and in fact mutual hatred lay hidden, could never be accurately known. "Attack him, Sunday next; on the 13th!" so, at the long last, both of them had said. And then, on more reflection, Broglio afterwards: "Or not till the 15th, M. le Prince; till I reconnoitre yet again, and drive-in his outposts?" "M. le Maréchal's will is always mine: Tuesday 15th, reconnoitre him, drive him in; be it so, then!" answers Soubise, with extreme politeness,—but thinking in his own mind (or thought to be thinking), "Wants to do it himself, or to get the credit of doing it, as in former cases; and bring me into disgrace!" Not quite an insane notion either, on Soubise's part, say some who have looked into the Broglio-Soubise Controversy;—which far be it from any of us, at this, or at any time, to do. Here are the facts that ensued.

'*Tuesday July 15th*, 1761, Broglio reconnoitered with intensity all day, drove in all Ferdinand's outposts; and about six in the evening, seeing hope of surprise, or spurred by some notion of doing the feat by himself, suddenly burst into onslaught on Ferdinand's Position: "Vellinghausen yonder, and the woody strengths about,—could not we get

[1] *Mémoires Historiques* (that is to say, for most part, Selection of Official Papers) *sur la Guerre que les Français ont soutenue en Allemagne depuis* 1757, *jusqu'au* 1762: par M. de Bourcet, Lieutenant-Général des Armées du Roi (3 tomes, Paris, 1792);—worthily done; but occupied, two-thirds of it, with this Vellinghausen and the paltry 'Campaign of 1761'!

hold of that; it would be so convenient tomorrow morning!" Granby and the English are in camp about Vellinghausen; and are taken quite on the sudden: but they drew-out rapidly, in a state of bottled indignation, and fought, all of them,—Pembroke's Brigade of Horse, Cavendish's of Foot, *Berg-Schotten*, Maxwell's Brigade and the others, in a highly satisfactory way,—"*mit unbeschreiblicher Tapferkeit*," says Mauvillon on this occasion again. Broglio truly has burst-out into enormous cannonade, musketade and cavalry-work, in this part; and struggles at it, almost four hours,—a furious, and especially a very noisy business, charging, recharging through the woods there;—but, met in this manner, finds he can make nothing of it; and about 10 at night, leaves off till a new morning.

'Next morning, about 4, Broglio, having diligently warned Soubise overnight, recommenced; again very fiercely, and with loud cannonading; but with result worse than before. Ferdinand overnight, while Broglio was warning Soubise, had considerably strengthened his left wing here,—by detachments from the right or Anti-Soubise wing; judging, with good foresight, how Soubise would act. And accordingly, while poor Broglio kept storming forward with his best ability, and got always hurled back again, Soubise took matters easy; "had understood the hour of attack to be" so and so, "had understood" this and that; and on the whole, except summoning or threatening, in the most languid way, one outlying redoubt ("redoubt of Scheidingen") on Ferdinand's right wing, did nothing, or next to nothing, for behoof of his Broglio. Who, hour after hour, finds himself ever worse bestead;—those Granby people proving "indescribable" once more' (their Wutgenau also with his Hanoverians *not* being absent, as they rather were last night);—'and about 10 in the morning gives-up the bad job; and sets about retiring. If retiring be now permissible; which it is not altogether. Ferdinand, watching intently through his glass the now silent Broglio, discerns "Some confusion in the Maréchal yonder!"—and orders a general charge of the left wing upon Broglio; which considerably quickened his retreat; and broke it into flight, and distressful wreck and capture, in some parts,—Regiment *Rouge*, for one item, falling wholly, men, cannon, flags and furniture, to that Maxwell and his Brigade.

'Ferdinand lost, by the indistinct accounts, "from 1,500 to 2,000": Broglio's loss was "above 5,000; 2,000 of them prisoners." Soubise, for his share, "had of killed 24,"—O you laggard of a Soubise![1] And

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[1] Mauvillon, ii. 171-189; Tempelhof, v. 207-221; Bourcet, ii. 75 et seq. In *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 770-782-792) the French Account, and the English (or Allied), with *Lists*, and the like. Slight *Letter* from Sir Robert Murray Keith to his Excellency Papa, now at Petersburg, 'Excellency first,' as we used to

it is a Battle lost to Choiseul's grand Pair of Armies; a Campaign checked in mid volley; and nothing but recriminations, courts-martial, shrieky jargonings,—and plain incompatibility between the two Maréchaux de France; so that they had to part company, and go each his own road henceforth. Choiseul remonstrates with them, urges, encourages; writes the "admirablest Despatches"; to no purpose. "How ridiculous and humiliating would it be for us, if, with Two Armies of such strength, we accomplished nothing, and the whole Campaign were lost!" writes he once to them.

'Which was in fact the result arrived at; the two Generals parting company for this Campaign (and indeed for all others); and each, in his own way, proving futile. Soubise, with some 30,000, went gasconading about, in the Westphalian, or extreme western parts; taking Embden (from two Companies of Chelsea Pensioners; to whom he broke his word, poor old souls;—to whom, and much more to the Populations there [1]),—taking Embden, *not* taking Bremen; and in fact doing nothing, except keep the Gazetteers in vain noise: a Soubise not in force, by himself, to shake Ferdinand; and who, it is remarked, now and formerly, always prefers to be at a good distance from that Gentleman. Broglio, on the other hand, keeps violently pulsing out, round Ferdinand's flanks; taking Wolfenbüttel (Broglio's for two days), besieging Brunswick (for one day);—and, in short, leaving, he too, the matter as he had found it. A man of difficult, litigious temper, I should judge; but clearly has something of generalship: "does understand tactic, if strategy *not*," said everybody; "while Soubise, in both capacities, is plain zero!" [2] The end, however, was: next Winter, Broglio got dismissed, in favour of Soubise;—rest from shrieky jargon having its value to some of us; and "hold of Hanover" being now plainly a matter hopeless to France and us.'

In this Battle a fine young Prince of Brunswick got killed; Erbprinz's second Brother;—leading on a Regiment of *Berg-*

define him, stands in the miserably edited *Memoirs and Correspondence* (London, 1849), i. 104-5; and may tempt you to a reading; but alters nothing, adds little or nothing. Sir R. fights here as a Colonel of Highlanders, but afterwards became 'Excellency second' of his name.

[1] *Letter from a French Protestant Gentleman at Gröningen;* followed by confirmatory *Letter from* etc. etc. (copied into *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1761), give special details of the altogether *Ultra*-Soltikof atrocities perpetrated by Soubise's people (doubtless against his will) on the recalcitrant or disaffected Peasants, on the etc. etc.

[2] Excellency Stanley (see *infrà*) to Pitt, 'Paris, 30th July 1761': in *Thackeray*, ii. 561-2.

Schotten, say the accounts.[1] Berg-Schotten, and English generally, Pembroke's Horse, Cavendish's Brigade,—we have mentioned their behaviour; and how Maxwell's Brigade took one whole regiment prisoners, in that final charge on Broglio. 'What a glorious set of fellows!' said the English people over their beer at home. Beer let us fancy it; at the sign of *The Marquis of Granby*, which is now everywhere prevalent and splendent;—the beer, we will hope, good. And as this is a thing still said, both over beer and higher liquors, and perhaps is liable to be too much insisted on, I will give, from a candid Bystander, who knows the matter well, what probably is a more solid and circumstantially correct opinion. Speaking of Ferdinand's skill of management, and of how very composite a kind his Army was, Major Mauvillon has these words:

'The first in rank,' of Ferdinand's Force, 'were the English; about a fourth part of the whole Army. Braver troops, when on the field of battle and under arms against the enemy, you will nowhere find in the world: that is a truth;—and with that the sum of their military merits ends. In the first place, their Infantry consists of such an unselected hand-over-head miscellany of people, that it is highly difficult to preserve among them even a shadow of good discipline,'—of *Mannszucht*, in regard to plunder, drinking and the like; does not mean *Kriegszucht*, or drill. 'Their Cavalry indeed is not so constituted; but a foolish love for their horses makes them astonishingly plunderous of forage; and thus they exhaust a district far faster in that respect than do the Germans.

'Officers' Commissions among them are all had by purchase: from which it follows that their Officers do not trouble their heads about the service; and understand of it, very *very* few excepted, absolutely nothing whatever' (what a charming set of 'Officers'!)—'and this goes from the Ensign up to the General. Their home-customs incline them to the indulgences of life; and, nearly without exception, they all expect to

[1] '*The Life of Prince Albert Henry*' (had lived only 19 years, poor youth, not much of a 'Life'!—but the account of his Education is worth reading, from a respectable Eyewitness) '*of Brunswick-Luneburg, Brother to the Hereditary Prince; who so eminently etc. at Fellinghausen* etc. etc. (London, Printed for etc. 1763). *Written originally in German by the Rev Mr. Hierusalem*' (Father of the 'Young Jerusalem' who killed himself afterwards, and became, in a sense, Goethe's *Werther* and *Sorrows*). Price, probably, Twopence.

have ample and comfortable means of sleep.' (Hear, hear !) 'This leads them often into military negligences, which would sound incredible, were they narrated to a soldier. To all this is added a quiet natural arrogance (*Uebermuth*),'—very quiet, mostly unconscious, and as if inborn and coming by discernment of mere facts,—which tempts them to despise the enemy as well as the danger; and as they very seldom think of making any surprisal themselves, they generally take it for granted that the enemy will as little.

'This arrogance, however, had furthermore a very bad consequence for their relation to the rest of the Army. It is well known how much these people despise all Foreigners. This of itself renders their coöperating with Troops of other Nations very difficult. But in this case there was the circumstance that, as the Army was in English pay, they felt a strong tendency to regard their fellow-soldiers and copartners as a sort of subordinate war-valets, who must be ready to put-up with anything :—which was far indeed from being the opinion of the others concerned ! The others had not the smallest notion of consenting to any kind of inferior treatment or consideration in respect of them. To the Hanoverians especially, from known political feelings, they were at heart, for most part, specially indisposed; and this mode of thinking was capable of leading to very dangerous outbreaks. The Hanoverians, a dull steady people, brave as need be, but too slow for anything but foot service, considered silently this War to be their War, and that all the rest, English as well, were here on their' (and Britannic Majesty's) 'account.

'Think what difficulties Ferdinand's were, and what his merit in quietly subduing them; while to the cursory observer they were invisible, and nobody noticed them but himself !'[1]

Yes, doubtless. He needed to know his kinds of men; to regard intensely the chemic affinities and natural properties, to keep his phosphorescents, his nitres and charcoals well apart; to get out of these English what they were capable of giving him, namely, heavy strokes, —and never ask them for what they had not: them or the others; but treat each according to his kind. Just, candid, consummately polite; an excellent manager of men, as well as of war-movements, though Voltaire found him shockingly defective in *esprit*. The English, I think, he generally quartered by themselves; employed them oftenest under the Hereditary Prince,—a man of swift execution and prone to strokes like themselves. 'Oftenest under the Erbprinz,' says Mauvillon: 'till, after the Fight of Kloster Kampen, it began to be noticed that there was a change in that respect; and the messrooms whispered, "By accident or not?"'—which shall remain mysterious to me. In Battle after

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 270-272.

Battle he got the most unexceptionable sabering and charging from Lord Granby and the difficult English element; and never was the least discord heard in his Camp;—nor could even Sackville at Minden tempt him into a loud word.

But enough of English soldiering, and battling with the French. For about two months prior to this of Vellinghausen, and for more than two months after, there is going on, by special Envoys between Pitt and Choiseul, a lively Peace-Negotiation, which is of more concernment to us than any Battle. 'Congress at Augsburg' split upon formalities, preliminaries, and never even tried to meet: but France and England are actually busy. Each Country has sent its Envoy: the Sieur de Bussy, a tricky gentleman, known here of old, is Choiseul's, whom Pitt is on his guard against; 'Mr. Hans Stanley,' a lively, clear-sighted person, of whom I could never hear elsewhere, is Pitt's at Paris: and it is in that City, between Choiseul and Stanley, with Pitt warily and loftily presiding in the distance, that the main stress of the Negotiation lies. Pitt is lofty, haughty, but very fine and noble; no King or Kaiser could be more. Sincere, severe, though most soft-shining; high, earnest, steady, like the stars. Artful Choiseul, again, flashes out in a cheerily exuberant way; and Stanley's Despatches about Choiseul ('*ce fou plein d'esprit*,' as Friedrich once christens him),—about Choiseul, and the France then round him, and the effects of Vellinghausen in society, and the like,—are the liveliest reading one almost anywhere meets with in that kind.[1] Choiseul frankly admits that he has come to the worse: ready for concessions, but the question is, What? Canada is gone, for instance; of Canada you will allow us nothing: but our poor Fisher-people, toiling in the Newfoundland waters, cannot they have a rock to dry their fish on; 'Isle of Miquelon, or the like?' 'Not the breadth of a blanket,'—that is Pitt's private

[1] In *Thackeray*, i. 505-579, and especially ii. 520-626, is the Stanley-and-Pitt Correspondence: Stanley went '23d May'; returned (got his passports for returning) 'September 20th.'

expression, I believe; and for certain, that, in polite official language, is his inexorable determination. 'You shall go home out of those Countries, Messieurs; America is to be English or *Yan*kee, not *Frang*ee: that has turned out to be the Decree of Heaven; and we will stand by that.'

So that Choiseul soon satisfies himself it will be a hard bargain, this with Pitt; and turns the more assiduously to the Majesty of Spain (Baby Carlos, our old friend, who has sore grudges of his own against the English, standing grievance of Campeachy Logwood, of bitter Naples reminiscences, and enough else),—turns to Baby Carlos, time after time, with his pathetic 'See, your Most Catholic Majesty!' And by rapid degrees induces Most Catholic Majesty to go wholly into the adventure with Most Christian Ditto;—and to say, at length, or to let Choiseul say for him, by way of cautious first-step (15th July, a date worth remembering, if the reader please): 'Might not Most Catholic Majesty be allowed perhaps to mediate a little in this Business?' 'Most Catholic Majesty!' answers Pitt, with a flash as if from the empyrean: 'Who sent for Most Catholic Majesty?'—and the matter catches fire, totally explodes, and Spain too declares War; in what way is generally known.

Details are not permitted us. The Catastrophe we shall give afterwards, and can here say only: *First*, That old Earl Marischal, Friedrich's Spanish Envoy, is a good deal in England, coming and going, at this time,—on that interesting business of the Kintore Inheritance, doubtless,—and has been beautifully treated. Been pardoned, disattainted, permitted to inherit,—by the King on the instant, by the Parliament so soon as possible;[1]—and is of a naturally grateful turn. *Secondly*, That in the profoundest secrecy, penetrable only to eyes near at hand and that see in the dark, a celebrated

[1] King's Patent is of '30th April 1760' (*dated* 29th May 1759), 'Act of Parliament to follow shortly'; 'August 16th, 1760, Act having passed, is Marischal's public Presentation to his Majesty' (late Majesty): Old *Gazettes* in *Gentleman's Magazine* (for 1760), xxx. 201, 392.

Bourbon Family Compact was signed (August 15th, 1761, ten days before the digging at Bunzelwitz began), of which the first news to the Olympian man (conveyed by Marischal, as is thought) was like—like news of dead Pythons pretending to revive upon him. And *thirdly*, That, postponing the Catastrophe, and recommending the above two dates, 15*th July*, 15*th August*, to careful readers, we must hasten to Colberg for the present.

Third Siege of Colberg

Readers had, some while ago, a flying Note, which we promised to take up again; about Tottleben's procedures, and a Third Siege of Colberg coming. Siege, we have chanced to see, there accordingly is, and a Platen gone to help against it. Siege, after infinite delays and haggles, has at length come,—uncommonly vivid during the final days of Bunzelwitz;—and is, and has been, and continues to be, much in the King's thoughts. Probably a matter of more concernment to him, before, during, and after Bunzelwitz (though the Pitt Catastrophe, going on simultaneously, is still more important, if he knew it), than anything else befalling in the distance. Let us now give a few farther indications on that matter.

Truce between Werner and Tottleben expired May 12th; but for five weeks more nothing practical followed; except diligent reinforcing, revictualling and extraordinary fortifying of Colberg and its environs, on the Prussian part,—Eugen of Würtemberg, direct from Rostock and his Anti-Swede business, Eugen 12,000 strong, with a Werner and other such among them, taking head charge outside the walls; old Heyde again as Commandant within: while on the Russian part, under General Romanzow, there is a most tortoise-like advance,—except that the tortoise carries all his resources with him, and Romanzow's, multifarious and enormous, are scattered over seas and lands, and need endless waiting for, in the intervals of crawling.

This is the Romanzow who failed at Colberg once already (on the heel of Zorndorf in 1758, if readers recollect); and is the more bound to be successful now. From sea and from land, for five weeks, there is rumour of a Romanzow in overwhelming force, and with intentions very furious upon Colberg, —upon the outposts, under Werner, as first point. Five weeks went, before anything of Romanzow was visible even to Werner (22d June, at Cöslin, forty miles to eastward); after which his advance (such waiting for the ships, for the artilleries, the this and the that) was slower than ever; and for about eight weeks more, he haggles along through Cöslin, through Cörlin, Belgard again, flowing slowly forward upon Werner's outposts, like a summer glacier with its rubbishes; or like a slow lava-tide,—a great deal of smoke on each side of him (owing to the Cossacks), as usual. Romanzow's progress is of the slowest; and it is not till August 19th that he practically gets possession of Cörlin, Belgard and those outposts on the Persante River, and comes within sight of Colberg and his problem. By which time, he finds Eugen of Würtemberg encamped and intrenched still ahead of him, still nearer Colberg, and likely to give him what they call '*de la tablature*,' or extremely difficult music to play.

'It was on *August 19th*' (very eve of Friedrich's going into Bunzelwitz), 'that Romanzow,—Werner, for the sake of those poor Towns he holds, generally retiring without bombardment or utter conflagration,—had got hold of Cörlin and of the River Persante' (with 'Quetzin and Degow,' if anybody knew them, as his main posts there): 'and was actually now within sight of Colberg,—only 7 or 8 miles west of him, and a river more or less in his way:—when, singular to see, Eugen of Würtemberg has rooted himself into the ground farther inward, environing Colberg with a fortified Camp as with a second wall; and it will be a difficult problem indeed!

'But Sea Armaments, Swedish-Russian, with endless siege-material and red-hot balls, are finally at hand; and this pitiful Colberg must be done, were it only by falling flat on it, and smothering it by weight of numbers and of red-hot iron. The day before yesterday, August 17th, after such rumouring and such manœuvring as there has been, six Russian ships-of-war showed themselves in Colberg Roads, and three of

them tried some shooting on Heyde's workpeople, busy at a redoubt on the beach; but hit nothing, and went away till Romanzow himself should come. Romanzow come, there is utmost despatch; and within the eight days following, the Russian ships, and then the Swedish as well, have all got to their moorings,—12 sail of the line, with 42 more of the frigate and gunboat kind, 54 ships in all;—and from August 24th, especially from August 28th, bombardment to the very uttermost is going on.[1] Bombardment by every method, from sea and from land, continues diligent for the next fortnight,—with little or no result; so diligent are Eugen and veteran Heyde.

'*September 4th.* The Swedish-Russian gunboats have been much shot down by Heyde's batteries on the beach; no success had, owing to Heyde and Eugen: paltry little Colberg as impossible as Bunzelwitz, it seems? "Double our diligence, therefore!" That is Romanzow's and everybody's sentiment here. Romanzow comes closer in, September 4th; besieges in form, since not Colberg, Eugen's *Camp,* or brazen wall of Colberg; and there rises in and round this poor little Colberg (a 2,000 balls daily, red-hot and other) such a volcano as attracts the eyes of all the world thither.

'*September 12th.* News yesterday of reinforcement, men and provender, coming from Stettin; is to be at Treptow on the 13th. Werner, night of the 11th, stealthily sets out to meet it, *it* in the first place; then, joined with it, to take by rearward a certain inconvenient battery, which Romanzow is building to westward of us, out that way; to demolish said battery, and be generally distressful to the rear of Romanzow. At Treptow, after his difficult night's march, Werner is resting, secure now of the adventure;—too contemptuous of his slow Russians, as appeared! Who, for once, surprise *him*; and, at and round Treptow, next morning, Werner finds himself suddenly in a most awkward predicament. Werner, one of the rapidest and stormiest of skilful men, plunged valiantly into the affair; would still have managed it, they say, had not, in some sudden swoop,—charge, or something of critical or vital nature,—rapid Werner's horse got shot, and fallen with him; whereby not only the charge failed, but Werner himself was taken prisoner. A loss of very great importance, and grievous to everybody: though, I believe, the reinforcement and supply, for this time, got mostly through, and the dangerous battery was got demolished by other means.[2] This is Romanzow's first item of success, this of getting such a Werner snatched out of the game' (and sent to Petersburg instead, as we shall hear); and other items fell to Romanzow thenceforth by the aid of time and hunger.

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[1] Tempelhof, v. 311.

[2] Seyfarth, *Beylagen,* iii. 238; Tempelhof, v. 314.

10th-25th Sept. 1761]

'In the way of storming, battering or otherwise capturing Eugen's Camp, not to speak of Heyde's town, Romanzow finds, on trial after trial, that he can do as good as nothing; and his unwieldy sea-comrades (equinoctial gales coming on them, too) are equally worthless. September 19th' (a week after this of Werner, tenth day after Bunzelwitz had ended), 'Romanzow made his fiercest attempt that way; fiercest and last: furious extremely, from 2 in the morning onwards; had for some time hold of the important "Green Redoubt"; but was still more furiously battered and bayoneted out again, with the loss of above 3,000 men; and tried that no farther. Impossible by that method. But he can stand between the Eugen-Heyde people and supplies; and by obstinacy hunger them out: this, added to the fruitless bombardment, is now his more or less fruitful industry.

'In the end of September, the effects of Bunzelwitz are felt: Platen, after burning the Butturlin Magazine at Gostyn, has hastened hither; in what style we know. Platen arrives 25th September; cuts his way through Romanzow into Eugen's Camp, raises Eugen to about 15,000;[1] renders Eugen, not to speak of Heyde, more impossible than ever. Butturlin did truly send reinforcements, a 10,000, a 12,000, "As many as you like, my Romanzow!" And, in the beginning of October, came rolling thitherward bodily; hoping, they say, to make a Maxen of it upon those Eugens and Platens: but after a fortnight's survey of them, found there was not the least feasibility;—and that he himself must go home, on the score of hunger. Which he did, November 2d; leaving Romanzow reinforced at discretion' (40,000, but with him too provisions are fallen low), 'and the advice, "Cut off their supplies: time and famine are our sole chances here!" Butturlin's new Russians, endless thousands of them, under Fermor and others, infesting the roads from Stettin, are a great comfort to Romanzow. Nor could any Eugen,—with his Platens, Thaddens, and utmost expenditure of skill and of valour and endurance, which are still memorable in soldier-annals,[2]—suffice to convey provisions through that disastrous Wilderness of distances and difficulties.

'From Stettin, which lies south-west, through Treptow, Gollnow and other wild little Prussian Towns, is about 100 miles; from Landsberg south, 150: Friedrich himself is well-nigh 300 miles away; in Stettin alone is succour, could we hold the intervening Country. But it is overrun with Russians, more and ever more. A Country of swamps and

[1] Tempelhof, v. 350.

[2] *Tagebuch der Unternehmungen des Platenschen Corps vom September bis November* 1761 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 32-76). *Bericht von der Unternehmungen des Thaddenschen Corps vom Jenner bis zum December* 1761 (*ibid.* 77-147).

moors, winter darkness stealing over it,—illuminated by such a volcano as we see: a very gloomy waste scene; and traits of stubborn human valour and military virtue plentiful in it, with utter hardship as a constant quantity: details not permissible here, only the main features and epochs, if they could be indicated.

'The King is greatly interested for Colberg; sends orders to collect from every quarter supplies at Stettin, and strain every nerve for the relief of that important little Haven. Which is done by the diligent Bevern, the collecting part; could only the conveying be accomplished. But endless Russians are afield, Fermor with a 15,000 of them waylaying; the conveyance is the difficulty.'[1]— —

But now we must return to Bunzelwitz, and September 25th, in Headquarters there.

CHAPTER VIII

LOUDON POUNCES UPON SCHWEIDNITZ ONE NIGHT (LAST OF SEPTEMBER 1761)

It was September 25th, more properly 26th,[2] when Friedrich quitted Bunzelwitz; we heard on what errand. Early that morning he marches with all his goods, first to Pilzen (that fine post on the east side of Schweidnitz); and from that, straightway,—south-westward, two marches farther,—to Neisse neighbourhood (Gross-Nossen the name of the place); Loudon making little dispute or none. In Neisse are abundant Magazines: living upon these, Friedrich intends to alarm Loudon's rearward country, and draw him towards Bohemia. As must have gradually followed; and would at once, —had Loudon been given to alarms, which he was not. Loudon, very privately, has quite different game afield. Loudon merely detaches this and the other small Corps to look after

[1] *Bericht von den Unternehmungen der Würtembergischen Corps in Pommern, vom May* 1761 *bis December* 1761 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 147-258). Tempelhof, v. 313-326. *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 669-708.

[2] Tempelhof, v. 327.

30th Sept.-1st Oct. 1761]
Friedrich's operations, which probably he believes to be only a feint:—and, before a week passes, Friedrich will have news he little expects!

Friedrich, pausing at Gross-Nossen, and perhaps a little surprised to find no Loudon meddling with him, pushes out, first one party and then another,—Dalwig, Bülow, towards Landshut Hill-Country, to threaten Loudon's Bohemian roads;—who, singular to say, do not hear the least word of Loudon thereabouts. A Loudon strangely indifferent to this new Enterprise of ours. On the third day of Gross-Nossen (Friday October 2d), Friedrich detaches General Lentulus to rearward, or the way we came, for news of Loudon. Rearward too, Lentulus sees nothing whatever of Loudon: but, from the rumour of the country, and from two Prussian garrison-soldiers, whom he found wandering about,—he hears, with horror and amazement, That Loudon, by a sudden panther-spring, the night before last, has got hold of Schweidnitz: now his wholly, since 5 A.M. of yesterday; and a strong Austrian garrison in it by this time! That was the news Lentulus brought home to his King; the sorest Job's-post of all this War.

Truly, a surprising enterprise this of Loudon's; and is allowed by everybody to have been admirably managed. Loudon has had it in his head for some time;—ever since that colic of forty-eight hours, I should guess; upon the wrecks of which it might well rise as a new daystar. He kept it strictly in his own head; nobody but Daun and the Kaiser had hint of it, both of whom assented, and agreed to keep silence.

'On Friedrich's removal towards Neisse and threatening of Bohemia, says my Note on this subject, 'Loudon's time had come. Friedrich had disappeared to south-westward, Saturday September 26th: "Gone to Pilzen," reported Loudon's scouts; "rests there over Sunday. Gone to Sigeroth, 28th; gone to Gross-Nossen, Tuesday September 29th.'[1] That will do, thinks Loudon; who has sat immovable at

[1] Tempelhof, v. 330.

Kunzendorf all this while;—and, *Wednesday 30th,* instantly proceeds to business.

'Draws out, about 10 A.M. of Wednesday, all round Schweidnitz at some miles distance, a ring, or complete girdle, of Croat-Cossack people; blocking-up every path and road: "Nobody to pass, this day, towards Schweidnitz, much less into it, on any pretext." That is the duty of the Croat people. To another active Officer he intrusts the task of collecting from the neighbouring Villages (outside the Croat girdle) as many ladders, planks and the like, as will be requisite; which also is punctually done. For the Attack itself, which is to be Fourfold, our picked Officers are chosen, with the 20 best Battalions in the Army: Czernichef is apprised; who warmly assents, and offers every help:—"800 of your Grenadiers," answers Loudon; "no more needed." Loudon's arrangements for management of the ladders, for punctuality about the routes, the times, the simultaneity, are those of a perfect artist; no Friedrich could have done better.

'About 4 in the afternoon, all the Captains and Battalions, with their ladders and furnitures, everybody with Instruction very pointed and complete, are assembled at Kunzendorf: Loudon addresses the Troops in a few fiery words; assures himself of victory by them; promises them 10,000*l.* in lieu of plunder, which he strictly prohibits. Officers had better make themselves acquainted with the Four Routes they are to take in the dark: proper also to set all your watches by the Chief General's, that there be no mistake as to time.[1] At 9, all being now dark, and the Croat girdle having gathered itself closer round the place since nightfall, the Four Divisions march to their respective starting-places; will wait there, silent; and about 2 in the morning, each at its appointed minute, step forward on their Business. With fixed bayonets all of them; no musketry permitted till the works are won. Loudon will wait at the Village of Schönbrunn' (not *Warkotsch's* Schönbrunn, of which by and by, and which also is not far[2]),—'at Schönbrunn, within short distance; give Loudon notice when you are within 600 yards;—there shall, if desirable, be reinforcements, farther orders. Loudon knows Schweidnitz like his own bedroom. He was personally there, in Leuthen time, improving the Works. By nocturnal Croat parties, in the latter part of Bunzelwitz time; and since then, by deserters and otherwise,—he knows the condition of the Garrison, of the Commandant, and of every essential point. Has calculated that the Garrison is hardly third part of what it ought to be,—3,800 in whole, and many of them loose deserter fellows; special artillery-men, instead of about 400, only 191;—most important of all, that Commandant Zastrow is

[1] In *Tempelhof* (v. 332-349) and *Archenholtz* (ii. 272-280) all these details.
[2] See *Archenholtz*, ii. 287; and correct his mistake of the two places.

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no wizard in his trade; and, on the whole, that the Enterprise is likely to succeed.

'Zastrow has been getting married lately; and has many things to think of, besides Schweidnitz. Some accounts say this was his wedding-night,—which is not true, but only that he had meant to give a Ball this last night of September; and perhaps did give it, dancing over *before* 2, let us hope! Something of a jolter-head seemingly, though solid and honest. I observe he is a kind of butt, or laughing-stock, of Friedrich's, and has yielded some gleams of momentary fun, he and this marriage of his, between Prince Henri and the King, in the tragic gloom all round.[1] Nothing so surprises me in Friedrich as his habitual inattention to the state of his Garrisons. He has the best of Commandants and also the worst: Tauentzien in Breslau, Heyde in Colberg, unsurpassable in the world; in Glatz a D'O, in Schweidnitz a Zastrow, both of whom cost him dear. Opposition sneers secretly, "It is as they happen to have come to hand." Which has not much truth, thought some. Tauentzien he chose; D'O was Fouquet's choice, not his; Zastrow he did choose; Heyde he had by accident; of Heyde he had never heard till the defence of Colberg began to be a world's wonder. And in regard to his Garrisons, it is indisputable they were often left palpably defective in quantity and quality; and, more than once, fatally gave way at the wrong moment. We can only say that Friedrich was bitterly in want of men for the field; that "a Garrison-Regiment" was always reckoned an inferior article; and that Friedrich, in the press of his straits, had often had to say: "Well, these" (plainly Helots, not Spartans), "these will have to do!" For which he severely suffered: and perhaps repented,—who knows?

'Zastrow, in spite of Loudon's precautionary Girdle of Croats, and the cares of a coming Ball, had got sufficient inkling of something being in the wind. And was much on the Walls all day, he and his Officers; scanning with their glasses and their guesses the surrounding phenomena, to little purpose. At night he sent out patrols; kept sputtering with musketry and an occasional cannon into the vacant darkness ("We are alert, you see, Herr Loudon!"). In a word, took what measures he could, poor man;—very stupid measures, thinks Tempelhof, and almost worse than none, especially this of sputtering with musketry;—and hoped always there would be no Attack, or none to speak of. Till, in fine, between 2 and 3 in the morning, his patrols galloped in, "Austrians on march!" and Zastrow, throwing out a rocket or two, descries in momentary illumination that the Fact is verily here.

'His defence (four of the Five several Forts attacked at once) was of

[1] Schöning, ii. *sæpius*.

a confused character; but better than could have been expected. Loudon's Columns came on with extraordinary vigour and condensed impetuosity; stormed the Outworks everywhere, and almost at once got into the shelter of the Covered-way: but on the Main Wall, or in the scaling part of their business, were repulsed, in some places twice or thrice; and had a murderous struggle, of very chaotic nature, in the dark element. No picture of it in the least possible or needful here. In one place, a Powder-Magazine blew up with about 400 of them,—blown (said rumour, with no certainty) by an indignant Prussian artillery-man to whom they had refused quarter: in another place, the 800 Russian Grenadiers came unexpectedly on a chasm or bridgeless interstice between two ramparts; and had to halt suddenly,—till (says rumour again, with still less certainty) their Officers insisting with the rearward part, "Forward, forward!" enough of front men were tumbled in to make a roadway! This was the story current;[1] greatly exaggerated, I have no doubt. What we know is, That these Russians did scramble through, punctually perform their part of the work;—and furthermore, that, having got upon the Town-Wall, which was finis to everything, they punctually sat down there; and, reflectively leaning on their muskets, witnessed with the gravity and dignity of antique sages, superior to money or money's worth, the general plunder which went on in spite of Loudon's orders.

'For, in fine, between 5 and 6, that is in about three hours and a half, Loudon was everywhere victorious; Zastrow, Schweidnitz Fortress, and all that it held, were Loudon's at discretion; Loudon's one care now was to stop the pillage of the poor Townsfolk, as the most pressing thing. Which was not done without difficulty, nor completely till after hours of exertion by cavalry regiments sent in. The captors had fought valiantly; but it was whispered there had been a preliminary of brandy in them; certainly, except those poor Russians, nobody's behaviour was unexceptionable.'

The capture of Schweidnitz cost Loudon about 1,400 men; he found in Schweidnitz, besides the Garrison all prisoners or killed, some 240 pieces of artillery,—'211 heavy guns, 135 hand-mortars,' say the Austrian Accounts, 'with stores and munitions' in such quantities; '89,760 musket-cartridges, 1,300,600 flints,'[2] for two items:—and all this was a trifle compared to the shock it has brought on

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 275.

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 651-665) the Austrian Account, with *Lists* etc.

Friedrich's Silesian affairs. For, in present circumstances, it amounts to the actual conquest of a large portion of Silesia; and, for the first time, of a real prospect of finishing the remainder next Year. It is judged to have been the hardest stroke Friedrich had in the course of this War. 'Our strenuous Campaign, on a sudden rendered wind, and of no worth! The Enemy to winter in Silesia, after all; Silesia to go inevitably,—and life along with it!' What Friedrich's black meditations were, nobody knows. 'In the following weeks' (not close following, but poor Küster does not date), 'the King fell ill of gout, saw almost nobody, never came out; and, it was whispered, the inflexible heart of him was at last breaking; that is to say, the very axis of this Prussian world giving way. And for certain, there never was in his camp and over his dominions such a gloom as in this October 1761; till at length he appeared on horseback again, with a cheerful face; and everybody thought to himself, "Ha, the world will still roll, then!"'[1]

This is what Loudon had done, without any Russians, except Russians to give him eight-and-forty hours colic, and put him on his own shifts. And the way in which the Kriegshofrath, and her Imperial Majesty the Kaiserinn, received it, is perhaps still worth a word. The Kaiser, who had alone known of Loudon's scheme, and for good reason (absolute secrecy being the very soul of it) had whispered nothing of it farther to any mortal, was naturally overjoyed. But the Olympian brow of Maria Theresa, when the Kaiser went radiant to her with this news, did not radiate in response; but gloomed indignantly: 'No order from Kriegshofrath, or me!' Indignant Kriegshofrath called it a *Croaten-streich* (Croat's-trick); and Loudon, like Prince Eugen long since, was with difficulty excused this act of disobedience. Great is Authority;—and ought to be

[1] Küster, *Lebens-Rettungen Friedrichs des Zweyten* (Berlin, 1797), p. 59 etc. It is the same innocent reliable Küster whom we cited, in *Saldern's* case, already.

divinely rigorous, if (as by no means always happens) it is otherwise of divine quality!

Friedrich's treatment of Zastrow was in strong contrast of style. Here is his Letter to that unlucky Gentleman, who is himself clear that he deserves no blame: 'My dear Major-General von Zastrow,—The misfortune that has befallen me is very grievous; but what consoles me in it is, to see by your Letter that you have behaved like a brave Officer, and that neither you nor the Garrison have brought disgrace or reproach on yourselves. I am your well-affectioned King,—FRIEDRICH.' And in Autograph this post-script: 'You may, in this occurrence, say what Francis I., after the Battle of Pavia, wrote to his Mother: "All is lost except honour." As I do not yet completely understand the affair, I forbear to judge of it; for it is altogether extraordinary.—F.'[1]

And never meddled farther with Zastrow; only left him well alone for the future. 'Grant me a Court-Martial, then!' said Zastrow, finding himself fallen so neglected, after the Peace. 'No use,' answered Friedrich: 'I impute nothing of crime to you; but after such a mishap, it would be dangerous to trust you with any post or command';—and in 1766, granted him, on demand, his demission instead. The poor man then retired to Cassel, where he lived twenty years longer, and was no more heard of. He was half-brother of the General Zastrow who got killed by a Pandour of long range (bullet through both temples, from brushwood, across the Elbe), in the first year of this War.

[1] *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 305, 306 (Letter undated there; date probably, 'Gross-Nossen, October 3d').

CHAPTER IX

TRAITOR WARKOTSCH

FRIEDRICH'S Army was to have cantoned itself round Neisse, October 3d: but on the instant of this fatal Schweidnitz news proceeded (3d-6th October) towards Strehlen instead,—Friedrich personally on the 5th;—and took quarters there and in the villages round. General cantonment at Strehlen, in guard of Breslau and of Neisse both; Loudon, still immovable at Kunzendorf, attempting nothing on either of those places, and carefully declining the risk of a Battle, which would have been Friedrich's game: all this continued till the beginning of December, when both parties took Winter-quarters;[1] cantoned themselves in the neighbouring localities,—Czernichef, with his Russians, in Glatz Country; Friedrich in Breslau as head-quarter;—and the Campaign had ended. Ended in this part, without farther event of the least notability;—except the following only, which a poor man of the name of Kappel has recorded for us. Of which, and the astounding Sequel to which, we must now say something.

Kappel is a Gentleman's Groom of those Strehlen parts; and shall, in his own words, bring us face to face with Friedrich in that neighbourhood, directly after Schweidnitz was lost. It is October 5th, day, or rather night of the day, of Friedrich's arrival thereabouts; most of his Army ahead of him, and the remainder all under way. Friedrich and the rearward part of his Army are filing about, in that new Strehlenward movement of theirs, under cloud of night, in the intricate Hill-and-Dale Country; to post themselves to the best advantage for their double object, of covering Breslau and Neisse both. Kappel *loquitur*; abridged by Küster, whom we abridge:

[1] Tempelhof, v. 349.

'*Monday Night October 5th*, 1761, The King, with two or three attendants, still ahead of his Army, appeared at Schönbrunn, a Schloss and Village, five or six miles south from Strehlen;[1] and did the owner, Baron von Warkotsch, an acquaintance of his, the honour of lodging there. Before bedtime,—if indeed the King intended bed at all, meaning to be off in four hours hence,—Friedrich inquired of Warkotsch for "a trusty man, well acquainted with the roads in this Country." Warkotsch mentioned Kappel, his own Groom; one who undoubtedly knew every road of the Country; and who had always behaved as a trusty fellow in the seven years he had been with him. "Let me see him," said the King. Kappel was sent up, about midnight, King still dressed; sitting on a sofa, by the fire: Kappel's look was satisfactory; Kappel knows several roads to Strehlen, in the darkest night: "It is the footpath which goes so-and-so that I want" (for Friedrich knows this Country intimately: readers remember his world-famous Camp of Strehlen, with all the diplomacies of Europe gathered there, through summer, in the train of Mollwitz). "*Ja, Ihro Majestät*, I know it!" "Be ready, then, at 4."

'Before the stroke of 4, Kappel was at the door, on Master's best horse; the King's Groom too, and led horse, a nimble little grey, were waiting. As 4 struck, Friedrich came down, Warkotsch with him, "Unspeakable the honour you have done my poor house!" Besides the King's Groom, there were a Chamberlain, an Adjutant and two mounted Chasers (*reitende Jäger*), which latter had each a lighted lantern: in all seven persons, including Kappel and the King. "Go before us on foot with your lanterns," said the King. Very dark it was. And overnight the Army had arrived all about; some of them just coming in, on different roads and paths. The King walked above two miles, and looked how the Regiments were, without speaking a word. At last, as the cannons came up, and were still in full motion, the King said: "Sharp, sharp, *Bursche;* it will be *March* directly." "March? The Devil it will: we are just coming into Camp!" said a cannonier, not knowing it was the King.

'The King said nothing. Walked on still a little while; then ordered, "Blow-out the lanterns; to horseback now!" and mounted, as we all did. Me he bade keep five steps ahead, five and not more, that he might see me; for it was very dark. Not far from the Lordship Casserey, where there is a Water-mill, the King asked me, "Haven't you missed the Bridge here?" (a King that does not forget roads and topographies which may come to concern him!)—and bade

[1] *This* is the Warkotsch Schönbrunn; not the other near Schweidnitz, as Archenholtz believes: see *Archenholtz*, ii. 287, and the bit of myth he has gone into in consequence.

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us ride with the utmost silence, and make no jingle. As day broke, we were in sight of Strehlen, near by the Farm of Treppendorf. "And do you know where the Kallenberg lies?" said the King: "It must be to left of the Town, near the Hills; bring us thither!"

'When we got on the Kallenberg, it was not quite day; and we had to halt for more light. After some time the King said to his Groom, "Give me my perspective!" looked slowly all round for a good while, and then said, "I see no Austrians!"—(ground all at our choice, then; we know where to choose!) The King then asked me if I knew the road to'—in fact, to several places, which, in a Parish History of those parts, would be abundantly interesting; but must be entirely omitted here. * * * 'The King called his Chamberlain; gave some sign, which meant "Beer-money to Kappel!"—and I got four eight-groschen pieces' (three shillings odd; a rich reward in those days); 'and was bid tell my Master, "That the King thanked him for the good quarters, and assured him of his favour."

'Riding back across country, Kappel, some four or five miles homeward, came upon the "whole Prussian Army," struggling forward in their various Columns. Two Generals,—one of them Krusemark, King's Adjutant' (Colonel Krusemark, not General, as Kappel thinks, who came to know him some weeks after),—'had him brought up: to whom he gave account of himself, how he had been escorting the King, and where he had left his Majesty. "Behind Strehlen, say you? Breslau road? Devil knows whither we shall all have to go yet!" observed Krusemark, and left Kappel free.'[1]

In those weeks, Colberg Siege, Pitt's Catastrophe and high things are impending, or completed, elsewhere: but this is the one thing noticeable hereabouts. In regard to Strehlen, and Friedrich's history there, what we have to say turns all upon this Kappel and Warkotsch: and,—after mentioning only that Friedrich's lodging is not in Strehlen proper, but in Woiselwitz, a village or suburb almost half a mile off, and very negligently guarded,—we have to record an Adventure which then made a great deal of noise in the world.

Warkotsch is a rich lord; Schönbrunn only one of five or six different Estates which he has in those parts; though, not many years ago, being younger brother, he was a Captain in the Austrian service (Regiment *Botta*, if you are particular);

[1] Küster, *Lebens Rettungen*, pp. 66-76.

and lay in Olmütz,—with very dull outlooks; not improved, I should judge, by the fact that Silesia and the Warkotsch connections were become Prussian since this junior entered the Austrian Army. The junior had sown his wild oats, and was already getting grey in the beard, in that dull manner, when, about seven years ago, his Elder Brother, to whom Friedrich had always been kind, fell unwell; and, in the end of 1755, died: whereupon the junior saw himself Heir; and entered on a new phase of things. Quitted his Captaincy, quitted his allegiance; and was settled here peaceably under his new King in 1756, a little while before this War broke out. And, at Schönbrunn, October 5th, 1761, has had his Majesty himself for guest.

Warkotsch was not long in riding over to Strehlen to pay his court, as in duty bound, for the honour of such a Visit; and from that time, Kappel, every day or two, had to attend him thither. The King had always had a favour for Warkotsch's late Brother, as an excellent Silesian Landlord and Manager, whose fine domains were in an exemplary condition; as, under the new Warkotsch too, they have continued to be. Always a gracious Majesty to this Warkotsch as well; who is an old soldier withal, and man of sense and ingenuity; acceptable to Friedrich, and growing more and more familiar among Friedrich's circle of Officers now at Strehlen.

To Strehlen is Warkotsch's favourite ride; in the solitary country, quite a charming adjunct to your usual dull errand out for air and exercise. Kappel, too, remarks about this time that he (Kappel) gets once and again, and ever more frequently, a Letter to carry over to Siebenhuben, a Village three or four miles off; the Letter always to one Schmidt, who is Catholic Curate there; Letter under envelope, well sealed,—and consisting of two pieces, if you finger it judiciously. And, what is curious, the Letter never has any address; Master merely orders, 'Punctual; for Curatus Schmidt, you know!' What can this be? thinks Kappel.

Some secret, doubtless; perhaps some intrigue, which Madam must not know of,—'*Ach, Herr Baron*; and at your age,—fifty, I am sure!' Kappel, a solid fellow, concerned for groom-business alone, punctually carries his Letters; takes charge of the Responses too, which never have any Address; and does not too much trouble himself with curiosities of an impertinent nature.

To these external phenomena I will at present only add this internal one: That an old Brother Officer of Warkotsch's, a Colonel Wallis, with Hussars, is now lying at Heinrichau,—say, 10 miles from Strehlen, and about 10 from Schönbrunn too, or a mile more if you take the Siebenhuben way; and that all these missives, through Curatus Schmidt, are for Wallis the Hussar Colonel, and must be a secret not from Madam alone! How a Baron, hitherto of honour, could all at once become *turpissimus*, the Superlative of Scoundrels? This is even the reason,—the prize is so superlative.

'*Monday Night November 30th*, 1761' (night bitter cold), 'Kappel finds himself sitting mounted, and holding Master's horse, in Strehlen, more exactly in Woiselwitz, a Suburb of Strehlen, near the King's door,—Majesty's travelling-coach drawn-out there, symbol that Strehlen is ending, general departure towards Breslau now nigh. Not to Kappel's sorrow perhaps, waiting in the cold there. Kappel waits, hour after hour; Master taking his ease with the King's people, regardless of the horses and me, in this shivery weather;—and one must not walk about either, for disturbing the King's sleep! Not till midnight does Master emerge, and the freezing Kappel and quadrupeds get under way. Under way, Master breaks-out into singular talk about the King's lodging: Was ever anything so careless; nothing but two sentries in the King's ante-room; thirteen all the soldiers that are in Woiselwitz; Strehlen not available in less than twenty minutes: nothing but woods, haggly glens and hills, all on to Heinrichau: How easy to snatch off his Majesty! "*Um Gottes Willen*, my Lord, don't speak so: think if a patrolling Prussian were to hear it, in the dark!" Pooh, pooh, answers the Herr Baron.

'At Schönbrunn, in the short hours, Kappel finds Frau Kappel in a state of unappeasable curiosity: "What can it be? Curatus Schmidt was here all afternoon; much in haste to see Master; had to go at last,—for the Church-service, this St. Andrew's Eve. And only think, though he sat with My Lady hours and hours, he left this letter with

me : 'Give it to your Husband, for my Lord, the instant they come; and say I must have an Answer tomorrow morning at 7.' Left it with me, not with My Lady;—My Lady not to know of it!" "Tush, woman!" But Frau Kappel has been, herself, unappeasably running about, ever since she got this Letter; has applied to two fellow-servants, one after the other, who can read writing, "Break it up, will you!" But they would not. Practical Kappel takes the Letter up to Master's room; delivers it, with the Message. "What, Curatus Schmidt!" interrupts My Lady, who was sitting there: "Herr Good-man, what is that?" "That is a Letter to me," answers the Good-man: "What have you to do with it?" Upon which My Lady flounces out in a huff, and the Herr Baron sets about writing his Answer, whatever it may be.

'Kappel and Frau are gone to bed, Frau still eloquent upon the mystery of Curatus Schmidt, when his Lordship taps at their door; enters in the dark: "This is for the Curatus, at 7 o'clock tomorrow; I leave it on the table here: be in time, like a good Kappel!" Kappel promises his Unappeasable that he will actually open this Piece before delivery of it; upon which she appeases herself, and they both fall asleep. Kappel is on foot betimes next morning. Kappel quietly pockets his Letter; still more quietly, from a neighbouring room, pockets his Master's big Seal (*Petschaft*), with a view to resealing: he then steps out; giving his *Bursch'* (Apprentice or Under-Groom) 'order to be ready in so many minutes, "You and these two horses" (specific for speed); and, in the interim, walks over, with Letter and *Petschaft*, to the Reverend Herr Gerlach's, for some preliminary business. Kappel is Catholic; Warkotsch, Protestant; Herr Gerlach is Protestant preacher in the Village of Schönbrunn,—much hated by Warkotsch, whose standing order is: "Don't go near that insolent fellow"; but known by Kappel to be a just man, faithful in difficulties of the weak against the strong. Gerlach, not yet out of bed, listens to the awful story: reads the horrid missive; Warkotsch to Colonel Wallis: "You can seize the King, living or dead, this night!"—hesitates about copying it (as Kappel wishes, for a good purpose); but is encouraged by his Wife, and soon writes a Copy. This Copy Kappel sticks into the old cover, seals as usual; and, with the Original safe in his own pocket, returns to the stables now. His Bursch and he mount; after a little, he orders his Bursch: "Bursch, ride you to Siebenhuben and Curatus Schmidt, with this sealed Letter; *you*, and say nothing. I was to have gone myself, but cannot; be speedy, be discreet!" And the Bursch dashes off for Siebenhuben with the sealed Copy, for Schmidt, Warkotsch, Wallis and Company's behoof; Kappel riding, at a still better pace, to Strehlen with the Original, for behoof of the King's Majesty.

'At Strehlen, King's Majesty not yet visible, Kappel has great diffi-

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culties in the anteroom among the sentry people. But he persists, insists: "Read my Letter, then!" which they dare not do; which only Colonel Krusemark, the Adjutant, perhaps dare. They take him to Krusemark. Krusemark reads, all aghast; locks-up Kappel; runs to the King; returns, muffles Kappel in soldier's cloak and cap, and leads him in. The King, looking into Kappel's face, into Kappel's clear story and the Warkotsch handwriting, needed only a few questions; and the fit orders, as to Warkotsch and Company, were soon given: dangerous engineers now fallen harmless, blown-up by their own petard. One of the King's first questions was: "But how have I offended Warkotsch?" Kappel does not know; Master is of strict wilful turn;—Master would grumble and growl sometimes about the peasant people, and how a nobleman has now no power over them, in comparison. "Are you a Protestant?" "No, your Majesty, Catholic." "See, *ihr Herren*," said the King to those about him; "Warkotsch is a Protestant; his Curatus Schmidt is a Catholic; and this man is a Catholic: there are villains and honest people in every creed!"

'At noon, that day, Warkotsch had sat down to dinner, comfortably in his dressing-gown, nobody but the good Baroness there; when Rittmeister Rabenau suddenly descended on the Schloss and dining-room with dragoons: "In arrest, Herr Baron; I am sorry you must go with me to Brieg!" Warkotsch, a strategic fellow, kept countenance to Wife and Rittmeister, in this sudden fall of the thunderbolt: "Yes, Herr Rittmeister; it is that mass of Corn I was to furnish" (showing him an actual order of that kind), "and I am behind my time with it! Nobody can help his luck. Take a bit of dinner with us, any way!" Rittmeister refused; but the Baroness too pressed him; he at length sat down. Warkotsch went "to dress"; first of all, to give orders about his best horse; but was shocked to find that the dragoons were a hundred, and that every outgate was beset. Returning half-dressed, with an air of baffled hospitality: "Herr Rittmeister, our Schloss must not be disgraced; here are your brave fellows waiting, and nothing of refreshment ready for them. I have given order at the Tavern in the Village; send them down; there they shall drink better luck to me, and have a bit of bread and cheese." Stupid Rabenau again consents:—in a few minutes more, Warkotsch is in the Woods, galloping like Epsom, towards Wallis; and Rabenau can only arrest Madam (who knows nothing), and return in a baffled state.

'Schmidt too got away. The party sent after Schmidt found him in the little Town of Nimptsch, half way home again from his Wallis errand; comfortably dining with some innocent hospitable people there. Schmidt could not conceal his confusion; but pleading piteously a necessity of nature, was with difficulty admitted to the—to the *Abtritt*

so-called; and there, by some long pole or rake-handle, vanished wholly through a never-imagined aperture, and was no more heard of in the upper world. The Prussian soldiery does not seem expert in thief-taking.

'Warkotsch came back about midnight that same Tuesday, 500 Wallis Hussars escorting him; and took away his ready moneys, near 5,000*l.* in gold, reports Frau Kappel, who witnessed the ghastly operation (Hussars in great terror, in haste, and unconscionably greedy as to sharing);—after which our next news of him, the last of any clear authenticity, is this Note to his poor Wife, which was read in the Law Procedures on him six months hence: "My Child (*Mein Kind*),—The accursed thought I took up against my King has overwhelmed me in boundless misery. From the top of the highest hill I cannot see the limits of it. Farewell; I am in the farthest border of Turkey.—WARKOTSCH."'[1]

Schmidt and he, after patient trial, were both of them beheaded and quartered,—in pasteboard effigy,—in the Salt Ring (Great Square) of Breslau, May 1762:—in pasteboard, Friedrich liked it better than the other way. '*Meinetwegen*,' wrote he, sanctioning the execution, 'For aught I care; the Portraits will likely be as worthless as the Originals.' Rittmeister Rabenau had got off with a few-days arrest, and the remark, '*Er ist ein dummer Teufel* (You are a stupid devil)!' Warkotsch's Estates, all and sundry, deducting the Baroness's jointure, which was punctually paid her, were confiscated to the King,—and by him were made over to the Schools of Breslau and Glogau, which, I doubt not, enjoy them to this day. Reverend Gerlach in Schönbrunn, Kappel and Kappel's Bursch, were all attended to, and properly rewarded, though there are rumours to the contrary. Hussar-Colonel Wallis got no public promotion, though it is not doubted the Head People had been well cognisant of his ingenious intentions. Official Vienna, like mankind in general, shuddered to own him; the great Counts Wallis at Vienna published in the Newspapers, 'Our House has no connection with that gentleman';—and, in fact, he was of Irish breed, it seems, the name of him Wall*isch* (or Walsh), if one cared. Warkotsch

[1] Küster, *Lebens-Rettungen*, p. 88: Küster, pp. 65-188 (for the general Narrative); Tempelhof, v. 346, etc. etc.

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died at Raab (*this* side the farthest corner of Turkey), in 1769: his poor Baroness had vanished from Silesia five years before, probably to join him. He had some pension or aliment from the Austrian Court; small or not so small is a disputed point.

And this is, more minutely than need have been, in authentic form only too diffuse, the once world-famous Warkotsch Tragedy or Wellnigh-Tragic Melodrama; which is still interesting and a matter of study, of pathos and minute controversy, to the patriot and antiquary in Prussian Countries, though here we might have been briefer about it. It would, indeed, have 'finished the War at once'; and on terms delightful to Austria and its Generals near by. But so would any unit of the million balls and bullets which have whistled round that same Royal Head, and have, every unit of them, missed like Warkotsch! Particular Heads, royal and other, meant for use in the scheme of things, are not to be hit on any terms till the use is had.

Friedrich settled in Breslau for the Winter, December 9th. From Colberg bad news meet him in Breslau; bad and ever worse: Colberg, not Warkotsch, is the interesting matter there, for a fortnight coming,—till Colberg end, it also irremediable. The Russian hope on Colberg is, long since, limited to that of famine. We said the conveyance of Supplies, across such a Hundred Miles of wilderness, from Stettin thither, with Russians and the Winter gainsaying, was the difficulty. Our short Note continues:

'In fact, it is the impossibility: trial after trial goes on, in a strenuous manner, but without success. October 13th, Green Kleist tries; October 22d, Knobloch and even Platen try. For the next two months there is trial on trial made (Hussar Kleist, Knobloch, Thadden, Platen), not without furious fencing, struggling; but with no success. There are, in wait at the proper places, 15,000 Russians waylaying. Winter comes early, and unusually severe: such marchings, such endeavourings and endurances,—without success! For darkness, cold, grim difficulty, fierce resistance to it, one reads few things like this of Colberg. "The

snow lies ell-deep," says Archenholtz; "snow-tempests, sleet, frost: a country wasted and hungered out; wants fuel-wood; has not even salt. The soldier's bread is a block of ice; impracticable to human teeth till you thaw it,—which is only possible by night." The Russian ships disappear (17th October); November 2d, Butturlin, leaving reinforcements without stint, vanishes towards Poland. The day before Butturlin went, there had been solemn summons upon Eugen, "Surrender honourably, we once more bid you; never will we leave this ground, till Colberg is ours!" "Vain to propose it!" answers Eugen, as before. The Russians too are clearly in great misery of want; though with better roads open for them; and Romanzow's obstinacy is extreme.

'Night of November 14th-15th, Eugen, his horse-fodder being entirely done, and Heyde's magazines worn almost out, is obliged to glide mysteriously, circuitously from his Camp, and go to try the task himself. The most difficult of marches, gloriously executed; which avails to deliver Eugen, and lightens the pressure on Heyde's small store. Eugen, in a way Tempelhof cannot enough admire, gets clear away. Joins with Platen, collects Provision; tries to send Provision in, but without effect. By the King's order, is to try it himself in a collective form. Had Heyde food, he would care little.

'Romanzow, who is now in Eugen's old Camp, summons the Veteran; they say, it is "for the twenty-fifth time,"—not yet quite the last. Heyde consults his people: "*Kameraden*, what think you should I do?" "*Thun Sie's durchaus nicht, Herr Obrist*, Do not a whit of it, Herr Colonel: we will defend ourselves as long as we have bread and powder."[1] It is grim frost; Heyde pours water on his walls. Romanzow tries storm; the walls are glass; the garrison has powder, though on half rations as to bread: storm is of no effect. By the King's order, Eugen tries again. December 6th, starts; has again a march of the most consummate kind; December 12th, gets to the Russian intrenchment; storms a Russian redoubt, and fights inexpressibly; but it will not do. Withdraws; leaves Colberg to its fate. Next morning, Heyde gets his twenty-sixth summons; reflects on it two days; and then (December 16th), his biscuit done, decides to "march out, with music playing, arms shouldered and the honours of war."'[2] Adieu to the old Hero; who, we hope, will not stay long in Russian prison.

'What a Place of Arms for us!' thinks Romanzow;—'though, indeed, for Campaign 1762, at this late time of

[1] Seyfarth, iii. 28; Archenholtz, ii. 304.

[2] Tempelhof, v. 351-377; Archenholtz, ii. 294-307; especially the Seyfarth *Beylagen* above cited.

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year, it will not so much avail us.' No ;—and for 1763, who knows if you will need it then!

Six weeks ago, Prince Henri and Daun had finished their Saxon Campaign in a much more harmless manner. *November 5th*, Daun, after infinite rallying, marshalling, rearranging, and counselling with Loudon, who has sat so long quiescent on the Heights at Kunzendorf, ready to aid and reinforce, did at length (nothing of 'rashness' chargeable on Daun) make 'a general attack on Prince Henri's outposts,' in the Meissen or Mulda-Elbe Country, 'from Rosswein all across to Siebeneichen'; simultaneous attack, 15 miles wide, or I know not how wide, but done with vigour; and, after a stiff struggle in the small way, drove them all in ;—in, all of them, more or less ;—and then did nothing farther whatever. Henri had to contract his quarters, and stand alertly on his guard: but nothing came. 'Shall have to winter in straiter quarters, behind the Mulda, not astride of it as formerly; that is all.' And so the Campaign in Saxony had ended, 'without, in the whole course of it' (say the Books), 'either party gaining any essential advantage over the other.'[1]

CHAPTER X

FRIEDRICH IN BRESLAU; HAS NEWS FROM PETERSBURG

Since December 9th, Friedrich is in Breslau, in some remainder of his ruined Palace there; and is represented to us, in Books, as sitting amid ruins; no prospect ahead of him but ruin. Withdrawn from Society; looking fixedly on the gloomiest future. Sees hardly anybody; speaks, except it be on business, nothing. 'One day,' I have read somewhere,

[1] Seyfarth, iii. 54; Tempelhof, v. 275 et seq. (*ibid.* pp. 263-280 for the Campaign at large, in all breadth of detail).

'General Lentulus dined with him; and there was not a word uttered at all.' The Anecdote-Books have Dialogues with Ziethen; Ziethen still trusting in Divine Providence; King trusting only in the iron Destinies, and the stern refuge of Death with honour: Dialogues evidently symbolical only. In fact, this is not, or is not altogether, the King's common humour. He has his two Nephews with him (the elder, old enough to learn soldiering, is to be of next Campaign under him); he is not without society when he likes,—never without employment whether he like or not; and, in the blackest murk of despondencies, has his Turk and other Illusions, which seem to be brighter this Year than ever.[1]

For certain, the King is making all preparation, as if victory might still crown him: though of practical hope he, doubtless often enough, has little or none. England seems about deserting him; a most sad and unexpected change has befallen there: great Pitt thrown out; perverse small Butes come in, whose notions and procedures differ far from Pitt's! At home here, the Russians are in Pommern and the Neumark; Austrians have Saxony, all but a poor strip beyond the Mulda; Silesia, all but a fraction on the Oder: Friedrich has with himself 30,000; with Prince Henri 25,000; under Eugen of Würtemberg, against the Swedes, 5,000; in all his Dominions, 60,000 fighting men. To make head against so many enemies, he calculates that 60,000 more must be raised this Winter. And where are these to come from; England and its help having also fallen into such dubiety? Next Year, it is calculated by everybody, Friedrich himself hardly excepted (in bad moments), must be the finis of this long agonistic tragedy. On the other hand, Austria herself is in sore difficulties as to cash; discharges 20,000 men,—trusting she may have enough besides to finish Friedrich. France is bankrupt, starving, passionate for Peace; English Bute nothing like so ill to treat with as Pitt: to Austria no more subsidies from France. The War is waxing

[1] *Letters* to Henri: in *Schöning*, iii. (*sæpius*).

feeble, not on Friedrich's side only, like a flame short of fuel. This Year it must go out; Austria will have to kill Friedrich this Year, if at all.

Whether Austria's and the world's prophecy would have been fulfilled? Nobody can say what miraculous sudden shifts, and outbursts of fiery enterprise, may still lie in this man. Friedrich is difficult to kill, grows terribly elastic when you compress him into a corner. Or Destiny, perhaps, may have tried him sufficiently; and be satisfied? Destiny does send him a wonderful star-of-day, bursting out on the sudden, as will be seen!—Meanwhile here is the English calamity; worse than any Schweidnitz, Colberg or other that has befallen in this blackest of the night.

The Pitt Catastrophe: how the Peace-Negotiation went off by Explosion; how Pitt withdrew (3d October 1761), *and there came a Spanish War nevertheless*

In St. James's Street, 'in the Duke of Cumberland's late lodgings,' on the 2d of October 1761, there was held one of the most remarkable Cabinet-Councils known in English History: it is the last of Pitt's Cabinet-Councils for a long time,—might as well have been his last of all;—and is of the highest importance to Friedrich through Pitt. We spoke of the Choiseul Peace-Negotiation; of an offer indirectly from King Carlos, 'Could not I mediate a little?' —offer which exploded said Negotiation, and produced the Bourbon Family Compact and an additional War instead. Let us now look, slightly for a few moments, into that matter and its sequences.

It was *July 15th*, when Bussy, along with something in his own French sphere, presented this beautiful Spanish Appendix,—'apprehensive that War may break out again with Spain, when we Two have got settled.' By the same opportunity came a Note from him, which was reckoned important too: 'That the Empress Queen would and did,

whatever might become of the Congress of Augsburg, approve of this Separate Peace between France and England,—England merely undertaking to leave the King of Prussia altogether to himself in future with her Imperial Majesty and her Allies.' 'Never, Sir!' answered Pitt, with emphasis, to this latter Proposition; and to the former about Spain's interfering, or whispering of interference, he answered—by at once returning the Paper, as a thing non-extant, or which it was charitable to consider so. 'Totally inadmissible, Sir; mention it no more!'—and at once called upon the Spanish Ambassador to disavow such impertinence imputed to his Master. Fancy the colloquies, the agitated consultations thereupon, between Bussy and this Don, in view suddenly of breakers ahead!

In about a week (July 23d) Bussy had an Interview with Pitt himself on this high Spanish matter; and got some utterances out of him which are memorable to Bussy and us. 'It is my duty to declare to you, Sir, in the name of his Majesty,' said Pitt, 'that his Majesty will not suffer the disputes with Spain to be blended, in any manner whatever, in the Negotiation of Peace between the Two Crowns. To which I must add, that it will be considered as an affront to his Majesty's dignity, and as a thing incompatible with the sincerity of the Negotiation, to make farther mention of such a circumstance.'[1] Bussy did not go at once, after this deliverance; but was unable, by his arguments and pleadings, by all his oil and fire joined together, to produce the least improvement on it: 'Time enough to treat of all that, Sir, when the Tower of London is taken sword in hand!'[2] was Pitt's last word. An expression which went over the world; and went especially to King Carlos, as fast as it could fly, or as his Choiseul could speed it: and, in about three weeks,

[1] In *Thackeray*, ii. 554;—Pitt next day putting it in writing, 'word for word,' at Bussy's request.

[2] Beatson, ii. 434. Archenholtz (ii. 245) has heard of this expression, in a slightly incorrect way.

produced,—it and what had gone before it, by the united industry of Choiseul and Carlos, finally produced, — the famed *Bourbon Family Compact* (August 15th, 1761), and a variety of other weighty results, which lay in embryo therein.

Pitt, in the interim, had been intensely prosecuting, in Spain and everywhere, his inquiry into the Bussy phenomenon of July 15th; which he, from the first glimpse of it, took to mean a mystery of treachery in the pretended Peace-Negotiation, on the part of Choiseul and Catholic Majesty;—though other long heads, and Pitt's Ambassador at Madrid investigating on the spot, considered it an inadvertence mainly, and of no practical meaning. On getting knowledge of the Bourbon Family Compact, Pitt perceived that his suspicion was a certainty;—and likewise that the one clear course was, To declare War on the Spanish Bourbon too, and go into him at once: 'We are ready; fleets, soldiers, in the East, in the West; he not ready anywhere. Since he wants War, let him have it, without loss of a moment!' That is Pitt's clear view of the case; but it is by no means Bute and Company's,—who discern in it, rather, a means of finishing another operation they have long been secretly busy upon, by their Mauduits and otherwise; and are clear against getting into a new War with Spain or anybody: 'Have not we enough of Wars?' say they.

Since September 18th, there had been three Cabinet-Councils held on this great Spanish question: 'Mystery of treachery, meaning War from Spain? Or awkward inadvertence only, practically meaning little or nothing?' Pitt, surer of his course every time, every time meets the same contradiction. Council of October 2d was the third of the series, and proved to be the last.

'Twelve Seventy-fours sent instantly to Cadiz,' had been Pitt's proposal, on the first emergence of the Bussy phenomenon. Here are his words, October 2d, when it is about to get consummated: 'This is now the time for humbling the

whole House of Bourbon: and if this opportunity is let slip, we shall never find another! Their united power, if suffered to gather strength, will baffle our most vigorous efforts, and possibly plunge us in the gulf of ruin. We must not allow them a moment to breathe. Self-preservation bids us crush them before they can combine or recollect themselves.'—'No evidence that Spain means war; too many wars on our hands; let us at least wait!' urge all the others,—all but one, or one and *a half*, of whom presently. Whereupon Pitt: 'If these views are to be followed, this is the last time I can sit at this Board. I was called to the Administration of Affairs by the voice of the People: to them I have always considered myself as accountable for my conduct; and therefore cannot remain in a situation which makes me responsible for measures I am no longer allowed to guide.'[1]

Carteret Granville, President of said Council for ten years past,[2] now an old red-nosed man of seventy-two, snappishly took him up,—it is the last public thing poor Carteret did in this world,—in the following terms: 'I find the Gentleman is determined to leave us; nor can I say I am sorry for it, since otherwise he would have certainly compelled us to leave him.' (Has ruled us, may not I say, with a rod of iron!) 'But if he be resolved to assume the office of exclusively advising his Majesty and directing the operations of the War, to what purpose are *we* called to this Council? When he talks of being responsible to the People, he talks the language of the House of Commons; forgets that, at this Board, he is only responsible to the King. However, though he may possibly have convinced himself of his infallibility, still it remains that we should be equally convinced, before we can resign our understandings to his direction, or join with him in the measure he proposes.'[3]

[1] Beatson, ii. 438.

[2] Came in '17th June 1751,'—died '2d January 1763.'

[3] *Biog. Britannica* (Kippis's; London, 1784), iii. 278. See Thackeray, i. 589-592.

Who, besides Temple (Pitt's Brother-in-law) confirmatory of Pitt, Bute negatory, and Newcastle *silent*, the other beautiful gentlemen were, I will not ask; but poor old Carteret,—the wine perhaps sour on his stomach (old age too, with German memories of his own, 'A biggish Life once mine, all futile for *want* of this same Kingship like Pitt's!')—I am sorry old Carteret should have ended so! He made the above Answer; and Pitt resigned next day.[1] 'The Nation was thunderstruck, alarmed and indignant,' says Walpole:[2] yes, no wonder;—but, except a great deal of noisy jargoning in Parliament and out of it, the Nation gained nothing for itself by its indignant, thunderstricken and other feelings. Its Pitt is irrecoverable; and it may long look for another such. These beautiful recalcitrants of the Cabinet-Council had, themselves, within three months (think under what noises and hootings from a non-admiring Nation), to declare War on Spain,[3] *not* on better terms than when Pitt advised; and, except for the 'readiness' in which Pitt had left all things, might have fared indifferently in it.

To Spain and France the results of the Family Compact (we may as well give them at once, though they extend over the whole next year and farther, and concern Friedrich very little) were: a War on England (chiefly on poor Portugal for England's sake); with a War *by* England in return, which cost Spain its Havana and its Philippine Islands.

'From 1760 and before, the Spanish Carlos, his orthodox mind perhaps shocked at Pombal and the Anti-Jesuit procedures, had forbidden trade with Portugal; had been drawing-out dangerous "militia forces on the Frontier"; and afflicting and frightening the poor Country. But on the actual arrival of War with England, Choiseul and he, as the first feasibility discernible, made Demand (three times over, 16th March—18th April 1762, each time more stringently) on poor Portuguese

[1] Thackeray, i. 592 *n.* 'October 5th' (*acceptance* of the resignation, I suppose?) is the date commonly given.

[2] *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third*, i. 82 et seq.

[3] '2d January 1762,' the English; '18th January,' the Spaniard (*Annual Register* for 1762, p. 50; or better, Beatson, ii. 443).

Majesty: "Give up your objectionable Heretic Ally, and join with us against him; will you, or will you not?" To which the Portuguese Majesty, whose very title is Most Faithful, answered always: "You surprise me! I cannot; how can I? He is my Ally, and has always kept faith with me! For certain, No!"[1] So that there is English reinforcement got ready, men, money; an English General, Lord Tyrawley, General and Ambassador; with a 5 or 6,000 horse and foot, and many volunteer officers besides, for the Portuguese behoof.[2] In short, every encouragement to poor Portugal: "Pull, and we will help you by tracing."

'The poor Portuguese pulled very badly: were disgusting to Tyrawley, he to them; and cried passionately, "Get us another General";—upon which, by some wise person's counsel, that singular Artillery Gentleman, the Graf von der Lippe Bückeburg, who gave the dinner in his Tent with cannon firing at the pole of it, was appointed; and Tyrawley came home in a huff.[3] Which was probably a favourable circumstance. Bückeburg understands War, whether Tyrawley do or not. Duke Ferdinand has agreed to dispense with his Ordnance-Master; nay, I have heard the Ordnance-Master, a man of sharp speech on occasion, was as good as idle; and had gone home to Bückeburg, this Winter: indignant at the many imperfections he saw, and perhaps too frankly expressing that feeling now and then. What he thought of the Portuguese Army in comparison is not on record; but may be judged of by this circumstance, That on dining with the chief Portuguese military man, he found his Portuguese captains and lieutenants waiting as valets behind the chairs.[4]

'The improvements he made are said to have been many;—and Portuguese Majesty, in bidding farewell, gave him a park of Miniature Gold Cannon by way of gracious symbol. But, so far as the facts show, he seems to have got from his Portuguese Army next to no service whatever: and, but for the English and the ill weather, would have fared badly against his French and Spaniards,—42,000 of them, advancing in Three Divisions, by the Douro and the Tagus, against Oporto and Lisbon.

'His War has only these three dates of event. 1°. May 9th, The northmost of the Three Divisions[5] crosses the Portuguese Frontier on

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[1] *London Gazette*, 5th May 1762, etc. (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, xxxii. 205, 321, 411).

[2] List of all this in Beatson, ii. 491, iii. 323;—'did not get to sea till 12th May 1762' (*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 239).

[3] Varnhagen von Ense, *Graf Wilhelm zur Lippe* (Berlin, 1845), in *Vermischte Schriften*, i. 1-118: pp. 33-54, his Portuguese operations.

[4] *Varnhagen* (gives no date anywhere).

[5] *Annual Register* for 1762, p. 30.

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the Douro; summons Mirando, a chief town of theirs; takes it, before their first battery is built; takes Braganza, takes Monto Corvo; and within a week is master of the Douro, in that part. "Will be at Oporto directly!" shriek all the Wine people (no resistance anywhere, except by peasants organised by English Officers in some parts); upon which Seventy-fours were sent.

'2°. Division Second of the 42,000 came by Beira Country, between Tagus and Douro, by Tras-os-Montes; and laid siege to a place called Almeida' (north-west some 20 odd miles from *Ciudad Rodrigo*, a name once known to veterans of us still living), 'which Bückeburg had tried to repair into strength, and furnish with a garrison. Garrison defended itself well; but could not be relieved;—had to surrender, August 25th: whereby it seems the Tagus is now theirs! All the more, as Division Three is likewise got across from Estremadura, invading Alemtejo: what is to keep these Two from falling on Lisbon together?

'3°. Against this, Bückeburg does find a recipe. Despatches Brigadier Burgoyne with an English party upon a Town called Valencia d'Alcantara' (not Alcantara Proper, but Valencia of ditto, not very far from *Badajoz*), 'where the vanguard of this Third Division is, and their principal Magazine. Burgoyne and his English did perfectly: broke into the place, stormed it sword in hand (August 27th); kept the Magazine and it, though "the sixteen Portuguese Battalions" could not possibly get up in time. In manner following (say the Old Newspapers):

'"The garrison of Almeida, before which place the whole Spanish Army had been assembled, surrendered to the Spaniards on the 25th" (August 25th, as we have just heard), "having capitulated on condition of not serving against Spain for six months.

'"As a counterbalance to this advantage, the Count de Lippe caused Valencia d'Alcantara to be attacked, sword-in-hand, by the British troops; who carried it, after an obstinate resistance. The loss of the British troops, who had the principal share in this affair, is luckily but inconsiderable: and consists in Lieutenant Burk of Colonel Frederick's, one sergeant and three privates killed; two sergeants, one drummer, 18 privates wounded; 10 horses killed and 2 wounded" (loss not at all considerable, in a War of such dimensions!) "The British troops behaved upon this occasion with as much generosity as courage; and it deserves admiration, that, in an affair of this kind, the town and the inhabitants suffered very little; which is owing to the good order Brigadier Burgoyne kept up even in the heat of the action. This success would probably have been attended with more, if circumstances, that could not well be expected, had not retarded the march of sixteen Portuguese battalions, and three regiments of cavalry."[1]

[1] Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 443).

'Upon which—upon which, in fact, the War had to end. Rainy weather came, deluges of rain; Burgoyne, with or without the sixteen battalions of Portuguese, kept the grip he had. Valencia d'Alcantara and its Magazine a settled business, roads round gone all to mire,—this Third Division, and with it the 42,000 in general, finding they had nothing to live upon, went their ways again.' *Note*, The Burgoyne, who begins in this pretty way at Valencia d'Alcantara, is the same who ended so dismally at Saratoga, within twenty years:—perhaps, with other War-Offices, and training himself in something suitabler than Parliamentary Eloquence, he might have become a kind of General, and have ended far otherwise than there?—

'Such was the credit-account on Carlos's side: By gratuitous assault on Portugal, which had done him no offence; result zero, and pay your expenses. On the English, or *per-contra* side, again, there were these three items, two of them specifically on Carlos: *First*, Martinique captured from the French this Spring (finished 4th February 1762):[1]—was to have been done in any case, Guadaloupe and it being both on Pitt's books for some time, and only Guadaloupe yet got. *Secondly*, King Carlos, for Family Compact and fruitless attempt at burglary on an unoffending neighbour, Debtor: 1°. To Loss of the Havana (6th June—13th August 1762),[2] which might easily have issued in loss of all his West Indies together, and total abolition of the Pope's meridian in that Western Hemisphere; and 2°. To Loss of Manilla, with his Philippine Islands (23d September—6th October 1762),[3] which was abolition of it in the Eastern. After which, happily for Carlos, Peace came,—Peace, and no Pitt to be severe upon his Indies and him. Carlos's War of ten months had stood him uncommonly high.'

All these things the English Public, considerably sullen about the Cabinet-Council event of October 3d, ascribed to the real owner of them. The Public said: 'These are, all of them, Pitt's bolts, not yours,—launched, or lying ready for launching, from that Olympian battery which, in the East and in the West, had already smitten down all Lallys and Montcalms; and had force already massed there, rendering your Havanas and Manillas easy for you. For which, indeed, you do not seem to care much; rather seem to be embarrassed with them, in your eagerness for Peace and a lazy life!'—

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 127.
[2] *Ib.* pp. 408-459, etc.
[3] *Ib.* xxxiii. 171-177.

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Manilla was a beautiful work;[1] but the Manilla Ransom; a million sterling, half of it in bills,—which the Spaniards, on no pretext at all but the disagreeableness, refused to pay! Havana, though victorious, cost a good many men: was thought to be but badly managed. 'What to do with it?' said Bute, at the Peace: 'Give us Florida in lieu of it,'—which proved of little benefit to Bute. Enough, enough of Bute and his performances.

Pitt being gone, Friedrich's English Subsidy lags: this time Friedrich concludes it is cut off;—silent on the subject; no words will express one's thoughts on it. Not till April 9th has poor Mitchell the sad errand of announcing formally That such are our pressures, Portuguese War and other, we cannot afford it farther. Answered by I know not what kind of glance from Friedrich; answered, I find, by words few or none from the forsaken King: 'Good; that too was wanting,' thought the proud soul: 'Keep your coin, since you so need it; I have still copper, and my sword!' The alloy this Year became as 3 to 1:—what other remedy?

From the same cause, I doubt not, this Year, for the first time in human memory, came that complete abeyance of the Gift-moneys (*Douceur-Gelder*), which are become a standing expectation, quasi-right, and necessary item of support to every Prussian Officer, from a Lieutenant upwards: not a word, in the least official, said of them this Year; still less a penny of them actually forthcoming to a worn-out expectant Army. One of the greatest sins charged upon Friedrich by Prussian or Prussian-Military public opinion: not to be excused at all;—Prussian-Military and even Prussian-Civil opinion having a strange persuasion that this King has boundless supply of money, and only out of perversity refuses

[1] *A Journal of the Proceedings of his Majesty's Forces in the Expedition to Manilla* (*London Gazette*, April 19th, 1763; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxxiii. 171 et seq.). Written by Colonel or Brigadier-General Draper (suggester, contriver and performer of the Enterprise; an excellent Indian Officer, of great merit with his pen as well,—Bully *Junius's* Correspondent afterwards).

it for objects of moment. In the Army as elsewhere much has gone awry;[1] many rivets loose after such a climbing of the Alps as there has been, through dense and rare.

It will surprise everybody that Friedrich, with his copper and other resources, actually raised his additional 60,000; and has for himself 70,000 to recover Schweidnitz, and bring Silesia to its old state; 40,000 for Prince Henri and Saxony, with a 10,000 of margin for Sweden and accidental sundries. This is strange, but it is true.[2] And has not been done without strivings and contrivings, hard requisitions on the places liable; and has involved not a little of severity and difficulty, — especially a great deal of haggling with the collecting parties, or at least with Prince Henri, who presides in Saxony, and is apt to complain and mourn over the undoable, rather than proceed to do it. The King's Correspondence with Henri, this Winter, is curious enough; like a Dialogue between Hope on its feet, and Despair taking to its bed. 'You know there are Two Doctors in *Molière*,' says Friedrich to him once; 'a Doctor *Tant-mieux* (So much the Better) and a Doctor *Tant-pis* (So much the Worse): these two cannot be expected to agree!' — Instead of infinite arithmetical details, here is part of a Letter of Friedrich's to D'Argens; and a Passage, one of many, with Prince Henri;— which command a view into the interior that concerns us.

The King to D'Argens (at Berlin)

'Breslau, 18th January 1762.

* * * 'You have lifted the political veil which covered horrors and perfidies meditated and ready to burst out' (Bute's dismal procedures, I believe; who is ravenous for Peace, and would fain force Friedrich along with him on terms altogether disgraceful and inadmissible[3]): 'you judge correctly of the whole situation I am in, of the abysses which surround me; and, as I see by what you say, of the kind of hope that

[1] See Möllendorf's two or three *Letters* (Preuss, iv. 407-411).

[2] Stenzel, v. 297, 286; Tempelhof, vi. 2, 10, 63.

[3] See D'Argens's Letter (to which this is Answer), *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 281, 282.

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still remains to me. It will not be till the month of February' (Turks, probably, and Tartar Khan; great things coming then!) 'that we can speak of that; and that is the term I contemplate for deciding whether I shall hold to *Cato*' (Cato,—and the little Glass Tube I have!) 'or to *Cæsar's Commentaries*,' and the best fight one can make.

'The School of patience I am at is hard, long-continued, cruel, nay, barbarous. I have not been able to escape my lot: all that human foresight could suggest has been employed, and nothing has succeeded. If Fortune continues to pursue me, doubtless I shall sink; it is only she that can extricate me from the situation I am in. I escape out of it by looking at the Universe on the great scale, like an observer from some distant Planet; all then seems to me so infinitely small, and I could almost pity my enemies for giving themselves such trouble about so very little. What would become of us without philosophy, without this reasonable contempt of things frivolous, transient and fugitive, about which the greedy and ambitious make such a pother, fancying them to be solid! This is to become wise by stripes, you will tell me; well, if one do become wise, what matters it how?—I read a great deal; I devour my Books, and that brings me useful alleviation. But for my Books, I think hypochondria would have had me in bedlam before now. In fine, dear Marquis, we live in troublous times and in desperate situations:—I have all the properties of a Stage-Hero; always in danger, always on the point of perishing. One must hope the conclusion will come; and if the end of the piece be lucky, we will forget the rest. Patience then, *mon cher*, till February 20th' (By which time, what far other veritable star-of-day will have risen on me!) '*Adieu, mon cher.*— F.'[1]

Tiff of Quarrel between King and Henri (March—April 1762)

In the Spring months Prince Henri is at Hof in Voigtland, on the extreme right of his long line of 'Quarters behind the Mulda'; busy enough, watching the Austrians and Reich; levying the severe contributions; speeding all he can the manifold preparatives;—conscious to himself of the greatest vigilance and diligence, but wrapt in despondency and black acidulent humours; a 'Doctor *So much the Worse*,' who is not a comforting Correspondent. From Hof, towards the middle of March, he becomes specially gloomy and acidulous; sends a series of Complaints; also of News, not important, but all rather in *your* favour, my dearest Brother, than in mine, if you will please to observe! As thus:

Henri (at Hof, 10th-13th March). * * 'Sadly off here, my dearest Brother! Of our "1,284 head of commissariat horses," only 180 are come in; of our "287 drivers," not one. Will be impossible to open

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 282, 283.

Campaign at that rate.'—'Grenadier Battalions *Rothenburg* and *Grant* demand to have picked men to complete them' (of *Cantonist*, or sure Prussian sort). * * 'I find' (*nota bene*, Reader!) 'there are eight Austrian regiments going to Silesia' (off my hands, and upon *yours*, in a sense), 'eight instead of four that I spoke of: intending, probably, for Glatz, to replace Czernichef' (a Czernichef off for home lately, in a most miraculous way; as readers shall hear!) '—to replace Czernichef, and the blank he has left there? Eight of them: Your Majesty can have no difficulty; but I will detach Platen or somebody, if you order it; though I am myself perilously ill off here, so scattered into parts, not capable of speedy junction like your Majesty.'

Friedrich (14th-16th March). 'Commissariat horses, drivers? I arranged and provided where everything was to be got. But if my orders are not executed, nor the requisitions brought in, of course there is failure. I am despatching Adjutant von Anhalt to Saxony a second time, to enforce matters. If I could be for three weeks in Saxony, myself, I believe I could put all on its right footing; but, as I must not stir two steps from here, I will send you Anhalt, with orders to the Generals, to compel them to their duty.'[1] 'As to Grenadier Battalions *Grant* and *Rothenburg*, it is absurd.' (Henri falls silent for about a week, brooding his gloom; —not aware that still worse is coming.) King continues:

King (22d March). 'Eight regiments, you said? Here, by enclosed List, are seventeen of them, names and particulars all given,' which is rather a different view of the account against Silesia! Seventeen of them, going, not for Glatz, I should say, but to strengthen our Enemies hereabouts.

Henri. 'Hm, hah' (answers only in German; dry military reports, official merely;—thinks of writing to Chief-Clerk Eichel, who is factotum in these spheres). * * 'Artillery recruits are scarce in the extreme; demand bounty: five thalers, shall we say?'

King. 'Seventeen regiments of them, beyond question, instead of eight, coming on us: strange that you didn't warn me better. I have therefore ordered your Major-General Schmettau hitherward at once. As he has not done raising the contributions in the Lausitz, you must send another to do it, and have them ready when General Platen passes that way hither.'—'"Five thalers bounty for artillery men," say you? It is not to be thought of. Artillery men can be had by conscription where you are.' Henri (in silence, still more indignant) sends military reports exclusively. March 26th, Henri's gloom reaches the igniting-point; he writes to Chief-Clerk Eichel:

'Monsieur, you are aware that Adjutant von Anhalt is on the way hither. To judge by his orders, if they correspond to the Letters I have

[1] Schöning, iii. 301, 302.

had from the King, Adjutant von Anhalt's appearance here will produce an embarrassment, from which I am resolved to extricate myself by a voluntary retirement from office. My totally ruined (*abîmée*) health, the vexations I have had, the fatigues and troubles of war, leave in me little regret to quit the employment. I solicit only, from your attentions and skill of management, that my retreat be permitted to take place with the decency observed towards those who have served the State. I have not a high opinion of my services; but perhaps I am not mistaken in supposing that it would be more a shame to the King than to me if he should make me endure all manner of chagrins during my retirement.'[1]

Eichel sinks into profound reflection; says nothing. How is this fire to be got under? Where is the place to trample on it, before opening door or window, or saying a word to the King or anybody?

Henri (same day, 26th March). 'My dearest Brother,—In the List you send me of those seventeen Austrian regiments, several, I am informed, are still in Saxony; and by all the news that I get, there are only eight gone towards Silesia.'—'From Leipzig my accounts are, the Reichs Army is to make a movement in advance, and Prince Xavier with the Saxons was expected at Naumburg the 20th ult. I know not if you have arranged with Duke Ferdinand for a proportionate succour, in case his French also should try to penetrate into Saxony upon me? I am, with the profoundest attachment, your faithful and devoted servant and Brother.'

King (30th March). 'Seventeen of them, you may depend; I am too well informed to be allowed to doubt in any way. What you report of the Reichsfolk and Saxons moving hither, thither; that seems to me a bit of game on their part. They will try to cut one post from you, then another, unless you assemble a corps and go-in upon them. Till you decide for this resolution, you have nothing but chicanes and provocations to expect there. As to Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, I don't imagine that his Orders' (from England) 'would permit him what you propose' (for relief of yourself): 'at any rate, you will have to write at least thrice to him,—that is to say, waste three weeks, before he will answer No or Yes. You yourself are in force enough for those fellows: but so long as you keep on the defensive alone, the enemy gains time, and things will always go a bad road.' Henri's patience is already out; this same day he is writing to the King.

Henri (30th March). * * 'You have hitherto received proofs enough of my ways of thinking and acting to know that if in reality I was mistaken about those eight regiments, it can only have been a piece of ignorance on the part of my spy: meanwhile you are pleased to make me responsible for what misfortune may come of it. I think I have my

[1] Schöning, iii. 307.

hands full with the task laid on me of guarding 4,000 square miles of country with fewer troops than you have, and of being opposite an enemy whose posts touch upon ours, and who is superior in force. Your preceding Letters' (from March 16th hitherto), 'on which I have wished to be silent, and this last proof of want of affection, show me too clearly to what fortune I have sacrificed these Six Years of Campaigning.'

King (3d April: Official Orders given in Teutsch; at the tail of which). 'Spare your wrath and indignation at your servant, Monseigneur! You, who preach indulgence, have a little of it for persons who have no intention of offending you, or of failing in respect for you; and deign to receive with more benignity the humble representations which the conjunctures sometimes force from me. F.'—Which relieves Eichel of his difficulties, and quenches this sputter.[1]

Prince Henri, for all his complaining, did beautifully this Season again (though to us it must be silent, being small war merely);—and in particular, *May 12th*, early in the morning, simultaneously in many different parts, burst across the Mulda, ten or twenty miles long (or *broad* rather, from his right hand to his left), sudden as lightning, upon the supine Serbelloni and his Austrians and Reichsfolk. And hurled them back, one and all, almost to the Plauen Chasm and their old haunts; widening his quarters notably.[2] A really brilliant thing, testifies everybody, though not to be dwelt on here. Seidlitz was of it (much fine cutting and careering, from the Seidlitz and others, we have to omit in these two Saxon Campaigns!)—Seidlitz was of it; he, and another still more special acquaintance of ours, the learned Quintus Icilius; who also did his best in it, but lost his '*Amusette*' (small bit of cannon, 'Plaything,' so called by Maréchal de Saxe, inventor of the article), and did not shine like Seidlitz.

Henri's quarters being notably widened in this way, and nothing but torpid Serbellonis and Prince Stollbergs on the opposite part, Henri 'drew himself out thirty-five miles long'; and stood there, almost looking into Plauen region as formerly. And with his fiery Seidlitzes, Kleists, made a handsome Summer of it. And beat the Austrians and Reichsfolk at Freyberg (*October 29th*, a fine Battle, and his sole one),—on the Horse which afterwards carried Gellert, as is pleasantly known.

But we are omitting the news from Petersburg,—which came the very day after that gloomy *Letter to D'Argens*;

[1] Plucked up from the waste imbroglios of *Schöning* (iii. 296-311), by arranging and omitting.

[2] *Bericht von dem Uebergang über die Mulde, den der Prinz Heinrich den 12ten May* 1762 *glücklich ausgeführt* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 280-291).

months before the *Tiff of Quarrel* with Henri, and the brilliant better destinies of that Gentleman in his Campaign.

Bright News from Petersburg (certain, Jan. 19th); *which grow ever brighter; and become a Star-of-day for Friedrich*

To Friedrich, long before all this of Henri, indeed almost on the very day while he was writing so despondently to D'Argens, a new phasis had arisen. Hardly had he been five weeks at Breslau, in those gloomy circumstances, when,—about the middle of January 1762 (day not given, though it is forever notable),—there arrive rumours, arrive news,—news from Petersburg; such as this King never had before! 'Among the thousand ill strokes of Fortune, does there at length come one preëminently good? The unspeakable Sovereign Woman, is she verily dead, then, and become peaceable to me forevermore?' We promised Friedrich a wonderful star-of-day; and this is it,—though it is long before he dare quite regard it as such. Peter, the Successor, he knows to be secretly his friend and admirer; if only, in the new Czarish capacity and its chaotic environments and conditions, Peter dare and can assert these feelings? What a hope to Friedrich, from this time onward! Russia may be counted as the bigger half of all he had to strive with; the bigger, or at least the far uglier, more ruinous and incendiary; —and if this were at once taken away, think what a day-break when the night was at the blackest!

Pious people say, The darkest hour is often nearest the dawn. And a dawn this proved to be for Friedrich. And the fact grew always the longer the brighter;—and before Campaign time, had ripened into real daylight and sunrise. The dates should have been precise; but are not to be had so: here is the nearest we could come. January 14th, writing to Henri, the King has a mysterious word about 'possibilities of an uncommon sort,'—rumours from Petersburg, I could conjecture; though perhaps they are only Turk or

Tartar-Khan affairs, which are higher this year than ever, and as futile as ever. But, on *January* 19*th*, he has heard plainly,—with what hopes (if one durst indulge them)!—that the implacable Imperial Woman, *infâme Catin du Nord*, is verily dead. Dead; and does not hate me any more. Deliverance, Peace and Victory lie in the word!—Catin had long been failing, but they kept it religiously secret within the Court walls: even at Petersburg nobody knew till the Prayers of the Church were required: Prayers as zealous as you can,—the Doctors having plainly intimated that she is desperate, and that the thing is over. On *Christmas-day* 1761 by Russian Style, *5th January* 1762 by European, the poor Imperial Catin lay dead;—a death still more important than that of George II. to this King.

Peter III., who succeeded, has long been privately a sworn friend and admirer of the King; and hastens, not too *slowly* as the King had feared, but far the reverse, to make that known to all mankind. That, and much else,—in a far too headlong manner, poor soul! Like an ardent, violent, totally inexperienced person (enfranchised *schoolboy*, come to the age of thirty-four), who has sat hitherto in darkness, in intolerable compression; as if buried alive! He is now Czar Peter, Autocrat, not of Himself only, but of All the Russias;—and has, besides the complete regeneration of Russia, two great thoughts: *First*, That of avenging native Holstein, and his poor martyr of a Father now with God, against the Danes; —and,

Second, what is scarcely second in importance to the first, and indeed is practically a kind of preliminary to it, That of delivering the Prussian Pattern of Heroes from such a pattern of foul combinations, and bringing Peace to Europe, while he settles the Holstein-Danish business. Peter is Russian by the Mother's side; his Mother was Sister of the late Catin, a Daughter, like her, of Czar Peter called the Great, and of the little brown Catherine whom we saw transiently long ago. His Holstein Business shall concern us little; but that with

Friedrich, during the brief Six Months allowed him for it,—for it, and for all his remaining businesses in this world,—is of the highest importance to Friedrich and us.

Peter is one of the wildest men; his fate, which was tragical, is now to most readers rather of a ghastly-grotesque than of a lamentable and pitiable character. Few know, or have ever considered, in how wild an element poor Peter was born and nursed; what a time he has had, since his fifteenth year especially, when Cousin of Zerbst and he were married. Perhaps the wildest and maddest any human soul had, during that Century. I find in him, starting out from the Lethean quagmires where he had to grow, a certain rash greatness of idea; traces of veritable conviction, just resolution; veritable and just, though rash. That of admiration for King Friedrich was not intrinsically foolish, in the solitary thoughts of the poor young fellow; nay, it was the reverse; though it was highly inopportune in the place where he stood. Nor was the Holstein notion bad; it was generous rather, noble and natural, though, again, somewhat impracticable in the circumstances.

The summary of the Friedrich-Peter business is perhaps already known to most readers, and can be very briefly given; nor is Peter's tragical Six Months of Czarship (*5th January*—*9th July* 1762) a thing for us to dwell on beyond need. But it is wildly tragical; strokes of deep pathos in it, blended with the ghastly and grotesque: it is part of Friedrich's strange element and environment: and though the outer incidents are public enough, it is essentially little known. Had there been an Æschylus, had there been a Shakspeare!—But poor Peter's shocking Six Months of History has been treated by a far different set of hands, themselves almost shocking to see: and, to the seriously inquiring mind, it lies, and will long lie, in a very waste, chaotic, enigmatic condition. Here, out of considerable bundles now burnt, are some rough jottings, Excerpts of Notes and Studies,—which, I still doubt

rather, ought to have gone in *Auto de Fé* along with the others. *Auto de Fe* I called it; Act of *Faith*, not Spanish-Inquisitional, but essentially Celestial many times, if you reflect well on the poisonous consequences, on the sinfulness and deadly criminality, of Human Babble,—as nobody does nowadays! I label the different Pieces, and try to make legible;—hasty readers have the privilege of skipping, if they like. The first Two are of preliminary or prefatory nature, —perhaps still more skippable than those that will by and by follow.

1. *Genealogy of Peter.* 'His grandfather was Friedrich IV., Duke of Holstein-Gottorp and Schleswig, Karl XII.'s brother-in-law; on whose score it was (Denmark finding the time opportune for a stroke of robbery there) that Karl XII., a young lad hardly eighteen, first took arms; and began the career of fighting that astonished Denmark and certain other Neighbours who had been too covetous on a young King. This his young Brother-in-law, Friedrich of Holstein-Gottorp (young he too, though Karl's senior by ten years), had been reinstated in his Territory, and the Danes sternly forbidden farther burglary there, by the victorious Karl; but went with Karl in his farther expeditions. Always Karl's intimate, and at his right hand for the next two years: fell in the Battle of Clissow, 19th July 1702; age not yet thirty-one.

'He left as Heir a poor young Boy, at this time only two years old. His young Widow Hedwig survived him six years.[1] Her poor child grew to manhood; and had tragic fortunes in this world; Danes again burglarious in that part, again robbing this poor Boy at discretion, so soon as Karl XII. became unfortunate; and refusing to restore (have not restored Schleswig at all[2]):—a grimly sad story to the now Peter, his only Child! This poor Duke at last died, 18th June 1739, age thirty-nine; the now Peter then about 11,—who well remembers tragic Papa; tragic Mamma not, who died above ten years before.[3]

'Czar Peter called the Great had evidently a pity for this unfortunate Duke, a hope in his just hopes; and pleaded, as did various others, and endeavoured with the unjust Danes, mostly without effect. Did, however, give him one of his Daughters to wife;—the result of whom is this new Czar Peter, called the Third: a Czar who is Sovereign of Holstein, and has claims of Sovereignty in Sweden, right of heirship in

[1] Michaelis, ii. 618-629.

[2] A.D. 1864, *have* at last had to do it, under unexpected circumstances!

[3] Michaelis, ii. 617; Hübner, tt. 227, 229.

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Schleswig, and of damages against Denmark, which are in litigation to this day. The Czarina *Catin*, tenderly remembering her Sister, would hear of no Heir to Russia but this Peter. Peter, in virtue of his paternal affinities, was elected King of Sweden about the same time; but preferred Russia,—with an eye to his Danes, some think. For certain, did adopt the Russian Expectancy, the Greek religion so-called; and was,' in the way we saw long years ago, 'married (or to all appearance married) to Catharina Alexiewna of Anhalt-Zerbst, born in Stettin,[1] a Lady who became world-famous as Czarina of the Russias.

'Peter is an abstruse creature; has lived, all this while, with his Catharine an abstruse life, which would have gone altogether mad except for Catharine's superior sense. An awkward, ardent, but helpless kind of Peter, with vehement desires, with a dash of wild magnanimity even: but in such an inextricable element, amid such darkness, such provocations of unmanageable opulence, such impediments, imaginary and real, —dreadfully real to poor Peter,—as made him the unique of mankind in his time. He "used to drill cats," it is said, and to do the maddest-looking things (in his late buried-alive condition);—and fell partly, never quite, which was wonderful, into drinking, as the solution of his inextricabilities. Poor Peter: always, and now more than ever, the cynosure of vulturous vulpine neighbours, withal; which infinitely aggravated his otherwise bad case!—

'For seven or eight years, there came no progeny, nor could come; about the eighth or ninth, there could, and did: the marvellous Czar Paul that was to be. Concerning whose exact paternity there are still calumnious assertions widely current; to this individual Editor much a matter of indifference, though on examining, his verdict is: "Calumnies, to all appearance; mysteries which decent or decorous society refuses to speak of, and which indecent is pretty sure to make calumnies out of." Czar Paul may be considered genealogically genuine, if that is much an object to him. Poor Paul, does not he *father himself*, were there nothing more? Only that Peter and this Catharine could have begotten such a Paul. Genealogically genuine enough, my poor Czar,—that needed to be garrotted so very soon!

2. *Of Catharine and the Books upon Peter and Her.* 'Catharine too had an intricate time of it under the Catin; which was consoled to her only by a tolerably rapid succession of lovers, the best the ground

[1] Herr Preuss knows the house: 'Now Dr. Lehmann's' (at that time the Governor of Stettin's) 'in which also Czar Paul's second Spouse' (Eugen of Würtemberg a *new* Governor's Daughter), 'who is Mother of the Czars that follow, was born': Preuss, ii. 310, 311. Catharine, during her reign, was pious in a small way to the place of her cradle; sent her successive *Medals* etc. to Stettin, which still has them to show.

yielded. In which department it is well known what a Thrice-Greatest she became: superior to any Charles II.; equal almost to an August the Strong! Of her loves now and henceforth, which are heartily uninteresting to me, I propose to say nothing farther; merely this, That in extent they probably rivalled the highest male sovereign figures (and are to be put in the same category with these, and damned as deep, or a little deeper);—and cost her, in gifts, in magnificent pensions to the *emeriti* (for she did things always in a grandiose manner, quietly and yet inexorably dismissing the *emeritus* with stores of gold), the considerable sum of 20 millions sterling, in the course of her long reign. One, or at most two, were off on pension, when Hanbury Williams brought Poniatowski for her, as we transiently saw. Poniatowski will be King of Poland in the course of Events.' * *

'Russia is not a publishing country; the Books about Catharine are few, and of little worth. *Tooke*, an English Chaplain; *Castéra*, an unknown French Hanger-on, who copies from Tooke, or Tooke from him: these are to be read, as the bad-best, and will yield little satisfactory insight; Castéra, in particular, a great deal of dubious backstairs gossip and street rumour, which are not delightful to a reader of sense. In fine, there has been published, in these very years, a *Fragment* of early *Autobiography* by Catharine herself,—a credible and highly remarkable little Piece: worth all the others, if it is knowledge of Catharine you are seeking.[1] A most placid, solid, substantial young Lady comes to light there; dropped into such an element as might have driven most people mad. But it did not her; it only made her wiser and wiser in her generation. Element black, hideous, dirty, as Lapland Sorcery;—in which the first clear duty is, to hold one's tongue well, and keep one's eyes open. Stars,—not very heavenly, but of fixed nature, and heavenly to Catharine,—a star or two, shine through the abominable murk: Steady, patient; steer silently, in all weathers, towards these!

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[1] *Mémoires de l'Impératrice Catharine II., écrits par elle-même* (A. Herzen editing; London, 1859);—which we already cited, on occasion of Catharine's marriage.

Anonymous (Castéra), *Vie de Catharine II., Impératrice de Russie* (à Paris, 1797: or reprinted, most of it, enough of it, *á Varsovie*, 1798), 2 tomes, 8vo, Tooke, *Life of Catharine II.* (4th edition, London, 1800), 3 voll. 8vo; *View of the Russian Empire during* etc. (London, 1799), 3 voll. 8vo.—Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1853 *et anteá*) v. 241-308 et seq.; is by much the most solid Book, though a dull and heavy. Stenzel cites, as does Hermann, a *Biographie Peters des IIIten;* which no doubts exists, in perhaps three volumes; but where, when, by whom, or of what quality, they do not tell me

'Young Catharine's immovable equanimity in this distracted environment strikes us very much. Peter is careering, tumbling about, on all manner of absurd broomsticks, driven too surely by the Devil; terrific-absurd big Lapland Witch, surrounded by multitudes smaller, and some of them less ugly. Will be Czar of Russia, however;—and is one's so-called Husband. These are prospects for an observant, immovably steady-going young Woman! The reigning Czarina, old *Catin* herself, is silently the Olympian Jove to Catharine, who reveres her very much. Though articulately stupid as ever, in this Book of Catharine's, she comes out with a dumb weight, of silence, of obstinacy, of intricate abrupt rigour, which—who knows but it may savour of dumb unconscious wisdom in the fat old blockhead? The Book says little of her, and in the way of criticism, of praise or of blame, nothing whatever; but one gains the notion of some dark human female object, bigger than one had fancied it before.

'Catharine steered towards her stars. Lovers were vouchsafed her, of a kind (her small stars, as we may call them); and, at length, through perilous intricacies, the big star, Autocracy of All the Russias,—through what horrors of intricacy, that last! She had hoped always it would be by Husband Peter that she, with the deeper steady head, would be Autocrat: but the intricacies kept increasing, grew at last to the strangling pitch; and it came to be, between Peter and her, "Either you to Siberia (perhaps *farther*), or else I!" And it was Peter that had to go;—in what hideous way is well enough known; no Siberia, no Holstein thought to be far enough for Peter:—and Catharine, merely weeping a little for him, mounted to the Autocracy herself. And then, the big star of stars being once hers, she had, not in the lover kind alone, but in all uncelestial kinds, whole nebulæ and milky-ways of small stars. A very Semiramis, or the Louis-Quatorze of those Northern Parts. "Second Creatress of Russia," second Peter the Great in a sense. To me none of the loveliest objects; yet there are uglier, how infinitely uglier: object grandiose, if not great.'—We return to Friedrich and the Death of Catin.

Colonel Hordt, I believe, was the first who credibly apprised Friedrich of the great Russian Event. Colonel Hordt, late of the Free-Corps *Hordt*, but captive since soon after the Kunersdorf time; and whose doleful quasi-infernal 'twenty-five months and three days' in the Citadel of Petersburg have changed in one hour into celestial glories in the Court of that City;—as readers shall themselves see anon. By Hordt or by whomsoever, the instant Friedrich heard, by

an authentic source, of the new Czar's Accession, Friedrich hastened to turn round upon him with the friendliest attitude, with arms as if ready to open; dismissing all his Russian Prisoners; and testifying, in every polite and royal way, how gladly he would advance if permitted. To which the Czar, by Hordt and by other channels, imperially responded; rushing forward, he, as if with arms flung wide.

January 31st is Order from the King,[1] That our Russian Prisoners, one and all, shod, clad and dieted, be forthwith set under way from Stettin: in return for which generosity the Prussians, from Siberia or wherever they were buried, are, soon after, hastening home in like manner. Gudowitsh, Peter's favourite Adjutant, who had been sent to congratulate at Zerbst, comes round by Breslau (February 20th), and has joyfully benign audience next day; directly on the heel of whom, Adjutant Colonel von der Goltz, who is *Kammerherr* as well as Colonel, and understands things of business, goes to Petersburg. February 23d, Czarish Majesty, to the horror of Vienna and glad astonishment of mankind, emits Declaration (Note to all the Foreign Excellencies in Petersburg), 'That there ought to be Peace with this King of Prussia; that Czarish Majesty, for his own part, is resolved on the thing; gives up East Preussen and the so-called conquests made; Russian participation in such a War has ceased.' And practically orders Czernichef, who is wintering with his 20,000 in Glatz, to quit Glatz and these Austrian Combinations, and march homeward with his 20,000. Which Czernichef, so soon as arrangements of proviant and the like are made, hastens to do;—and does, as far as Thorn; but no farther, for a reason that will be seen. On the last day of March, Czernichef,—off about a week ago from Glatz, and now got into the Breslau latitude,—came across, with a select Suite of Four, to pay his court there; and had the honour to dine with his Majesty, and to be, personally too, a Czernichef agreeable to his Majesty.

[1] In *Schöning*, iii. 275 ('Breslau, 31st January 1762').

The vehemency of Austrian Diplomacies at Petersburg; and the horror of Kaiserinn and Kriegshofrath in Vienna,—who have just discharged 20,000 of their own people, counting on this Czernichef, and being dreadfully tight for money,—may be fancied. But all avails nothing. The ardent Czar advances towards Friedrich with arms flung wide. Goltz and Gudowitsh are engaged on Treaty of Peace; Czar frankly gives-up East Preussen, 'Yours again; what use has Russia for it, Royal Friend?' Treaty of Peace goes forward like the drawing of a Marriage-settlement (concluded *May 5th*); and, in a month more, has changed into Treaty of Alliance;—Czernichef ordered to stop short at Thorn; to turn back, and join himself to this heroic King, instead of fighting against him. Which again Czernichef, himself an admirer of this King, joyfully does;—though, unhappily, not with all the advantage he expected to the King.

Swedish Peace, Queen Ulrique and the Anti-French party now getting the upper hand, had been hastening forward in the interim (finished, at Hamburg, *May 22d*): a most small matter in comparison to the Russian; but welcome enough to Friedrich;—though he said slightingly of it, when first mentioned: 'Peace? I know not hardly of any War there has been with Sweden;—ask Colonel Belling about it!' Colonel Belling, a most shining swift Hussar Colonel, who, with a 2,000 sharp fellows, hanging always on the Swedish flanks, sharp as lightning, 'nowhere and yet everywhere,' as was said of him, has mainly, for the last year or two, had the management of this extraordinary 'War.' Peace over all the North, Peace and more, is now Friedrich's. Strangling imbroglio, wide as the world, has ebbed to man's height; dawn of day has ripened into sunrise for Friedrich; the way out is now a thing credible and visible to him. Peter's friendliness is boundless; almost too boundless! Peter begs a Prussian Regiment,—dresses himself in its uniform, Colonel of *Itzenplitz*; Friedrich begs a Russian Regiment, Colonel of *Schuwaloff*; and all is joyful, hopeful; marriage-bells instead

of dirge ditto and gallows ditto,—unhappily not for very long.

In regard to Friedrich's feelings while all this went on, take the following small utterances of his, before going farther. *January 27th*, 1762 (To Madam Camas,—eight days after the Russian Event): 'I rejoice, my good Mamma, to find you have such courage; I exhort you to redouble it! All ends in this world; so we may hope this accursed War will not be the only thing eternal there. Since Death has trussed-up a certain *Catin* of the Hyperborean Countries, our situation has advantageously changed, and becomes more supportable than it was. We must hope that some other good events' (favour of the new Czar mainly) 'will happen; by which we may profit to arrive at a good Peace.'

January 31st (To Minister Finckenstein): 'Behold the first gleam of light that rises;—Heaven be praised for it! We must hope good weather will succeed these storms. God grant it!'[1]

End of March (To D'Argens): * * 'All that' (at Paris; about the Pompadourisms, the *exile* of Broglio and Brother, and your other news) 'is very miserable; as well as that discrepancy between King's Council and Parlement for and against the Jesuits! But, *mon cher Marquis*, my head is so ill, I can tell you nothing more,—except that the Czar of Russia is a divine man; to whom I ought to erect altars.'[2]

May 25th (To the same,—Russian *Peace* three weeks ago): 'It is very pleasant to me, dear Marquis, that Sans-Souci could afford you an agreeable retreat during the beautiful Spring days. If it depended only on me, how soon should I be there beside you! But to the Six Campaigns there is a Seventh to be added, and will soon open; either because the Number 7 had once mystic qualities, or because in the Book of Fate from all eternity the'—* *. 'Jesuits banished from France? Ah, yes:—hearing of that, I made my bit of plan for them' (mean to have my pick of them as school-

[1] Preuss, ii. 312.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 301.

masters in Silesia here); 'and am waiting only till I get Silesia cleared of Austrians as the first thing. You see we must not mow the corn till it is ripe.[1]

May 28th (To the same): * * 'Tartar Khan actually astir, 10,000 men of his in Hungary' (I am told); 'Turk potentially ditto, with 200,000' (futile both, as ever): 'All things show me the sure prospect of Peace by the end of this Year; and, in the background of it, Sans-Souci and my dear Marquis! A sweet calm springs up again in my soul; and a feeling of hope, to which for six years I had got unused, consoles me for all I have come through. Think only what a coil I shall be in, before a month hence' (Campaign opened by that time, horrid Game begun again); 'and what a pass we had come to, in December last: Country at its last gasp (*agonisait*), as if waiting for extreme unction: and now—!'[2] * *

June 8th (To Madam Camas,—Russian *Alliance* now come): 'I know well, my good Mamma, the sincere part you take in the lucky events that befall us. The mischief is, we are got so low, that we want at present all manner of fortunate events to raise us again; and Two grand conclusions of Peace' (the Russian, the Swedish), 'which might reëstablish Peace throughout, are at this moment only a step towards finishing the War less unfortunately.'[3]

Same day, *June 8th* (To D'Argens): 'Czernichef is on march to join us. Our Campaign will not open till towards the end of this month' (did open July 1st); 'but think then what a pretty noise in this poor Silesia again! In fine, my dear Marquis, the job ahead of me is hard and difficult; and nobody can say positively how it will all go. Pray for us; and don't forget a poor devil who kicks about strangely in his harness, who leads the life of one damned; and who nevertheless loves you sincerely.—Adieu.'[4] D'Argens (May 24th) has heard, by Letters from very well-informed persons

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 321.
[2] *Ibid.* 323.
[3] *Ibid.* xviii. 146-7.
[4] *Ibid* xix. 327.

in Vienna, that 'Imperial Majesty, for some time past, spends half of her time in praying to the Virgin, and the other half in weeping.' 'I wish her,' adds the ungallant D'Argens, 'as punishment for the mischiefs her ambition has cost mankind these seven years past, the fate of Phaëthon's Sisters, and that she melt altogether into water!'[1]—Take one other little utterance; and then to Colonel Hordt and the Petersburg side of things.

June 19*th* (still to D'Argens): 'What is now going on in Russia no Count Kaunitz could foresee: what has come to pass in England,—of which the hatefulest part' (Bute's altogether extraordinary attempts, in the Kaunitz, in the Czar Peter direction, to *force* a Peace upon me) 'is not yet known to you,—I had no notion of, in forming my plans! The Governor of a State, in troublous times, never can be sure. This is what disgusts me with the business, in comparison. A Man of Letters operates on something certain; a Politician can have almost no data of that kind.'[2] (How easy everybody's trade but one's own!)

Readers know what a tragedy poor Peter's was. His Czernichef did join the King; but with far less advantage than Czernichef or anybody had anticipated!—It is none of our intention to go into the chaotic Russian element, or that wildly-blazing sanguinary Catharine-and-Peter business; of which, at any rate, there are plentiful accounts in common circulation, more or less accurate,—especially M. Rulhière's,[3] the most succinct, lucid and least unsatisfactory, in the accessible languages. Only so far as Friedrich was concerned are we. But readers saw this Couple married, under Friedrich's auspices,—a Marriage which he thought important twenty years ago; and sure enough the Dissolution of it did prove important to him, and is a necessary item here!

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 320 ('24th May 1762'). [2] *Ibid.* p. 329.
[3] *Histoire ou Anecdotes sur la Révolution de Russie en l'année* 1762 (written 1768; first printed Paris, 1797: English Translation, London, 1797).

Readers, even those that know *Rulhière*, will doubtless consent to a little supplementing from Two other Eye-witnesses of credit. The first and principal is a respectable Ex-Swedish Gentleman, whom readers used to hear of; the Colonel Hordt above mentioned, once of the Free-Corps *Hordt*, but fallen Prisoner latterly;—whose experiences and reports are all the more interesting to us, as Friedrich himself had specially to depend on them at present; and doubtless, in times long afterwards, now and then heard speech of them from Hordt. Our second Eye-witness is the Reverend Herr Doctor Büsching (of the *Erdbeschreibung*, of the *Beyträge*, and many other Works, an invaluable friend to us all along); who, in his wandering time, had come to be 'Pastor of the *German Church at Petersburg*,' some years back.

What Colonel Hordt and the others saw at Petersburg (January—July 1762)

Autumn 1759, in the sequel to *Kunersdorf*,—when the Russians and Daun lay so long torpid, uncertain what to do except keep Friedrich and Prince Henri well separate, and Friedrich had such watchings, campings and marchings about on the hither skirt of them (skirt always veiled in Cossacks, and producing skirmishes as you marched past),—we did mention Hordt's capture;[1] not much hoping that readers could remember it in such a press of things more memorable. It was in, or as prelude to, one of those skirmishes (one of the earliest, and a rather sharp one, 'at Trebatsch,' in Frankfurt-Lieberose Country, '4th September 1759'), that Hordt had his misfortune: he had been out reconnoitering, with an Orderly or two, before the skirmish began, was suddenly 'surrounded by 200 Cossacks,' and after desperate plunging into bogs, desperate firing of pistols and the like, was taken prisoner. Was carted miserably to Petersburg,—such a journey for dead ennui as Hordt never knew; and was then tumbled out into solitary confinement in the Citadel, a place like the Spanish Inquisition; not the least notice taken of his request for a few Books, for leave to answer his poor Wife's Letter merely by the words, 'Dear one, I am alive';—and was left there, to the company of his own reflections, and a life as if in vacant Hades, for twenty-five months and three days. After the lapse of that period,

[1] Supra, p. 124.

he has something to say to us again, and we transiently look-in upon him there.

The Book we excerpt from is *Mémoires du Comte de Hordt* (second edition, 2 volumes 12mo, Berlin, 1789). This is Bookseller Pitra's redaction of the Hordt Autobiography (Berlin, 1788, was Pitra's first edition): several years after, how many is not said, nor whether Hordt (who had become a dignitary in Berlin society before Pitra's feat) was still living or not, a 'M. Borelly, Professor in the Military School,' undertook a second considerably enlarged and improved redaction;—of which latter there is an English Translation; easy enough to read; but nearly without meaning, I should fear, to readers unacquainted with the scene and subject.[1] Hordt was reckoned a perfectly veracious, intelligent kind of man: but he seldom gives the least date, specification or precise detail; and his Book reads, not like the Testimony of an Eye-witness, which it is, and valuable when you understand it; but more like some vague Forgery, compiled by a destitute inventive individual, regardless of the Ten Commandments (sparingly consulting even his file of Old Newspapers), and writing a Book which would deserve the tread-mill, were there any Police in his trade!—

Wednesday 6th January 1762, Hordt's vacant Hades of an existence in the Citadel of Petersburg was broken by a loud sound: three minute-guns went off from different sides, close by; and then whole salvos, peal after peal: 'Czarina gone overnight, Peter III. Czar in her stead!' said the Officer, rushing in to tell Hordt; to whom it was as news of resurrection from the dead. 'Evening of same day, an Aide-de-Camp of the new Czar came to announce my liberty; equipage waiting to take me at once to his Russian Majesty. Asked him to defer it till the following day;—so agitated was I.' And indeed the Czar, busy taking acclamations, oaths of fealty, riding about among his Troops by torch-light, could have made little of me that evening.[2] 'Ultimately, my presentation was deferred till Sunday' January 10th, 'that it might be done with proper splendour, all the Nobility being then usually assembled about his Majesty.'

'*January 10th*, Waited, amid crowds of Nobility, in the Gallery, accordingly. Was presented in the Gallery, through which the Czar, followed by Czarina and all the Court, were passing on their way to Chapel. Czar made a short kind speech ("Delighted to do you an act of justice, Monsieur, and return a valuable servant to the King I esteem"); gave me his hand to kiss: Czarina did the same. General

[1] *Memoirs of the Count de Hordt:* London, 1806: 2 vol. 12mo,—only the *first* volume of which (unavailable here) is in my possession.

[2] Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats*, v. 241.

Korf,' an excellent friend, so kind to me at Königsberg while I was getting carted hither, and a General now in high office here, 'who had been my introducer, led me into Chapel, to the Court's place (*tribune de la Cour*). Czar came across repeatedly' (while public worship was going on; a Czar perhaps too regardless that way!) 'to talk to me; dwelt much on his attachment to the King. On coming out, the Head Chamberlain whispered me, "You dine with the Court."' Which, of course, I did.

'Table was of sixty covers; splendid as the Arabian Tales. Czar and Czarina sat side by side; Korf and I had the honour to be placed opposite them. Hardly were we seated when the Czar addressed me: "You have had no Prussian news this long while. I am glad to tell you that the King is well, though he has had such fighting to right and left;—but I hope there will soon be an end to all that." Words which everybody listened to like prophecy!' (Peter is nothing of a Politician.) 'How long have you been in prison?' continued the Czar. 'Twenty-five months and three days, your Majesty.' 'Were you well treated?' Hordt hesitated, knew not what to say; but, the Czar urging him, confessed, 'He had been always rather badly used; not even allowed to buy a few books to read.' 'At which the Czarina was evidently shocked: "*Cela est bien barbare!*" she exclaimed aloud.—I wished much to return home at once; and petitioned the Czar on that subject, during coffee, in the withdrawing rooms; but he answered, "No, you must not,—not till an express Prussian Envoy arrive!" I had to stay, therefore; and was thenceforth almost daily at Court,'—but unluckily a little vague, and altogether *dateless* as to what I saw there!

Bieren and Münnich, both of them just home from Siberia, are to drink together (No date: Palace of Petersburg, Spring 1762).—Peter had begun in a great way: all for liberalism, enlightenment, abolition of abuses, general magnanimity on his own and everybody's part. Rulhière did not see the following scene; but it seems to be well enough vouched for, and Rulhière heard it talked of in society. 'As many as 20,000 persons, it is counted, have come home from Siberian Exile'; the L'Estocs, the Münnichs, Bierens, all manner of internecine figures, as if risen from the dead. 'Since the night when Münnich arrested Bieren' (readers possibly remember it, and Mannstein's account of it[1]), 'the first time these two met was in the gay and tumultuous crowd which surrounded the new Czar. "Come, bygones be bygones," said Peter, noticing them; "let us three all drink together, like friends!"—and ordered three glasses of wine. Peter was beginning his glass to show the others an example, when somebody came with a message to him, which was delivered in a low tone; Peter listening drank out his wine, set down the glass, and hastened off; so that Bieren and Münnich, the two old

[1] Supra, vol. iv. pp. 73, 74.

enemies, were left standing, glass in hand, each with his eyes on the Czar's glass;—at length, as the Czar did not return, they flashed each his eyes into the other's face; and after a moment's survey, set down their glasses untasted, and walked off in opposite directions.'[1] Won't coalesce, it seems, in spite of the Czar's high wishes. An emblem of much that befell the poor Czar in his present high course of good intentions and headlong magnanimities!—We return to Hordt:

The Czar wears a Portrait of Friedrich on his Finger. 'Czar Peter never disguised his Prussian predilections. One evening he said, "Propose to your friend Keith" (English Excellency here, whom we know) "to give me a supper at his house tomorrow night. The other Foreign Ministers will perhaps be jealous; but I don't care!" Supper at the English Embassy took place. Only ten or twelve persons, of the Czar's choosing, were present. Czar very gay and in fine spirits. Talked much of the King of Prussia. Showed me a signet-ring on his finger, with Friedrich's Portrait in it; ring was handed round the table.'[2] This is a signet-ring famous at Court in those months. One day Peter had lost it (mislaid somewhere), and got into furious explosion till it was found for him again.[3] Let us now hear Büsching, our Geographical Friend, for a moment:

Herr Pastor Büsching does the Homaging for Self and People. * * 'In most Countries, it is Official or Military People that administer the Oath of Homage, on a change of Sovereigns. But in Petersburg, among the German population, it is the Pastors of their respective Churches. At the accession of Peter III., I, for the first time' (being still a young hand rather than an old), 'took the Oath from several thousands in my Church,'—and handed it over, with my own, in the proper quarter.

'As to the Congratulatory Addresses, the new Czar received the Congratulations of all classes, and also of the Pastors of the Foreign Churches, in the following manner. He came walking slowly through a suite of rooms, in each of which a body of Congratulators were assembled. Court-officials preceded, State-officials followed him. Then came the Czarina, attended in a similar way. And always on entering a new room, they received a new Congratulation from the spokesman of the party there. The spokesman of us Protestant Pastors was my colleague, Senior Trefurt; but the General-in-Chief and Head-of-Police, Baron von Korf' (Hordt's friend, known to us above, German, we perceive, by creed and name), 'thinking it was I that had to make the speech, and intending to present me at the same time to the Czar, motioned to me from his place behind the Czar to advance. But I did

[1] Rulhière, p. 33.
[2] Hordt, ii. 118, 124, 129.
[3] Hermann, v. 258.

not push forward; thinking it inopportune and of no importance to me.' —'Neither did I share the great expectations which Baron von Korf and everybody entertained of this new reign. All people now promised themselves better times, without reflecting' (as they should have done!) 'that the better men necessary to produce these were nowhere forthcoming!'[1]

For the first two or three months, Peter was the idol of all the world: Such generosities and magnanimities; such zeal and diligence, one magnanimous improvement following another! He had at once abolished Torture in his Law Courts; resolved to have a regular Code of Laws,—and Judges to be depended on for doing justice. He 'destroyed monopolies'; 'lowered the price of salt.' To the joy of everybody, he had hastened (January 18th, second week of reign) to abolish the *Secret Chancery*,—a horrid Spanish-Inquisition engine of domestic politics. His Nobility he had determined should be noble: January 28th (third week of reign just beginning), he absolved the Nobility from all servile duties to him: 'You can travel when and where you please; you are not obliged to serve in my Armies; you may serve in anybody's not at war with me!' under plaudits loud and universal from that Order of men. And was petitioned by a grateful Petersburg world: 'Permit us, magnanimous Czar, to raise a Statue of your Majesty in solid Gold?' 'Don't at all!' answered Peter: 'Ah, if by good governing I could raise a memorial in my People's hearts; that would be the Statue for me!'[2] Poor headlong Peter!—It was a less lucky step that of informing the Clergy (date not given), That in the Czarship lay Spiritual Sovereignty as well as Temporal, and that *he* would henceforth administer their rich Abbey Lands and the like;—this gave a sad shock to the upper strata of Priesthood, extending gradually to the lower, and ultimately raising an ominous general thought (perhaps worse than a general cry) of 'Church in Danger! Alas, is our Czar regardless of Holy Religion, then? Perhaps, at heart still Lutheran, and has no Religion?' This, and his too headlong Prussian tendencies, are counted to have done him infinite mischief.

Herr Büsching sees the Czar on Horseback. 'When the Czar's own Regiment of Cuirassiers came to Petersburg, the Czar, dressed in the uniform of the regiment, rode out to meet it; and returning at its head, rode repeatedly through certain quarters of the Town. His helmet was buckled tight with leather straps under the chin; he sat his horse as upright and stiff as a wooden image; held his sabre in equally stiff manner; turned fixedly his eyes to the right; and never by a hairs-breadth changed that posture. In such attitude he twice passed my

[1] Büsching's *Beyträge*, vi. ('Author's own Biography') 462 et seq.
[2] Hermann, v. 248.

house with his regiment, without changing a feature at sight of the many persons who crowded the windows. To me' (in my privately austere judgment) 'he seemed so *kleingeistisch*, so small-minded a person, that I'—in fact, knew not what to think of it.[1]

Hordt sees the deceased Czarina lying in State. 'One day, after dining at Court, General Korf proposed that we should go and see the *Lit de Parade*' (Parade-Bed of the late Czarina, which is in another Palace, not far off. 'Count Schuwalof' (*not* her old lover, who has *died* since her, poor old creature; but his Son, a cultivated man, afterwards Voltaire's friend) 'accompanied us; and, his rooms being contiguous to those of the dead Lady, he asked us to take coffee with him afterwards. The Imperial Bier stood in the Grand Saloon, which was hung all round with black, festooned and garlanded with cloth-of-silver; the glare of wax-lights quite blinding. Bier, covered with cloth-of-gold trimmed with silver lace, was raised upon steps. A rich Crown was on the head of the dead Czarina. Beside the Bier stood four Ladies, two on each hand, in grand mourning; immense crape training on the ground behind them. Two Officers of the Life-Guard occupied the lowest steps: on the topmost, at the foot of the bier, was an Archimandrite (superior kind of *Abbot*), who had a Bible before him, from which he read aloud,—continuously till relieved by another. This went on day and night without interruption. All round the bier, on stools (*tabourets*), were placed different Crowns and the insignia of various Orders,—those of Prussia, among others. It being established usage, I had, to my great repugnance, to kiss the hand of the corpse! We then talked a little to the Ladies in attendance (with their crape trains), joking about the article of hand-kissing; finally we adjourned for Coffee to Count Schuwalof's apartments, which were of an incredible magnificence.' That same evening, farther on,—

'I supped with the Czar in his *Petit Appartement*, Private Rooms' (a fine free-and-easy nook of space!). 'The company there consisted of the Countess Woronzow, a creature without any graces, bodily or mental, whom the Czar had chosen for his Mistress' (snub-nosed, pock-marked, fat, and with a pert tongue at times), 'whom I liked the less, as there were one or two other very handsome women there. Some Courtiers too; and no Foreigners but the English Envoy and myself. The supper was very gay, and was prolonged late into the night. These late orgies, however, did not prevent his Majesty from attending to business in good time next morning. He would appear unexpectedly, at an early hour, at the Senate, at the Synod' (Head *Consistory*), 'making them stand to their duties,'—or pretend to do it. His Majesty is not understood to have got much real work out of either of these Governing Bodies; the

[1] Büsching's *Beyträge*, vi. 464.

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former, the Senate, or *secular* one, which had fallen very torpid latterly, was, not long after this, suffered to die-out altogether. Peter himself was a violently pushing man, and never shrank from labour; always in a plunge of hurries, and of irregular hours. In his final time, people whispered, 'The Czar is killing himself; sits smoking, tippling, talking till 2 in the morning; and is overhead in business again by 7!'

Czarina Elizabeth's Funeral, as seen by Hordt (much abridged). 'At 10 in the morning all the bells in Petersburg broke-out; and tolled incessantly' (day or month not hinted at,—nor worth seeking; grim darkness of universal frost perceptible enough; clangour of bells; and procession seemingly of miles long,—on this extremely high errand!)—'Minute-guns were fired from the moment the procession set-out from the Castle till it arrived at the Citadel, a distance of two English miles and a half. Planks were laid all the way; forming a sort of bridge through the streets, and over the ice of the Neva. All the soldiers of the Garrison were ranked in espalier on each side. Three hundred grenadiers opened the march; after them, three hundred priests, in sacerdotal costume; walking two-and-two, singing hymns. All the Crowns and Orders, above mentioned by me, were carried by high Dignitaries of the Court, walking in single file, each a chamberlain behind him. Hearse was followed by the Czar, skirt of his black cloak held-up by Twelve Chamberlains, each a lighted taper in the *other* hand. Prince George of Holstein' (Czar's Uncle) 'came next, then Holstein-Beck' (Czar's Cousin). 'Czarina Catharine followed, also on foot, with a lighted taper; her cloak borne by all her Ladies. Three hundred Grenadiers closed the procession. Bells tolling, minute-guns firing, seas of people crowding.'—Thus the Russians buried their Czarina. Day and its dusky frost-curtains sank; and Boötes, looking down from the starry deeps, found one Telluric Anomaly forever hidden from him. She had left of unworn Dresses, the richest procurable in Nature (five a day her usual allowance, and never or seldom worn twice), '15,000 and some hundreds.'[1]

Hordt is of the new Czarina Catharine's Evening Parties. 'The Czarina received company every morning. She received everybody with great affability and grace. But notwithstanding her efforts to appear gay, one could perceive a deep background of sadness in her. She knew better than anybody the violent (*ardente*) character of her husband; and perhaps she then already foresaw what would come. She also had her circle every evening, and always asked the company to stay supper. One evening, when I was of her party, a confidential Equerry of the Czar came in, and whispered me That I had been searched for all over Town, to come to supper at the *Countess's* (that was the usual designation

[1] Hermann, v. 176.

of the Sultana,'—*das Fräulein*, spelt in Russian ways, is the more usual). 'I begged to be excused for this time, being engaged to sup with the Czarina, to whom I could not well state the reason for which I was to leave. The Equerry had not gone long, when suddenly a great noise was heard, the two wings of the door were flung open, and the Czar entered. He saluted politely the Czarina and her circle; called me with that smiling and gracious air which he always had; took me by the arm, and said to the Czarina: "Excuse me, Madam, if tonight I carry off one of your guests; it is this Prussian I had searched for all over the Town." The Czarina laughed; I made her a deep bow, and went away with my conductor. Next morning I went to the Czarina; who, without mentioning what had passed last night, said smiling, "Come and sup with me always when there is nothing to prevent it." '

February 21st, Hordt at Zarskoe-Zeloe. 'On occasion of the Czar's birthday' (which gives us a date, for once),[1] 'there were great festivities, lasting a week. It began with a grand *Te Deum*, at which the Czar was present, but not the Czarina. She had, that morning, in obedience to her husband's will, decorated "the Countess" with the cordon of the Order of St. Catharine. She was now detained in her Apartment "by indisposition"; and did not leave it during the eight days the festivities lasted.' This happened at the Country Palace, Zarskoe-Zeloe; and is a turning-point in poor Peter's History.[2] From that day, his Czarina saw that, by the medium of her Peter, it was not she that would ever come to be Autocrat; not she, but a pock-marked, unbeautiful Person, with Cordon of the Order of St. Catharine,—blessings on it! From that day the Czarina sat brooding her wrongs and her perils,—wrongs *done*, very many, and now wrongs to be *suffered*, who can say how many! She perceives clearly that the Czar is gone from her, fixedly sullen at her (not without cause);—and that Siberia, or worse, is possible by and by. The Czarina was helplessly wretched for some time; and by degrees entered on a Plot;—assisted by Princess Dashkof (Sister of the Snub-nosed), by Panin (our Son's Tutor, "a genuine Son, I will swear, whatever the Papa may think in his wild moments!"), by Gregory Orlof (one's present Lover), and others of less mark;—and it ripened exquisitely within the next four months!—

Hordt hears the Praises of his King. 'Next day' (nobody can guess what *day*) 'I dined at Court. I sat opposite the Czar, who talked of nothing but of his "good friend the King of Prussia." He knew all the smallest details of his Campaigns; all his military arrangements; the dress and strength of all his Regiments; and he declared aloud that he would shortly put all his troops upon the same footing' (which he did

[1] Michaelis, ii. 627: 'Peter born, 21st February 1728.'

[2] Hermann, p. 253.

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shortly, to the great disgust of his troops).—'Rising from table, the Czar himself did me the honour to say, "Come tomorrow; dine with me *en petit appartement*" (on the *snug*, where we often play high-jinks, and go to great lengths in liquor and tobacco); "I will show you something curious, which you will like." I went at the accustomed hour; I found —Lieutenant-General Werner' (hidden since his accident at Colberg last winter, whom a beneficent Czar has summoned again into the light of noon)! 'I made a great friendship with this distinguished General, who was a charming man; and went constantly about with him, till he left me here,'—Czarish kindness letting Werner home, and detaining me, to my regret.[1]

The Prussian Treaties, first of Peace (May 5th), with all our Conquests flung back, and then of Alliance, with yourself and ourselves, as it were, flung into the bargain,—were by no means so popular in Petersburg as in Berlin! From May 5th onwards, we can suppose Peter to be, perhaps rather rapidly, on the declining hand. Add the fatal element 'Church in Danger' (a Czar privately Apostate); his very Guardsmen indignant at their tight-fitting Prussian uniforms, and at their no less tight Prussian *drill* (which the Czar is uncommonly urgent with); and a Czarina Plot silently spreading on all sides, like subterranean mines filled with gunpowder!—

Herr Büsching sees the Catastrophe (Friday 9th July 1762). 'This being the day before Peter-and-Paul, which is a great Holiday in Petersburg, I drove out, between 9 and 10 in the morning, to visit the sick. On my way from the first house where I had called, I heard a distant noise like that of a rising thunder-storm, and asked my people what it was. They did not know; but it appeared to them like the Shouting of a Mob (*Volksgeschrei*), and there were all sorts of rumours afloat. Some said, "The Czar had suddenly resolved to get himself crowned at Petersburg, before setting out for the War on Denmark." Others said, "He had named the Czarina to be Regent during his absence, and that she was to be crowned for this purpose." These rumours were too silly: meanwhile the noise perceptibly drew nearer; and I ordered my coachman to proceed no farther, but to return home.

'On getting home, I called my Wife; and told her, That something extraordinary was then going on, but that I could not learn what; that it appeared to me like some popular Tumult, which was coming nearer to us every moment. We hurried to the corner room of our house; threw open the window, which looks to the Church of St. Mary of Casan' (where an Act of Thanksgiving has just been consummated, of a very peculiar kind!)—'and we then saw, near this Church, an innumerable crowd of people; dressed and half-dressed soldiers of the foot-

[1] Hordt, ii. 133-145, 151.

regiments of the Guards mixed with the populace. We perceived that the crowd pressed round a common two-seated Hackney Coach drawn by two horses; in which, after a few minutes, a Lady dressed in black, and wearing the Order of St. Catharine, coming out of the Church, took a seat. Whereupon the church-bells began ringing, and the priests, with their assistants carrying crosses, got into procession, and walked before the Coach. We now recognised that it was the Czarina Catharine saluting the multitude to right and left, as she fared along.'[1]

Yes, Doctor, that Lady in black is the Czarina; and has come a drive of twenty miles this morning; and done a great deal of business in Town,—one day before the set time. In her remote Apartment at Peterhof, this morning, between 2 and 3, she awoke to see Alexei Orlof, called oftener *Scarred* Orlof (Lover *Gregory's* Brother), kneeling at her bedside, with the words, 'Madam, you must come: there is not a moment to lose!'—who, seeing her awake, vanished to get the vehicles ready. About 7, she, with the Scarred and her maid and a valet or two, arrived at the Guards' Barracks here,—Gregory Orlof, and others concerned, waiting to receive her, in the fit temper for playing at sharps. She has spoken a little, wept a little, to the Guards (still only half-dressed, many of them): 'Holy religion, Russian Empire thrown at the feet of Prussia; my poor Son to be disinherited: Alack, ohoo!' Whereupon the Guards (their Officers already gained by Orlof) have indignantly blazed up into the fit Hurra-hurra-ing:—and here, since about 9 A.M., we have just been in the 'Church of St. Mary of Casan' ('Oh, my friends, Orthodox Religion, first of all!') doing *Te-Deums* and the other Divine Offices, for the thrice-happy Revolution and Deliverance now vouchsafed us and you! And the Herr Doctor, under outburst of the chimes of St. Mary, and of the jubilant Soldieries and Populations, sees the Czarina saluting to right and left; and Priests, with their assistants and crucifixes ('Behold them, ye Orthodox; is there anything equal to true Religion?'), walking before her Hackney Coach.

'On the one step of her Coach,' continues the Herr Doctor, 'stood Grigorei Grigorjewitsh Orlow,' so he spells him, 'and in front of it, with drawn sword, rode the Field-marshal and Hetman Count Kirila Grigorjewitsh Rasomowski, Colonel of the Ismailow Guard. Lieutenant-General (soon to be General-Ordnance-Master) Villebois came galloping up; leapt from his horse under our windows, and placed himself on the other step of the Coach. The procession passed before our house; going first to the New stone Palace, then to the Old wooden Winter Palace. Common Russians shouted mockingly up to us, "Your god" (meaning the Czar) "is dead!" And others, "He is gone: we will have no more of him!"

[1] *Beyträge*, vi. 465: compare *Rulhière*, p. 95; *Hermann*, v. 287.

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About this hour of the day, at Oranienbaum (*Orange-Tree,* some twenty miles from here, and from Peterhof guess ten or twelve), Czar Peter is drilling zealously his brave Holsteiners (2,000 or more, 'the flower of all my troops'); and has not, for hours after, the least inkling of all this. Catharine had been across to visit him on Wednesday, no farther back; and had kindled Oranienbaum into opera, into illumination and what not. Thursday (yesterday), Czar and Czarina met at some Grandee's festivity, who lives between their two Residences. This day the Czar is appointed for Peterhof; tomorrow, July 10th (Peter-and-Paul's grand Holiday), Czar, Czarina and united Court were to have done the Festivities together there,—with Czarina's powder-mine of Plot laid under them; which latter has exploded one day sooner, in the present happy manner! The poor Czar, this day, on getting to Peterhof, and finding Czarina vanished, understood too well: he saw 'big smoke-clouds rise suddenly over Petersburg region,' withal,—'Ha, she has cannon going for her yonder; salvoing and homaging!'—and rushed back to Oranienbaum half mad. Old Münnich undertook to save him, by one, by two or even three different methods, 'Only order me, stand up to it with sword bare!'—but Peter's wits were all flying miscellaneously about, and he could resolve on nothing.

Peter and his Czarina never met more. Saturday (tomorrow), he abdicates; drives over to Peterhof, expecting, as per bargain, interview with his Wife; freedom to retire to Holstein, and 'every sort of kindness compatible with his situation'; but is met there instead, on the staircase, by brutal people, who tear the orders off his coat, at length the very clothes off his back,—and pack him away to Ropscha, a quiet Villa some miles off, to sit silent there till Orlof and Company have considered. Consideration is: 'To Holstein? He has an Anti-Danish Russian Army just now in that neighbourhood; he will not be safe in Holstein;—where will he be safe?' Saturday 17th, Peter's seventh day in Ropscha, the Orlofs (Scarred Orlof and Four other miscreants, one of them a Prince, one a Playactor) came over, and murdered poor Peter, in a treacherous, and even bungling and disgusting, and altogether hideous manner. 'A glass of burgundy' (poisoned burgundy), 'your Highness?' said they, at dinner with his poor Highness. On the back of which, the burgundy having failed and been found out, came grappling and hauling, trampling, shrieking, and at last strangulation. Surely the Devil will reward such a Five of his Elect?— —But we detain Herr Büsching: it is still only Friday morning, 9th of the month; and the Czarina's Hackney Coach, in the manner of a comet and tail, has just gone into other streets:

'After this terrible uproar had left our quarter, I hastened to the Danish Ambassador, Count Haxthausen, who lived near me, to bring

him the important news that the Czar was said to be dead. The Count was just about to burn a mass of Papers, fearing the mob would plunder his house; but he did not proceed with it now, and thanked Heaven for saving his Country. His Secretary of Legation, my friend Schumacher, gave me all the money he had in his pockets, to distribute amongst the poor; and I returned home. Directly after, there passed our house, at a rate as if the horses were running away, a common two-horse coach, in which sat Head-Tutor (*Ober-Hofmeister*) von Panin with the Grand Duke' (famous Czar Paul that is to be), 'who was still in his nightgown,' poor frightened little boy!—

'Not long after, I saw some of the Foot-guards, in the public street near the Winter Palace, selling, at rates dog-cheap, their new uniforms after the Prussian cut, which they had stript off; whilst others, singing merrily, carried about, stuck on the top of their muskets, or on their bayonets, their new grenadier caps of Prussian fashion.[1] I saw several soldiers, out on errand or otherwise, seizing the coaches they met in the streets, and driving-on in them. Others appropriated the eatables which hucksters carried about in baskets. But in all this wild tumult, nobody was killed; and only at Oranienbaum a few Holstein soldiers got wounded by some low Russians, in their wantonness.

'July 11th, the disorder amongst the soldiers was at its height; yet still much less than might have been expected. Many of them entered the houses of Foreigners, and demanded money. Seeing a number of them come into my house, I hastily put a quantity of roubles and half-roubles in my pocket, and went out with a servant, especially with a cheerful face, to meet them,'—and no harm was done.

'*Saturday July* 17*th* was the day of the Czar's death; on the same 17th, the Empress was informed of it, and next day, his body was brought from Ropscha to the Convent of St. Alexander Newski, near Petersburg. Here it lay in state three days; nay, an Imperial Manifesto even ordered that the last honours and duty be paid to it. July 20th, I drove thither with my Wife; and to be able to view the body more minutely, we passed twice through the room where it lay' (An uncommonly broad neckcloth on it, did you observe?) 'Owing to the rapid dissolution, it had to be interred on the following day:—and it was a touching circumstance, that this happened to be the very day on which the Czar had fixed to start from Petersburg on his Campaign against Denmark.'[2]

Catharine, one must own with a shudder, has not attained the Autocracy of All the Russias gratis. Let us hope she would once,—till driven upon a dire alternative,—have herself

[1] See in *Hermann* (v. 291) the Saxon Ambassador's Report.

[2] Büsching, vi. 464-467.

shuddered to purchase at such a price. A kind of horror haunts one's notion of her redhanded brazen-faced Orlofs and her, which all the cosmetics of the world will never quite cover. And yet, on the spot, in Petersburg at the moment—! Read this Clipping from Smelfungus, on a collateral topic:

'In *Büsching's Magazine* are some Love-letters from the old Marshal Münnich to Catharine just after this event, which are psychologically curious. Love-letters, for they partake of that character; though the man is 82, and has had such breakages and vicissitudes in this Earth. Alive yet, it would seem; and full of ambitions. Unspeakably beautiful is this young Woman to him; radiant as ox-eyed Juno, as Diana of the silver bow,—such a power in her to gratify the avarices, ambitions, cupidities of an insatiable old fellow: Oh divine young Empress, Aurora of bright Summer epochs, rosy-fingered daughter of the Sun,—grant me the governing of This, the administering of That: and see what a thing I will make of it (I, an inventive old gentleman), for your Majesty's honour and glory, and my own advantage![1]——Innumerable persons of less note than Münnich have their Biographies, and are known to the reading public and in all barbers'-shops, if that were an advantage to them. Very considerable, this Münnich, as a soldier, for one thing. And surely had very strange adventures; an original German character withal:—about the stature of Belleisle, for example; and not quite unlike Belleisle in some of his ways? Came originally from the swamps of Oldenburg, or Lower Weser Country,—son of a *Deichgräfe* (Ditch-Superintendent) there. *Requiescant* in oblivious silence, Belleisle and he; it is better than being lied of, and maundered of, and blotched and blundered of.

'Biographies were once rhythmic, earnest as death or as life, earnest as transcendent human Insight risen to the Singing pitch; some Homer, nay, some Psalmist or Evangelist, spokesman of reverent Populations, was the Biographer. Rhythmic, *with* exactitude, investigation to the very marrow; this, or else oblivion, Biography should now, and at all times, be; but is not,—by any manner of means. With what results is visible enough, if you will look! Human Stupor, fallen into the dishonest, lazy and *un*flogged condition, is truly an awful thing.'

Catharine did not persist in her Anti-Prussian determina-

[1] Büsching, *Magazin für die neue Historie und Geographie* (Halle, Year 1782), xvi. 413-477 (22 *Letters*, and only thrice or so a word of *Response* from '*ma Divinité*': dates, 'Narva, 4th August 1762' . . . 'Petersburg, 3d October 1762').

tion. July 9th, the Manifesto had been indignantly emphatic on Prussia; July 22d, in a Note to Goltz from the Czarina, it was all withdrawn again.[1] Looking into the deceased Czar's Papers, she found that Friedrich's Letters to him had contained nothing of wrong or offensive; always excellent advices, on the contrary,—advice, among others, To be conciliatory to his clever-witted Wife, and to make her his ally, not his opponent, in living and reigning. In Königsberg (July 16th, seven days after July 9th), the Russian Governor, just on the point of quitting, emitted Proclamation, to everybody's horror: 'No; altered, all that; under pain of death, your Oath to Russia still valid!' Which for the next ten days, or till his new Proclamation, made such a Königsberg of it as may be imagined. The sight of those Letters is understood to have turned the scale; which had hung wavering till July 22d in the Czarina's mind. 'Can it be good,' she might privately think withal, 'to begin our reign by kindling a foolish War again?' How Friedrich received the news of July 9th, and into what a crisis it threw him, we shall soon see. His Campaign had begun July 1st;—and has been summoning us home, into *its* horizon, for some time.

CHAPTER XI

SEVENTH CAMPAIGN OPENS

Friedrich's plan of Campaign is settled long since: Recapture Schweidnitz; clear Silesia of the enemy; Silesia and all our own Dominions clear, we can then stand fencible against the Austrian perseverances. Peace, one day, they must grant us. The general tide of European things is changed by these occurrences in Petersburg and London. Peace is evidently near. France and England are again

[1] Rödenbeck, ii. 171.

beginning to negotiate; no Pitt now to be rigorous. The tide of War has been wavering at its summit for two years past; and now, with this of Russia, and this of Bute instead of Pitt, there is ebb everywhere, and all Europe determining for peace. Steady at the helm, as heretofore, a Friedrich, with the world-current in his favour, may hope to get home after all.

Austrian Headquarters had been at Waldenburg, under Loudon or his Lieutenants, all Winter. Loudon returned thither from Vienna April 7th; but is not to command in chief, this Year,—Schweidnitz still sticking in some people's throats: 'Dangerous; a man with such rash practices, rapidities and Pandour tendencies!' Daun is to command in Silesia; Loudon, under him, obscure to us henceforth, and inoffensive to Official people. Reichs Army shall take charge of Saxony; nominally a Reichs Army, though there are 35,000 Austrians in it, as the soul of it, under some Serbelloni, some Stollberg as Chief—(the fact, I believe, is: Serbelloni got angrily displaced on that 'crossing of the Mulda by Prince Henri, May 13th'; Prince of Zweibrück had angrily abdicated a year before; and a Prince von Stollberg is now Generalissimo of Reich and Allies: but it is no kind of matter),—some Stollberg, with Serbelloni, Haddick, Maguire and suchlike in subaltern places. Cunctator Daun, in spite of his late sleepy ways, is to be Head-man again: this surely is a cheering circumstance to Friedrich; Loudon, not Daun, being the only man he ever got much ill of hitherto.

Daun arrives in Waldenburg,* May 9th; and to show that he is not cunctatory, steps out within a week after. May 15th, he has descended from his Mountains; has swept round by the back and by the front of Schweidnitz, far and wide, into the Plain Country, and encamped himself crescent-wise, many miles in length, Headquarter near the Zobtenberg. Bent fondly round Schweidnitz; meaning, as is evident, to defend Schweidnitz against all comers,—his very position

* See Map, p. 468.

symbolically intimating: 'I will fight for it, Prussian Majesty, if you like!'

Prussian Majesty, however, seemed to take no notice of him; and, what was very surprising, kept his old quarters: 'a Cantonment, or Chain of Posts, ten miles long; Schweidnitz Water on his right flank, Oder on his left'; perfectly safe, as he perceives, being able to assemble in four hours, if Daun try anything.[1] And, in fact, sat there, and did not come into the Field at all for five weeks or more;—waiting till Czernichef's 20,000 arrive, who are on march from Thorn since June 2d. Mere small-war goes on in the interim; world getting all greener and flowrier; the Glatz Highlands, to one's left yonder (Owl-Mountains, *Eulengebirge* so-called), lying magically blue and mysterious:—on the Plain in front of them, ten miles from the final peaks of them, is Schweidnitz Fortress, lying full in view, with a picked Garrison of 12,000 under a picked Captain, and all else of defence or impregnability; and Friedrich privately determined to take it, though by methods of his own choosing, and which cannot commence till Czernichef come. Daun, with his right wing, has hold of those Highland Regions, and cautiously guards them; can, when he pleases, wend back to Waldenburg Country; and at once, with his superior numbers, block all passages, and sit there impregnable. The methods of dislodging him are obscure to Friedrich himself; but methods there must be, dislodged he must be, and sent packing. Without that, all siege of Schweidnitz is flatly impossible.

June 27th, Friedrich's Headquarter is Tintz, Czernichef now nigh:[2] two days ago (June 25th), Czernichef's Cossacks 'crossed the Oder at Auras,'—with how different objects from those they used to have! *July* 1*st*, Czernichef himself is here, in full tale and equipment. Had encamped, a day ago, on the Field of Lissa; where Majesty reviewed him, inspected and manœuvred him, with great mutual satisfaction. 'Field of Lissa'; it is where our poor Prussian people

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 66. [2] *Ibid.* vi. 76.

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encamped on the night of Leuthen, with their '*Nun danket alle Gott*,' five years ago, in memorable circumstances: to what various uses are Earth's Fields liable!

Friedrich, by degrees, has considerably changed his opinion, and bent towards the late Keith's, about Russian Soldiery: a Soldiery of most various kinds; from predatory Cossacks and Calmucks to those noble Grenadiers, whom we saw sit down on the Walls of Schweidnitz when their work was done. A perfectly steady obedience is in these men; at any and all times obedient, to the death if needful, and with a silence, with a steadfastness as of rocks and gravitation. Which is a superlative quality in soldiers. Good in Nations too, within limits; and much a distinction in the Russian Nation: rare, or almost unique, in these unruly Times. The Russians have privately had their admirations of Friedrich, all this while; and called him by I forget what unpronounceable vernacular epithet, signifying 'Son of Lightning,' or some such thing.[1] No doubt they are proud to have a stroke of service under such a one, since Father Peter Feodorowitsh graciously orders it: the very Cossacks show an alertness, a vivacity; and see cheery possibilities ahead, in Countries not yet plundered out. They stayed with Friedrich only Three Weeks,—Russia being an uncertain Country. As we have seen above; though Friedrich, who is vitally concerned, has not yet seen! But their junction with him, and review by him in the Field of Lissa, had its uses by and by; and may be counted an epoch in Russian History, if nothing more. The poor Russian Nation, most pitiable of loyal Nations,—struggling patiently ahead, on those bad terms, under such *Catins* and foul Nightmares,—has it, shall we say, quite gone without conquest in this mad War? Perhaps, not quite. It has at least shown Europe that it possesses fighting qualities: a changed Nation, since Karl XII. beat them easily, at Narva, 8,000 to 80,000, in the snowy morning, long since!—

[1] Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (1775), vol. ii. (page irrecoverable).

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Czernichef once come, and in his place in the Camp of Tintz, business instantly begins,—business, and a press of it, in right earnest;—upon the hitherto idle Daun. July 1st, there is general complex Advance everywhere on Friedrich's part; general attempt towards the Mountains. Upon which Daun, well awake, at once rolls universally thitherward again; takes post in front of the Mountains,—on the Heights of Kunzendorf, to wit (Loudon's old post in Bunzelwitz time); —and elaborately spreads himself out in defence there. 'Take him multifariously by the left flank, get between him and his Magazine at Braunau!' thinks Friedrich. Discovering which, Daun straightway hitches back into the Mountains altogether, leaving Kunzendorf to Friedrich's use as main camp. His outmost Austrians, on the edge of the Mountain Country, and back as far as suitable, Daun elaborately posts; and intrenches himself behind them in all the commanding points,—Schweidnitz still well in sight; and Braunau and the roads to it well capable of being guarded. Daun's Headquarter is Tannhausen; Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, if readers can remember them, are frontward posts:—in his old imperturbable way Daun sits there waiting events.

And for near three weeks there ensues a very multiplex series of rapid movements, and alarming demonstrations, on Daun's front, on Daun's right flank; with serious extensive effort (masked in that way) to turn Daun's left flank, and push round by Landshut Country upon Bohemia and Braunau. Effort very serious indeed on that Landshut side: conducted at first by Friedrich in person, with General Wied (called also *Neu*wied, a man of mark since Liegnitz time) as second under him; latterly by Wied himself, as Friedrich found it growing dubious or hopeless. That was Friedrich's first notion of the Daun problem. There are rapid marches here, there, round that western or left flank of Daun; sudden spurts of fierce fighting, oftenest with a stiff climb as preliminary: but not the least real success on Daun. Daun perfectly comprehends what is on foot; refuses to take shine for substance; stands

massed, or grouped, at his own skilful judgment, in the proper points for Braunau, still more for Schweidnitz; and is very vigilant and imperturbable.

Kunzendorf Heights, which are not *of* the Hills, but in front of them, with a strip of flat still intervening;—these, we said, Daun had at once quitted: and these are now Friedrich's;—but yield him a very complex prospect at present. A line of opposing Heights, Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, Leuthmannsdorf, bristling with abundant cannon; behind is the multiplex sea of Hills, rising higher and higher, to the ridge of the Eulenberg in Glatz Country 10 or 12 miles southward: Daun, with forces much superior, calmly lord of all that; infinitely needing to be ousted, could one but say how! Friedrich begins to perceive that Braunau will not do; that he must contrive some other plan. General Wied he still leaves to prosecute the Braunau scheme: perhaps there is still some chance in it; at lowest it will keep Daun's attention thitherward. And Wied perseveres upon Braunau; and Braunau proving impossible, pushes past it deeper into Bohemia, Daun loftily regardless of him. Wied's marches and attempts were of approved quality; though unsuccessful in the way of stirring Daun. Wied's Light troops went scouring almost as far as Prag,—especially a 500 Cossacks that were with him, following their old fashion, in a new Country. To the horror of Austria; who shrieked loudly, feeling them in her own bowels; though so quiet while they were in other people's on her score. This of the 500 Cossacks under Wied, if this were anything, was all of actual work that Friedrich had from his Czernichef Allies;—nothing more of real or actual while they stayed, though something of imaginary or ostensible which had its importance, as we shall see.

Friedrich, in the third week, recalls Wied; 'Braunau clearly impossible; only let us still keep-up appearances!' July 18th, Wied is in Kunzendorf Country again; on an important new enterprise, or method with the Daun Problem,

in which Wied is to bear a principal hand. That is to say, The discomfiture and overturn of Daun's right wing, if we can,—since his left has proved impossible. This was the *Storming of Burkersdorf Heights;* Friedrich's new plan. Which did prove successful, and is still famous in the Annals of War: reckoned by all judges a beautiful plan, beautifully executed, and once more a wonderful achieving of what seemed the impossible, when it had become the indispensable. One of Friedrich's prettiest feats; and the last of his notable performances in this War. Readers ought not to be left without some shadowy authentic notion of it; though the real portraiture or image (which is achievable too, after long study) is for the professional soldier only,—for whom *Tempelhof*, good maps and plenty of patience are the recipe.

'The scene is the Wall of Heights, running east and west, parallel to Friedrich's Position at Kunzendorf; which form the Face, or decisive beginning, of that Mountain Glacis spreading up ten miles farther, towards Glatz Country. They, these Heights called of Burkersdorf, are in effect Daun's right wing; vitally precious to Daun, who has taken every pains about them. Burkersdorf Height (or Heights, for there are two, divided by the Brook Weistritz; but we shall neglect the eastern or lower, which is ruled by the other, and stands or falls along with it), Burkersdorf Height is the principal: a Hill of some magnitude (short way south of the Village of Burkersdorf, which also is Daun's); Hill falling rather steep down, on two of its sides, namely on the north side, which is towards Friedrich and Kunzendorf, and on the east side, where Weistritz Water, as yet only a Brook, gushes out from the Mountains,—hastening towards Schweidnitz or Schweidnitz Water; towards Lissa and Leuthen Country, where we have seen it on an important night. Weistritz, at this part, has scarped the eastern flank of Burkersdorf Height; and made for itself a pleasant little Valley there: this is the one Pass into the Mountains. A Valley of level bottom; where Daun has a terrific trench and sunk battery level with the ground, capable of sweeping to destruction whoever enters there without leave.

'East from Burkersdorf Lesser Height (which we neglect for the present), and a little farther inwards or south, are Two other Heights: Ludwigsdorf and Leuthmannsdorf; which also need capture, as adjuncts of Burkersdorf, or second line to Burkersdorf; and are abundantly difficult, though not so steep as Burkersdorf.

'The Enterprise, therefore, divides itself into two. Wied is to do the

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Ludwigsdorf-Leuthmannsdorf part; Möllendorf, the Burkersdorf. The strength of guns in these places, especially on Burkersdorf,—we know Daun's habit in that particular; and need say nothing. Man-devouring batteries, abatis; battalions palisaded to the teeth, "the pales strong as masts, and room only for a musket-barrel between"; nay, they are "furnished with a lath or cross-strap all along, for resting your gun-barrel on and taking aim":—so careful is Daun. The ground itself is intricate, in parts impracticably steep; everywhere full of bushes, gnarls and impediments. Seldom was there such a problem altogether! Friedrich's position, as we say, is Kunzendorf Heights, with Schweidnitz and his old ground of Bunzelwitz to rear, Czernichef and others lying there, and Würben and the old Villages and Heights again occupied as posts:—what a tale of Egyptian bricks has one to bake, your Majesty, on certain fields of this world; and with such insufficiency of raw-material sometimes!'

By the 16th of July, Friedrich's plans are complete. Contrived, I must say, with a veracity and opulent potency of intellect, flashing clear into the matter, and yet careful of the smallest practical detail. *Friday 17th*, Möllendorf, with men and furnitures complete, circles off north-westward by Würben (for the benefit of certain onlookers), but will have circled round to Burkersdorf neighbourhood two days hence; by which time also Wied will be quietly in his place thereabouts, with a view to business on the 20th and 21st. Möllendorf, Wied and everything, are prosperously under way in this manner,—when, on the afternoon of that same Friday 17th,[1] Czernichef steps over, most privately, to headquarters: with what a bit of news! 'A Revolution in Petersburg' (*July 9th*, as we saw above, or as Herr Büsching saw); 'Czar Peter, your Majesty's adorer, is dethroned, perhaps murdered; your Majesty's enemies, in the name of Czarina Catherine, order me instantly homeward with my 20,000!' This is true news, this of Czernichef. A most unexpected, overwhelming Revolution in those Northern Parts;—not needing to be farther touched upon in this place.

What here concerns us is, Friedrich's feelings on hearing of it; which no reader can now imagine. Horror, amaze-

[1] Compare Tempelhof, vi. 99, and Rödenbeck, ii. 164.

ment, pity, very poignant; grief for one's hapless friend Peter, for one's still more hapless self! 'The Sisyphus stone, which we had got dragged to the top, the chains all beautifully slack these three months past,—has it leapt away again? And on the eve of Burkersdorf, and our grand Daun problem!' Truly, the Destinies have been quite dramatic with this King, and have contrived the moment of hitting him to the heart. He passionately entreats Czernichef to be helpful to him,—which Czernichef would fain be, only how can he? To be helpful; at least to keep the matter absolutely secret yet for some hours: this the obliging Czernichef will do. And Friedrich remains, Czernichef having promised this, in the throes of desperate consideration and uncertainty, hour after hour,—how many hours I do not know. It is confidently said,[1] Friedrich had the thought of forcibly disarming Czernichef and his 20,000:—in which case he must have given-up the Daun Enterprise; for without Czernichef as a positive quantity, much more with Czernichef as a negative, it is impossible. But, at any rate, most luckily for himself, he came upon a milder thought: 'Stay with us yet three days, merely in the semblance of Allies, no service required of you, but keeping the matter a dead secret;—on the fourth day go, with my eternal thanks!' This is his milder proposal; urged with his best efforts upon the obliging Czernichef: who is in huge difficulty, and sees it to be at peril of his head, but generously consents. It is the same Czernichef who got lodged in Cüstrin cellars, on one occasion: know, O King,—the King, before this, does begin to know,—that Russians too can have something of heroic, and can recognise a hero when they see him! In this fine way does Friedrich get the frightful chasm, or sudden gap of the ground under him, bridged-over for the moment; and proceeds upon Burkersdorf all the same.

Of the attack itself we propose to say almost nothing. It consists of Two Parts, Wied and Möllendorf, which are intensely Real; and of a great many more which are Scenic

[1] Retzow, ii. 415.

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chiefly,—some of them Scenic to the degree of Drury-Lane itself, as we perceive;—all cunningly devised, and beautifully playing into one another, both the real and the scenic. *Evening of the 20th*, Friedrich is on his ground, according to Program. Friedrich, — who has now his Möllendorf and Wied beside him again, near this Village of Burkersdorf; and has his completely-scenic Czernichef, and partly-scenic Ziethen and others, all in their places behind him,—quietly crushes Daun's people out of Burkersdorf Village; and furthermore, so soon as Night has fallen, bursts up, for his own uses, Burkersdorf old Castle, and its obstinate handful of defenders, which was a noisier process. Which done, he diligently sets to trenching, building batteries in that part; will have forty formidable guns, howitzers a good few of them, ready before sunrise. And so,

Wednesday 21st July 1762, All Prussians are in motion, far and wide; especially Möllendorf and Wied (*versus* O'Kelly and Prince de Ligne),—which Pair of Prussians may be defined rather as near and close; these Two being, in fact, the soul of the matter, and all else garniture and semblance. About 4 in the morning, Friedrich's battery of 40 has begun raging; the howitzers diligent upon O'Kelly and his Burkersdorf Height,—not much hurting O'Kelly or his Height, so high was it, but making a prodigious noise upon O'Kelly;—others of the cannon shearing home on those palisades and elaborations, in the Weistritz Valley in particular, and quite tearing-up a Cavalry Regiment which was drawn-out there; so that O'Kelly had instantly to call it home, in a very wrecked condition. Why O'Kelly ever put it there,—except that he saw no place for it in his rugged localities, or no use for it anywhere,—is still a mystery to the intelligent mind.[1] The howitzers, their shells bursting mostly in the air, did O'Kelly little hurt, nor for hours yet was there any real attack on Burkersdorf or him; but the noise, the horrid death-blaze was prodigious, and kept O'Kelly, like some

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 107.

others, in an agitated, occupied condition, till their own turn came.

For it had been ordered that Wied and Möllendorf were not to attack together: not together, but successively,—for the following reasons. *Together*; suppose Möllendorf to prosper on O'Kelly (whom he is to storm, not by the steep front part as O'Kelly fancies, but to go round by the western flank and take him in rear); suppose Möllendorf to be near prospering on Burkersdorf Height,—unless Wied too have prospered, Ludwigsdorf batteries and forces will have Möllendorf by the right flank, and between two fires he will be ruined; he and everything! On the other hand, let Wied try first: if Wied *can* manage Ludwigsdorf, well: if Wied cannot, he comes home again with small damage; and the whole Enterprise is off for the present. That was Friedrich's wise arrangement, and the reason why he so bombards O'Kelly with thunder, blank mostly.

And indeed, from 4 this morning and till 4 in the afternoon, there is such an outburst and blazing series of Scenic Effect, and thunder mostly blank, going on far and near all over that District of Country: General This ostentatiously speeding off, as if for attack on some important place; General That, for attack on some other; all hands busy,—the 20,000 Russians not yet speeding, but seemingly just about to do it, —and blank thunder so mixed with not-blank, and scenic effect with bitter reality,[1]—as was seldom seen before. And no wisest Daun, not to speak of his O'Kellys and lieutenants, can, for the life of him, say where the real attack is to be, or on what hand to turn himself. Daun in person, I believe, is still at Tannhausen, near the centre of this astonishing scene; five or six miles from any practical part of it. And does order forward, hither, thither, masses of force to support the De Ligne, the O'Kelly, among others; but who can tell what to support? Daun's lieutenants were alert some of them, others less: General Guasco, for instance, who is in Schweid-

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 105-111.

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nitz, an alert Commandant, with 12,000 picked men, was drawing-out, of his own will, with certain regiments to try Friedrich's rear: but a check was put on him (some dangerous shake of the fist from afar), when he had to draw-in again. In general the O'Kelly supports sat gazing dubiously, and did nothing for O'Kelly but roll back along with him, when the time came. But let us first attend to Wied, and the Ludwigsdorf-Leuthmannsdorf part.

Wied, divided into Three, is diligently pushing-up on Ludwigsdorf by the slacker eastern ascents; meets firm enough battalions, potent, dangerous and resolute in their strong posts; but endeavours firmly to be more dangerous than they. Dislodges everything, on his right, on his left; comes in sight of the batteries and ranked masses atop, which seem to him difficult indeed; flatly impossible, if tried on front; but always some Colonel Lottum, or quick-eyed man, finds some little valley, little hollow; gets at the Enemy side-wise and rear-wise; rushes on with fixed bayonets, double-quick, to coöperate with the front: and, on the whole, there are the best news from Wied, and we perceive he sees his way through the affair.

Upon which, Möllendorf gets in motion, upon his specific errand. Möllendorf has been surveying his ground a little, during the leisure hour; especially examining what mode of passage there may be, and looking for some road up those slacker western parts: has found no road, but a kind of sheep-track, which he thinks will do. Möllendorf, with all energy, surmounting many difficulties, pushes up accordingly; gets into his sheep-track; finds, in the steeper parts of this track, that horses cannot draw his cannon; sets his men to do it; pulls and pushes, he and they, with a right will;—sees over his left shoulder, at a certain point, the ranked Austrians waiting for him behind their cannon (which must have been an interesting glimpse of scenery for some moments); tugs along, till he is at a point for planting his cannon; and then, under help of these, rushes forward,—in two parts,

perhaps in three, but with one impetus in all,—to seize the Austrian fruit set before him. Surely, if a precious, a very prickly pomegranate, to clutch hold of on different sides, after such a climb! The Austrians make stiff fight; have abatis, multiplex defences; and Möllendorf has a furious wrestle with this last remnant, holding out wonderfully,—till at length the abatis itself catches fire, in the musketry, and they have to surrender. This must be about noon, as I collect: and Feldmarschall Daun himself now orders everybody to fall back. And the tug of fight is over;—though Friedrich's scenic effects did not cease; and in particular his big battery raged till 5 in the afternoon, the more to confirm Daun's rearward resolutions and quicken his motions. On fall of night, Daun, everybody having had his orders, and been making his preparations for six hours past, ebbed totally away; in perfect order, bag and baggage. Well away to southward; and left Friedrich quit of him.[1]

Quit of Daun forevermore, as it turned out. Plainly free, at any rate, to begin upon Schweidnitz, whenever he sees good. Of the behaviour of Wied, Möllendorf, and their people, indeed of the Prussians one and all, what can be said, but that it was worthy of their Captain and of the Plannings he had made? Which is saying a great deal. 'We got above 14 big guns,' report they; 'above 1,000 prisoners, and perhaps twice as many that deserted to us in the days following.' Czernichef was full of admiration at the day's work: he marched early next morning,—I trust with lasting gratitude on the part of an obliged Friedrich.

Some three weeks before this of Burkersdorf, Duke Ferdinand, near a place called Wilhelmsthal, in the neighbourhood of Cassel, in woody broken country of Hill and Dale, favourable for strategic contrivances, had organised a beautiful

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 100-115: compare *Bericht von der bey Leutmannsdorf den 21sten Julius 1762 vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 302-308); *Anderweiter Bericht von der*, etc. (*ib.* 308-314); Archenholtz, etc. etc.

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movement from many sides, hoping to overwhelm the too careless or too ignorant French, and gain a signal victory over them: *Battle*, so-called, *of Wilhelmsthal*, *June 24th*, 1762, being the result. Mauvillon never can forgive a certain stupid Hanoverian, who mistook his orders; and on getting to his Hill-top, which was the centre of all the rest, —formed himself with his *back* to the point of attack; and began shooting cannon at next to nothing, as if to warn the French, that they had better instantly make off! Which they instantly set about, with a will; and mainly succeeded in; nothing all day but mazes of intricate marching on both sides, with spurts of fight here and there,—ending in a truly stiff bout between Granby and a Comte de Stainville, who covered the retreat, and who could not be beaten without a great deal of trouble. The result a kind of victory to Ferdinand; but nothing like what he expected.[1]

Soubise leads the French this final Year; but he has a D'Estrées with him (our old D'Estrées of *Hastenbeck*), who much helps the account current; and though generally on the declining hand (obliged to give-up Göttingen, to edge away farther and farther out of Hessen itself, to give-up the Weser, and see no shift but the farther side of Fulda, with Frankfurt to rear),—is not often caught napping as here at Wilhelmsthal. There ensued about the banks of the Fulda, and the question, Shall we be driven across it sooner or not so soon? a great deal of fighting and pushing (Battle called of *Lutternberg*, Battle of *Johannisberg*, and others): but all readers will look forward rather to the *Cannonade of Amöneburg*, more precisely Cannonade of the *Brücken-Mühle* (September 21st), which finishes these wearisome death-wrestlings. Peace is coming; all the world can now count on that!

Bute is ravenous for Peace; has been privately taking the most unheard-of steps:—wrote to Kaunitz, 'Peace at once, and we will vote for your *having* Silesia'; to which Kaunitz,

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 227-236; Tempelhof, vi. etc. etc.

suspecting trickery in artless Bute, answered, haughtily sneering, 'No help needed from your Lordship in that matter!' After which repulse, or before it, Bute had applied to the Czar's Minister in London: 'Czarish Majesty to have East Preussen guaranteed to him, if he will insist that the King of Prussia *dispense* with Silesia'; which the indignant Czar rejected with scorn, and at once made his Royal Friend aware of;—with what emotion on the Royal Friend's part we have transiently seen. 'Horrors and perfidies!' ejaculated he, in our hearing lately; and regarded Bute, from that time, as a knave and an imbecile both in one; nor ever quite forgave Bute's Nation either, which was far from being Bute's accomplice in this unheard-of procedure. 'No more Alliances with England!' counted he: 'What Alliance can there be with that ever-fluctuating People? Today they have a thrice-noble Pitt; tomorrow a thrice-paltry Bute, and all goes heels-overhead on the sudden!'[1]

Bute, at this rate of going, will manage to get hold of Peace before long. To Friedrich himself, a Siege of Schweidnitz is now free; Schweidnitz his, the Austrians will have to quit Silesia. 'Their cash is out: except prayer to the Virgin, what but Peace can they attempt farther? In Saxony things will have gone ill, if there be not enough left us to offer them in return for Glatz. And Peace and *As-you-were* must ensue!'—

Let us go upon Schweidnitz, therefore; pausing on none of these subsidiary things; and be brief upon Schweidnitz too.

CHAPTER XII

SIEGE OF SCHWEIDNITZ: SEVENTH CAMPAIGN ENDS

Daun being now cleared away, Friedrich instantly proceeds upon Schweidnitz. Orders the necessary Siege Materials to get under way from Neisse; posts his Army in the proper

[1] Preuss, ii. 308; Mitchell, ii. 286.

7th-16th Aug. 1762]
places, between Daun and the Fortress,—King's headquarter Dittmannsdorf, Army spread in fine large crescent-shape, to south-west of Schweidnitz some ten miles, and as far between Daun and it;—orders home to him his Upper-Silesia Detachments, 'Home, all of you, by Neisse Country, to make-up for Czernichef's departure; from Neisse onwards you can guard the Siege-Ammunition wagons!' Naturally he has blockaded Schweidnitz, from the first; he names Tauentzien Siege-Captain, with a 10 or 12,000 to do the Siege: 'Ahead, all of you!'—and in short, *August 7th*, with the due adroitness and precautions, opens his first parallel; suffering little or nothing hitherto by a resistance which is rather vehement.[1] He expects to have the place in a couple of weeks—'one week (*huit jours*)' he sometimes counts it, but was far out in his reckoning as to time.

The Siege of Schweidnitz occupied two most laborious, tedious months;—and would be wearisome to every reader now, as it was to Friedrich then, did we venture on more than the briefest outline. The resistance is vehement, very skilful:—Commandant is Guasco (the same who was so truculent to Schmettau in the Dresden time); his Garrison is near 12,000, picked from all regiments of the Austrian Army; his provisions, ammunitions, are of the amplest; and he has under him as chief Engineer a M. Gribeauval, who understands 'countermining' like no other. After about a fortnight of trial, and one Event in the neighbourhood which shall be mentioned, this of Mining and Counter-mining,—though the External Sap went restlessly forward too, and the cannonading was incessant on both sides,—came to be regarded more and more as the real method, and for six or seven weeks longer, was persisted in, with wonderful tenacity of attempt and resistance. Friedrich's chief Mining Engineer is also a Frenchman, one Lefebvre; who is personally the rival of Gribeauval (his old class-fellow at College, I almost think); but is not his equal in subterranean work,

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 126.

—or perhaps rather has the harder task of it, that of Mining, instead of *Counter*-mining, or *spoiling* Mines. Tempelhof's account of these two people, and their underground wrestle here, is really curious reading;—clear as daylight to those that will study, but of endless expansion (as usual in Tempelhof), and fit only to be indicated here.[1]

The external Event I promised to mention is an attempt on Daun's part (August 16th) to break-in upon Friedrich's position, and interrupt the Siege, or render it still impossible. Event called the *Battle of Reichenbach*, though there was not much of battle in it;—in which our old friend the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern (whom we have seen in abeyance, and merely a Garrison Commandant, for years back, till the Russians left Stettin to itself) again played a shining part.

Daun,—at Tannhausen, 10 miles to south-west of Friedrich, and spread out among the Hills, with Loudons, Lacys, Becks, as lieutenants, and in plenty of force, could he resolve on using it,—has at last, after a month's meditation, hit upon a plan. Plan of flowing round by the southern skirt of Friedrich, and seizing certain Heights to the south-eastern or open side of Schweidnitz,—Költschen Height the key one;* from which he may spread up at will, Height after Height, to the very Zobtenberg on that eastern side, and render Schweidnitz an impossibility. The plan, people say, was good; but required rapidity of execution,—a thing Daun is not strong in.

Bevern's behaviour, too, upon whom the edge of the matter fell, was very good. Bevern, coming on from Neisse and Upper Silesia, had been much manœuvred upon for various days by Beck; Beck, a dangerous, alert man, doing his utmost to seize post after post, and bar Bevern's way,—

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 122-219; *Bericht und Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9 October* 1762 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376-479); Archenholtz, Retzow, &c.

* See Map, p. 468.

16th Aug. 1762]
meaning especially, as ultimate thing, to get hold of a Height called Fischerberg, which lies near Reichenqach (in the southern Schweidnitz vicinities), and is preface to Költschen Height and to the whole Enterprise of Daun. In most of which attempts, especially in this last, Bevern, with great merit, not of dexterity alone (for the King's Orders had often to be *dis*obeyed in the letter, and only the spirit of them held in view), contrived to outmanœuvre Beck ; and be found (August 13th) already firm on the Fischerberg, when Beck, in full confidence, came marching towards it. 'The Fischerberg lost to us!' Beck had to report, in disappointment. 'Must be recovered, and my grand Enterprise no longer put off!' thinks Daun to himself, in still more disappointment ('Laggard that I am!').—And on the third day following, the *Battle of Reichenbach* ensued. Lacy, as chief, with abundant force, and Beck and Brentano under him: these are to March, 'Recover me that Fischerberg ; it is the preface to Költschen and all else!'[1]

Monday August 16th, pretty early in the day, Lacy, with his Becks and Brentanos, appeared in great force on the western side of Fischerberg ; planted themselves there, about the three villages of Peilau (Upper, Nether and Middle Peilau, a little way to south of Reichenbach), within cannon-shot of Bevern ; their purpose abundantly clear. Behind them, in the gorges of the Mountains, what is not so clear, lay Daun and most of his Army ; intending to push through at once upon Költschen and seize the key, were this of Fischerberg had. Lacy, after reconnoitering a little, spreads his tents (which it is observable Beck does not) ; and all Austrians proceed to cooking their dinner. 'Nothing coming of them till tomorrow!' said Friedrich, who was here ; and went his way home, on this symptom of the Austrian procedures ;—hardly consenting to regard them farther, even when he heard their cannonade begin.

Lacy, the general composure being thus established, and

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 144.

dinner well done, suddenly drew-out about five in the evening, in long strong line, before these Hamlets of Peilau, on the western side of the Fischerberg; Beck privately pushing round by woods to take it on the eastern side: and there ensued abundant cannonading on the part of Lacy and Brentano, and some idle flourishing about of horse, responded to by Bevern; and, on the part of Lacy and Brentano, nothing else whatever. More like a theatre-fight than a real one, says Tempelhof. Beck, however, is in earnest; has a most difficult march through the tangled pathless woods; does arrive at length, and begin real fighting, very sharp for some time; which might have been productive, had Lacy given the least help to it, as he did *not*.[1] Beck did his fieriest; but got repulsed everywhere. Beck tries in various places; finds swamps, impediments, fierce resistance from the Bevern people;—finds, at length, that the King is awake, and that reinforcements, horse, foot, riding-artillery, are coming in at the gallop; and that he, Beck, cannot too soon get away.

None of the King's Foot people could get in for a stroke, though they came mostly running (distance five miles); but the Horse-charges were beautifully impressive on Lacy's theatrical performers, as was the Horse-Artillery to a still more surprising degree; and produced an immediate *Exeunt Omnes* on the Lacy part. All off; about 7 P.M.,—Sun just going down in the autumn sky;—and the Battle of Reichenbach a thing finished. Seeing which, Daun also immediately withdrew, through the gorges of the Mountains again. And for seven weeks thenceforth sat contemplative, without the least farther attempt at relief of Schweidnitz. It was during those seven weeks, some time after this, that poor Madam Daun, going to a Levee at Schönbrunn one day, had her carriage half-filled with symbolical nightcaps, successively flung in upon her by the Vienna people;—symbolical; in lieu of Slashing Articles, and Newspapers the best Instructors, which they as yet have not.

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 146-151.

Next day the Joy-fire of the Prussians taught Guasco what disaster had happened; and on the fifth day afterwards (August 22d), hearing nothing farther of Daun, Guasco offered to surrender, on the principle of Free Withdrawal. 'No, never,' answered Tauentzien, by the King's order: 'As Prisoners of War it must be!' Upon which Guasco stood to his defences again; and maintained himself,—Gribeauval and he did,—with an admirable obstinacy: the details of which would be very wearisome to readers. Gribeauval and he, I said; for from this time, Engineer Lefebvre, though he tried (with bad skill, thinks Tempelhof) some bits of assault above ground, took mainly to mining, and a grand underground invention called *Globes de Compression;* which he reckoned to be the real sovereign method,—unlucky that he was! I may at least explain what *Globe de Compression* is; for it becomes famous on this occasion, and no name could be less descriptive of the thing. Not a *globe* at all, for that matter, nor intended to 'compress,' but to *ex*press, and shatter to pieces in a transcendent degree: it is, in fact, a huge cubical mine-chamber, filled by a wooden box (till Friedrich, in his hurry, taught Lefebvre that a sack would do as well), loaded with, say, five thousand-weight of powder. Sufficient to blow any horn-work, bastion, bulwark, into the air,—provided you plant it in the right place; which poor Lefebvre never can. He tried, with immense labour, successively some four or almost five of these '*Press Balls*' so-called (or Volcanoes in Little); mining on, many yards, 15 or 20 feet underground (tormented by Gribeauval all the way); then at last, exploding his five thousand-weight,—would produce a 'Funnel,' or crater, of perhaps '30 yards in diameter,' but, alas, '150 yards *off* any bastion.' Funnel of no use to him;—mere sign to him that he must go down into it, and begin there again; with better aim, if possible. And then Gribeauval's tormentings; never were the like! Gribeauval has, all round under the Glacis, mine-galleries, or main-roads for Countermining, ready to his hand (mine-galleries built

by Friedrich while lately proprietor); there Gribeauval is hearkening the beat of Lefebvre's picks: 'Ten yards from us, think you? Six yards? Get a 30 hundred-weight of chamber ready for him!' And will, at the right moment, blow Lefebvre's gallery about his ears;—sometimes bursts-in upon him bodily with pistol and cutlass, or still worse, with explosive sulphur-balls, choke-pots and infinitudes of malodour instantaneously developed on Lefebvre,—which mean withal, 'You will have to begin again, Monsieur!' Enough to drive a Lefebvre out of his wits. Twice, or oftener, Lefebvre, a zealous creature but a thin-skinned, flew out into open paroxysm; wept, invoked the gods, threatened suicide: so that Friedrich had to console him, 'Courage, you will manage it; make chicanes on Gribeauval, as he does on you,'—and suggested that powder-*sack* instead of deal-box, which we just mentioned.

Friedrich's patience seems to have been great; but in the end he began to think the time long. He was in three successive headquarters, Dittmannsdorf, Peterswaldau, Bögendorf nearer and nearer;* at length quite near (Bögendorf within a couple of miles); and wondering Gazetteers reported him on horseback, examining minutely the parallels and siege-works,—with a singular indifference to the cannon-balls flying about ('Not easy to hit a small object with cannon!'), and intent only on giving Tauentzien suggestions, admonitions and new orders. Here, prior to Bögendorf, are three snatches of writing, which successively have indications for us. *King to Prince Henri:*

Peterswaldau, August 13th, 1762 (King has just shifted hither, August 10th, on the Bevern-*Reichenbach* score; continues here till September 23d). * * 'You are right to say, "We ourselves are our best Allies." I am of the same opinion; nevertheless, it is a clear duty and call of prudence to try and alleviate the burden as much as possible: and I own to you, that if, after all I have written, the thing fails this time' (as it does), 'I shall be obliged to grant that there is nothing to be made of

* See Map, opposite.

23d Sept. 1762]
those Turks.'— —'We are now in the press of our crisis as to Schweidnitz. The Siege advances beautifully: but Beck is come hereabouts, Lacy masked behind him; and I cannot yet tell you' (not till *Reichenbach* and the 16th) 'whether the Enemy intends some big adventure for disengaging Schweidnitz, or will content himself with disturbing and annoying us.'

Peterswaldau, 9th September. 'Springs, water-threads coming into our mines delay us a little: by the 12th' (in 3-days time, little thinking it would be 30 days!) 'I still hope to despatch you a courier with the news, All is over! Your Nephew' (Prince of Prussia) 'is out today assisting in a forage; he begins to kindle into fine action. We are nothing but pygmies in comparison to him' (in point of physical stature); 'imagine to yourself Prince Franz' (of Brunswick; killed, poor fellow, at Hochkirch), 'only taller still; this is the figure of him at present.'

Peterswaldau, September 19th. * * 'Our Siege wearies all the world; people persecute me to know the end of it; I never get a Berlin Letter without something on that head;—and I have no resource myself but patience. We do all we can: but I cannot hinder the enemy from defending himself, and Gribeauval from being a clever fellow:—soon, however, surely soon, soon, we shall see the end. Our weather here is like December; the Seasons are as mad as the Politics of Europe. Finally, my dear Brother, one must shove Time on; day follows day, and at last we shall catch the one that ends our labours. Adieu; *je vous embrasse.*'[1]—Here farther, from the Siege-ground itself, are some traceries, scratchings by a sure hand which yield us something of image. Date is still only '*Before* Schweidnitz,' far on in the eighth week:

September 23d. 'This morning, before 9, the King' (direct from Peterswaldau, where he has been lodging hitherto,—must have breakfasted rather early) 'came into the Lines here:—his quarter is now to be at Bögendorf near hand, in a Farmhouse there. The Prince of Prussia was riding with him, and Lieutenant-Colonel von Anhalt' (the Adjutant whom we have heard of): 'he looked at the Battery' lately ordered by him; 'looked at many things; rode along, a good 100 yards inside of the vedettes; so that the Enemy noticed him, and fired violently,'—King decidedly ignoring. 'To Captain Beauvrye' (Captain of the Miners) 'he paid a gracious compliment; Major Lefebvre he rallied a little for losing heart, for bungling his business; but was not angry with him, consoled him rather; bantered him on the shabbiness of his equipments, and made him a gift of 400 thalers (60*l.*), to improve

[1] Schöning, iii. 403, 430, 446.

them. Lefebvre, Tauentzien and' another General 'dined with him at Bögendorf today.'[1]

September 24*th, early.* 'The King on horseback viewed the trenches, rode close behind the first parallel, along the midmost communication-line: the Enemy cannonaded at us horribly (*erschrecklich*); a ball struck-down the Page von Pirch's horse' (Pirch lay writhing, making moan,—plainly overmuch, thought the King): 'on Pirch's accident, too, the Prince of Prussia's horse made a wild plunge, and pitched its rider aloft out of the saddle; people thought the Prince was shot, and everybody was in horror: great was the commotion; only the King was heard calling with a clear voice, "*Pirch, vergiss Er seinen Sattel nicht*,—Pirch, bring your saddle with you!"'—

This of Pirch and the saddle is an Anecdote in wide circulation; taken sometimes as a proof of Royal thrift; but is mainly the Royal mode of rebuking Pirch for his weak behaviour in the accident that had befallen. Pirch, an ingenious handy kind of fellow, famed for his pranks and trickeries in those Page-days, had many adventures in the world;—was, for one while, something of a notability among the French; will 'teach you the Prussian mode of drill,' and actually got leave to try it 'on the German Regiments in our service':[2]—died, finally, as Colonel of one of these, at the Siege of Gibraltar, in 1783.

September 25*th.* 'Morning and noon, each time two hours, the King was in his new batteries; and, with great satisfaction, watched the working of them. This day there dined with him the Prince of Bernburg' (General of Brigade here), 'Tauentzien, Lefebvre and Dieskau' (head of the Artillery).

The King is always riding about; has now, virtually, taken charge of the Siege himself. 'In Bögendorf, the first night, he dismissed the Guard sent for him; would have nothing there but six chasers (*jäger*)': an alarming case! 'After a night or two, there came always, without his knowledge, a dragoon party of 30 horse; took post behind Bögendorf Church, patrolled towards Kunzendorf, Giesdorf, and had three pickets.'

September 28*th.* 'Gribeauval has sprung a mine last night'; totally blown-up Lefebvre again! 'Engineer-Lieutenants Gerhard and Von Kleist were wounded by our own people; Captain Guyon was shot': things all going wrong,—weather, I suspect also, bad. 'The King was in dreadful humour (*sehr ungnädig*); rated and rebuked to right and

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[1] 'Captain Götz's *Notebook*' (a conspicuous Captain here, Notebook still in manuscript, I think): cited in *Schöning*, iii. 453 et seq.

[2] Voltaire's wondering Report of him ('Ferney, 7th December 1774'), and Friedrich's quiet Answer ('Berlin, 28th Dec. 1774'): in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 297, 301. Rödenbeck (ii. 198-200) has a slight '*Biography*' of Pirch.

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left: 'If it should last till January, the Attack must go on. Nobody seems to be able for his business; Lefebvre a blockhead (*dummer Teufel*), who knows nothing of mining: the Generals, too, where are they? Every General henceforth is to take his place in the third parallel, at the head of his Covering-party' (most exposed place of all), 'and stay his whole twenty-four hours there' (Prince of Anhalt-Bernburg is Covering-Party today; I hope, in his post during this thunder!): 'Taken the Place can and must be! We have the misfortune, That a stupid Engineer who knows nothing of his art has the direction; and a General without sense in Sieging has the command. Everybody is at a *nonplus*, it appears! Not all our Artillery can silence that Front-fire; not in a single place can Thirty stupid Miners get into the Fort.' Today and yesterday the King spoke neither to General Tauentzien nor to Major Lefebvre; Lieutenant-Colonel von Anhalt had to give all the Orders.' An electric kind of day!

The weather is becoming wet. In fact, there ensue whole weeks of rain,—the trenches swimming, service very hard. Guasco's guns are many of them dismounted; no Daun to be heard of. Guasco again and again proposes modified capitulations; answer always, 'Prisoners of War on the common terms.' Guasco is wearing low: *October 7th* (Lefebvre sweating and puffing at his last Globe of Expression, hoping to hit the mark this last time), an accidental grenade from Tauentzien, above ground, rolled into one of Guasco's powder-vaults; blew it, and a good space of Wall along with it, into wreck; two days after which, Guasco had finished his Capitulating;—and we get done with this wearisome affair.[1] Guasco was invited to dine with the King; praised for his excellent defence. Prisoners of War his Garrison and he; about 9,000 of them still on their feet; their entire loss had been 3,552 killed and wounded; that of the Prussians 3,033. Poor Guasco died, in Königsberg, still prisoner, before the Peace came.

Of Austrian fighting in Silesia, this proved to be the last,

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 122-220; *Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9ten October* 1762 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376-497); Tielcke, etc. etc

in the present Controversy which has endured so long. No thought of fighting is in Daun; far the reverse. Daun is getting ill off for horse-forage in his Mountains; the weather is bad upon him; we hear 'he has had, for some time past, 12,000 labourers' palisading and fortifying at the Passes of Bohemia: 'Truce for the Winter' is what he proposes. To which the King answers, 'No; unless you retire wholly within Bohemia and Glatz Country': this at present Daun grudged to do; but was forced to it, some weeks afterwards, by the sleets and the snows, had there been no other pressure. In about three weeks hence, Friedrich, leaving Bevern in command here, and a Silesia more or less adjusted, made for Saxony; whither important reinforcements had preceded him,—reinforcements under General Wied, the instant it was possible. Saxony he had long regarded as the grand point, were Schweidnitz over: 'Recapture Dresden, and they will have to give us Peace this very Winter!' Daun, also with reinforcements, followed him to Saxony, as usual; but never quite arrived, or else found matters settled on arriving;—and will not require farther mention in this History. He died some three years hence, age 60;[1] an honourable, imperturbable, eupeptic kind of man, sufficiently known to readers by this time.

Friedrich did not recapture Dresden; far enough from that,—though Peace came all the same. Hardly a week after our recovery of Schweidnitz, Stollberg and his Reichsfolk, especially his Austrians, became unexpectedly pert upon Henri; pressed forward (October 15th), in overpowering force, into his Posts about Freyberg, Pretschendorf and that south-western Reich-ward part: 'No more invadings of Bohemia from you, Monseigneur; no more tormentings of the Reich; here is other work for you, my Prince!'—and in spite of all Prince Henri could do, drove him back, clear out of Freyberg;

[1] '5th February 1766'; 'born 24th September 1705' (Hormayr *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, ii. 80-111).

north-westward, towards Hülsen and his reserves.[1] Giving him, in this manner, what soldiers call a slap; slap which might have been more considerable, had those Stollberg people followed it up with emphasis. But they did not; so alert was Henri. Henri at once rallied beautifully from his slap (King's reinforcements coming too, as we have said); and, in ten-days time, without any reinforcement, paid Stollberg and Company by a stunning blow: *Battle of Freyberg* (October 29th),—which must not go without mention, were it only as Prince Henri's sole Battle, and the last of this War. Preparatory to which and its sequel, let us glance again at Duke Ferdinand and the English-French posture,—also for the last time.

Cannonade at Amöneburg (21st September 1762). 'The controversies about right or left bank of the Fulda have been settled long since in Ferdinand's favour; who proceeded next to blockade the various French strongholds in Hessen; Marburg, Ziegenhayn, especially Cassel; with an eye to besieging the same, and rooting the French permanently out. To prevent or delay which, what can Soubise and D'Estrées do but send for their secondary smaller Army, which is in the Lower-Rhine Country under a Prince de Condé, mostly idle at present, to come and join them in the critical regions here. Whereupon new Controversy shifting westward to the Mayn and Nidda-Lahn Country, to achieve said Junction and to hinder it. Junction was not to be hindered. The D'Estrées-Soubise people and young Condé made good manœuvring, handsome fight on occasion; so that in spite of all the Erbprinz could do, they got hands joined; far too strong for the Erbprinz thenceforth; and on the last night of August were all fairly together, headquarter Friedberg in Frankfurt Country (a thirty miles north of Frankfurt); and were earnestly considering the now not hopeless question, "How, or by what routes and methods, push to north-westward, get through to those blockaded Hessian Strong-places, Cassel especially; and hinder Ferdinand's besieging them, and quite outrooting us there?"

'This is a difficult question, but a vital. "Sweep rapidly past Ferdinand,—cannot we? Well frontward or eastward of him, dextrously

[1] *Bericht von dem Angriff so am 15ten October 1762 von der Reichs-Armee auf die Königlich-Preussischen unter dem Prinzen Heinrich geschehen* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 362-364). *Aüsführlicher Bericht von der den 15ten October 1762 bey Brand vorgefallenen Action* (*Ib.* iii. 350-362). Tempelhof, vi. 238.

across the Lahn and its Branches (our light people are to rear of him, on this side of the Fulda, between the Fulda and him): once joined with those light people by such methods, we have Cassel ahead, Ferdinand to rear, and will make short work with the blockades,—the blockades will have to rise in a hurry!" This was the plan devised by D'Estrées; and rapidly set about; but it was seen into, at the first step, by Ferdinand, who proved still more rapid upon it. Campings, counter-campings, crossings of the Lahn by D'Estrées people, then recrossings of it, ensued for above a fortnight; which are not for mention here: in fine, about the middle of September, the D'Estrées Enterprise had plainly become impossible, unless it could get across the Ohm,—an eastern, or wide-circling north-eastern Branch of the Lahn,—where, on the right or eastern bank of which, as better for him than the Lahn itself in this part, Ferdinand now is. "Across the Ohm: and that, how can that be done, the provident Ferdinand having laid hold of Ohm, and secured every pass of it, several days ago! Perhaps by a Surprisal; by extreme despatch?"

'Amöneburg is a pleasant little Town, about thirty miles east of Marburg,—in which latter we have been, in very old times, looking after St. Elizabeth, Teutsch Ritters, Philip the Magnanimous and other objects. Amöneburg stands on the left or western bank of the Ohm, with an old Schloss in it, and a Bridge near by; both of which, Ferdinand, the left or southmost wing of whose Position on the other bank of Ohm is hereabouts, has made due seizure of. Seizure of the Bridge, first of all,—Bridge with a Mill at it (which, in consequence, is called *Brücken-Mühle*, Bridge-Mill),—at the eastern end of this there is a strong Redoubt, with the Bridge-way blocked and rammed ahead of it; there Ferdinand has put 200 men; 500 more are across in Amöneburg and its old Castle. Unless by surprisal and extreme despatch, there is clearly no hope! Ferdinand's headquarter is seven or eight miles to north-west of this his Brücken-Mühle and extreme left; next to Brücken-Mühle is Zastrow's Division; next, again, is Granby's; several Divisions between Ferdinand and it: "Do it by surprisal, by utmost force of vehemency!" say the French. And accordingly,

'*September* 21*st*' (day of the Equinox 1762), 'An hour before sunrise, there began, quite on the sudden, a vivid attack on the Brücken-Mühle and on Amöneburg, by cannon, by musketry, by all methods; and, in spite of the alert and completely obstinate resistance, would not cease; but, on the contrary, seemed to be on the increasing hand, new cannon, new musketries; and went on, hour after hour, ever the more vivid. So that, about 8 in the morning, after three hours of this, Zastrow, with his Division, had to intervene: to range himself on the Hill-top behind this Brücken-Mühle; replace the afflicted 200 (many of them hurt, not

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a few killed) by a fresh 200 of his own; who again needed to be relieved before long. For the French, whom Zastrow had to imitate in that respect, kept bringing up more cannon, ever more, as if they would bring up all the cannon of their Army; and there rose between Zastrow and them such a cannonade, for length and loudness together, as had not been heard in this War. Most furious cannonading, musketading; and seemingly no end to it. Ferdinand himself came over to ascertain; found it a hot thing indeed. Zastrow had to relieve his 200 every hour: "Don't go down in rank, you new ones," ordered he;—"slide, leap, descend the hill-face in scattered form: rank at the bottom!"—and generally about half of the old 200 were left dead or lamed by their hour's work. "They intend to have this Bridge from us at any cost," thinks Ferdinand; "and at any cost they shall not!" And, in the end, orders Granby forward in room of Zastrow, who has had some eight hours of it now; and rides home to look after his main quarters.

'It was about 4 in the afternoon when Granby and his English came into the fire; and I rather think the French onslaught was, if anything, more furious than ever:—Despair striding visibly forward on it, or something too like Despair. Amöneburg they had battered to pieces, Wall and Schloss, so that the 500 had to ground arms: but not an inch of way had they made upon the Bridge, nor were like to make. Granby continued on the old plan, plying all his diligences and artilleries; needing them all. Fierce work to a degree: "200 of you go down on wings" (in an hour about 100 will come back)! In English Families you will still hear some vague memory of Amöneburg, How we had built walls of the dead, and fired from behind them,—French more and more furious, we more and more obstinate. Granby had still four hours of it; sunset, twilight, dusk; about 8, the French, in what spirits I can guess, ceased, and went their ways. Bridge impossible; game up. They had lost, by their own account, 1,100 killed and wounded; Ferdinand probably not fewer.'[1]

And in this loud peal, what none could yet know, the French-English part of the Seven-Years War had ended. The French attempted nothing farther; hutted themselves where they were, and waited in the pouring rains: Ferdinand also hutted himself, in guard of the Ohm; while his people plied their Siege-batteries on Cassel, on Ziegenhayn, cannonading their best in the bad weather;—took Cassel, did not quite take Ziegenhayn, had it been of moment;—and for

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 251; *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 432-439.

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above six weeks coming (till November 7th-14th[1]), nothing more but skirmishings and small scuffles, not worth a word from us, fell out between the Two Parties there. That Cannonade of the Brücken-Mühle had been finis.

For supreme Bute, careless of the good news coming in on him from West and from East, or even rather embarrassed by them, had some time ago started decisively upon the Peace Negotiation. 'September 5th,' three weeks before that of Amöneburg, 'the Duke of Bedford, Bute's Plenipotentiary, set out towards Paris,—considerably hissed on the street here by a sulky population,' it would seem;—'but sure of success in Paris. Bute shared in none of the national triumphs of this Year. The transports of rejoicing which burst-out on the news of Havana' were a sorrow and distress to him.[2] 'Havana, what shall we do with it?' thought he; and for his own share answered stiffly, 'Nothing with it; fling it back to them!'—till some consort of his persuaded him Florida would look better.[3] Of Manilla and the Philippines he did not even hear till Peace was concluded; had made the Most Catholic Carlos a present of that Colony,—who would not even pay our soldiers their Manilla Ransom, as too disagreeable. Such is the Bute, such and no other, whom the satirical Fates have appointed to crown and finish-off the heroic Day's-work of such a Pitt. Let us, if we can help it, speak no more of him! Friedrich writes before leaving for Saxony: 'The Peace between the English and the French is much farther off than was thought;—so many oppositions do the Spaniards raise, or rather do the French,—busy duping this buzzard of an English Minister, who has not common sense.'[4] Never fear, your Majesty: a man with Havanas and Manillas of that kind to fling about at random, is certain to bring Peace, if resolved on it!—

[1] Preliminaries of Peace *signed*, 'Paris, November 3d'; known to French Generals 'November 7th'; not, *officially*, to Ferdinand till 'November 14th' (Mauvillon, ii. 257).

[2] Walpole's *George the Third*, ii. 191.

[3] Thackeray, ii. 11.

[4] Schöning, iii. 480 (To Henri: 'Peterswaldau, 17th October 1762').

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We said, Prince Henri rallied beautifully from his little slap and loss of Freyberg (October 15th), and that the King was sending Wied with reinforcements to him. In fact, Prince Henri of himself was all alertness, and instantly appeared on the Heights again; seemingly quite in sanguinary humour, and courting Battle, much more than was yet really the case. Which cowed Stollberg from meddling with him farther, as he might have done. Not for some ten days had Henri finished his arrangements; and then, under cloud of night (*28th-29th October* 1762), he did break forward on those Spittelwalds and Michael's Mounts, and multiplex impregnabilities about Freyberg, in what was thought a very shining manner. The *Battle of Freyberg*, I think, is five or six miles long, all on the west, and finally on the south-west side of Freyberg (north and north-west sides, with so many batteries and fortified villages, are judged unattackable); and the main stress, very heavy for some time, lay in the abatis of the Spittelwald (where Seidlitz was sublime), and about the roots of St. Michael's Mount (the *top* of it Stollberg, or some foolish General of Stollberg's, had left empty; nobody there when we reached the top),—down from which, Freyberg now lying free ahead of us, and the Spittelwald on our left now also ours, we take Stollberg in rear, and turn him inside out. The Battle lasted only three hours, till Stollberg and his Maguires, Campitellis and Austrians (especially his Reichsfolk, who did no work at all, except at last running), were all under way; and the hopes of some Saxon Victory to balance one's disgraces in Silesia had altogether vanished.[1]

Of Austrians and Reichsfolk together I dimly count about 40,000 in this Action; Prince Henri seems to have been well under 30,000.[2] I will give Prince Henri's *Despatch* to his

[1] *Beschreibung der am 29sten October* 1762 *bey Freyberg vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 365-376). Tempelhof, vi. 235-258; *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 177-181.

[2] '29 battalions, 60 squadrons,' *versus* '49 battalions, 68 squadrons' (Schöning, iii. 499).

Brother (a most modest Piece); and cannot afford to say more of the matter,—except that 'Wegfurth,' where Henri gets on march the night before, lies 8 or more miles west-by-north of Freyburg and the Spittelwald, and is about as far straight south from Hainichen, Gellert's birthplace, who afterwards got the War-horse now coming into action,—I sometimes think, with what surprise to that quadruped!

Prince Henri to the King (Battle just done; King on the road from Silesia hither, Letter meets him at Löwenberg)

'Freyberg, 29th October 1762.

'My dearest Brother,—It is a happiness for me to send you the agreeable news, That your Army has this day gained a considerable advantage over the combined Austrian and Reichs Army. I marched yesternight; I had got on through Wegfurth, leaving Spittelwald[1] to my left, with intent to seize' (storm, if necessary) 'the Height of St. Michael,—when I came upon the Enemy's Army. I made two true attacks, and two false: the Enemy resisted obstinately; but the sustained valour of your troops prevailed: and, after three hours in fire, the Enemy was obliged to yield everywhere. I don't yet know the number of Prisoners; but there must be above 4,000:—the Reichs Army has lost next to nothing; the stress of effort fell to the Austrian share. We have got quantities of Cannon and Flags; Lieutenant-General Roth of the Reichs Army is among our Prisoners. I reckon we have lost from 2 to 3,000 men; among them no Officer of mark. Lieutenant-General von Seidlitz rendered me the highest services; in a place where the Cavalry could not act' (border of the Spittelwald, and its impassable entanglements and obstinacies), 'he put himself at the head of the Infantry, and did signal services' (his Battle mainly, scheming and all, say some ill-natured private accounts); 'Generals Belling and Kleist' (renowned Colonels known to us, now become Major-Generals) 'did their very best. All the Infantry was admirable; not one battalion yielded ground. My Aide-de-Camp' (Kalkreuth, a famous man in the Napoleon times long after), 'who brings you this, had charge of assisting to conduct the attack through the Spittelwald' (and did it well, we can suppose): 'if, on that ground, you pleased to have the goodness to advance him, I should have my humble thanks to give you. There are a good many Officers who have distinguished themselves and behaved with courage,

[1] Tempelhof, p. 237.

for whom I shall present similar requests. You will permit me to pay those who have taken cannons and flags' (100 ducats per cannon, 50 per flag, or whatever the tariff was:—'By all manner of means!' his Majesty would answer).

'The Enemy is retiring towards Dresden and Dippoldiswalda. I am sending at his heels this night, and shall hear the result. My Aide-de-Camp is acquainted with all, and will be able to render you account of everything you may wish to know in regard to our present circumstances. General Wied, I believe, will cross Elbe tomorrow' (General Wied, with 10,000 to help us,—for whom it was too dangerous to wait, or perhaps there was a spur on one's own mind?); 'his arrival would be' (not 'would have been': *cela viendrait*, not even *viendra*) 'very opportune for me. I am, with all attachment, my dearest Brother,—your most devoted Servant and Brother,— HENRI.'[1]

Tomorrow, in cipher, goes the following Despatch:

'Freyberg, 30th October 1762.

'General Wied' (not yet come to hand, or even got across Elbe) 'informs me, That Prince Albert of Saxony' (pushing hither with reinforcement, sent by Daun) 'must have crossed Elbe yesterday at Pirna' (did not show face here, with his large reinforcements to them, or what would have become of us!);—'and that for this reason he, Wied, must himself cross; which he will tomorrow. The same day I am to be joined by some battalions from General Hülsen; and the day after tomorrow, when General Wied' (coming by Meissen Bridge, it appears) 'shall have reached the Katzenhäuser, the whole of General Hülsen's troops will join me. Directly thereupon I shall—'[2] Or no more of that second Despatch; Friedrich's *Letter in Response* is better worth giving:

'Löwenberg, 2d November 1762.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,—The arrival of Kalkreuter' (so he persists in calling him), 'and of your Letter, my dear Brother, has made me twenty' (not to say forty) 'years younger: yesterday I was sixty, today hardly eighteen. I bless Heaven for preserving you in health (*bonne santé*,' so we term escape of lesion in fight); 'and that things have passed so happily! You took the good step of attacking those who meant to attack you; and, by your good and solid measures (*dispositions*), you have overcome all the difficulties of a strong Post and a vigorous resistance. It is a service so important rendered by-you to the State, that I cannot enough express my gratitude, and will wait to do it in person.

[1] Schöning, iii. 491, 492. [2] *Ibid.* p. 493.

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'Kalkreuter will explain what motions I'— * * 'If Fortune favour our views on Dresden' (which it cannot in the least, at this late season), 'we shall indubitably have Peace this Winter or next Spring,—and get honourably out of a difficult and perilous conjuncture, where we have often seen ourselves within two steps of total destruction. And, by this which you have now done, to you alone will belong the honour of having given the final stroke to Austrian Obstinacy, and laid the foundations of the Public Happiness, which will be the consequence of Peace.— F.'[1]

Two days after this, November 4th, Friedrich is in Meissen; November 9th, he comes across to Freyberg; has a pleasant day,—pleasant survey of the Battlefield, Henri and Seidlitz escorting as guides. Henri, in furtherance of the Dresden project, has Kleist out on the Bohemian Magazines,—'That is the one way to clear Dresden neighbourhood of Enemies!' thinks Henri always. Kleist burns the considerable magazine of Saatz; finds the grand one of Leitmeritz too well guarded for him:—upon which, in such snowdrifts and sleety deluges, is not Dresden plainly impossible, your Majesty? Impossible, Friedrich admits,—the rather as he now sees Peace to be coming without that. Freyberg has at last broken the back of Austrian Obstinacy. 'Go in upon the Reich,' Friedrich now orders Kleist, the instant Kleist is home from his Bohemian inroad: 'In upon the Reich, with 6,000, in your old style! That will dispose the Reichs Principalities to Peace.'

Kleist marched November 3d; kept the Reich in paroxysm till December 13th;—Plotho, meanwhile, proclaiming in the Reichs Diet: 'Such Reichs Princes as wish for Peace with my King can have it; those that prefer War, they too can have it!' Kleist, dividing himself in the due artistic way, flew over the Voigtland, on to Bamberg, on to Nürnberg itself (which he took, by sounding ram's-horns, as it were, having no gun heavier than a carbine, and held for a week);[2] —fluttering the Reichs Diet not a little, and disposing everybody for Peace. The Austrians saw it with pleasure, 'We

[1] Schöning, iii. 495, 496. [2] *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 186-194.

3d Dec. 1762]
solemnly engaged to save these poor people harmless, on their joining us;—and, behold, it has become thrice and four times impossible. Let them fall off into Peace, like ripe pears, of themselves; we can then turn round and say, "Save you harmless? Yes; if you hadn't fallen off!"'

November 24th, all Austrians make truce with Friedrich, Truce till March 1st;—all Austrians, and what is singular, with no mention of the Reich whatever. The Reich is defenceless, at the feet of Kleist and his 6,000. Stollberg is still in Prussian neighbourhood; and may be picked up any day! Stollberg hastens off to defend the Reich; finds the Reich quite empty of enemies before his arrival;—and at least saves his own skin. A month or two more, and Stollberg will lay-down his Command, and the last Reichs-Execution Army, playing Farce-Tragedy so long, make its exit from the Theatre of this World.

CHAPTER XIII

PEACE OF HUBERTSBURG

THE Prussian troops took Winter-quarters in the Meissen-Freyberg region, the old Saxon ground, familiar to them for the last three years: room enough this Winter,—'from Plauen and Zwickau, round by Langensalza again'; Truce with everybody, and nothing of disturbance till March 1st at soonest. The usual recruiting went on, or was preparing to go on,—a part of which took immediate effect, as we shall see. Recruiting, refitting, 'Be ready for a new Campaign, in any case: the readier we are, the less our chance of having one!' Friedrich's headquarter is Leipzig; but till December 5th he does not get thither. 'More business on me than ever!' complains he. At Leipzig he had his Nephews, his D'Argens; for a week or two his Brother Henri; finally, his Berlin Ministers, especially Herzberg, when actual Peace

came to be the matter in hand. Henri, before that, had gone home: 'Peace being now the likelihood;—Home; and recruit one's poor health, at Berlin, among friends!'

Before getting to Leipzig, the King paid a flying Visit at Gotha;—probably now the one fraction of these manifold Winter movements and employments, in which readers could take interest. Of this, as there happens to be some record left of it, here is what will suffice. From Meissen, Friedrich writes to his bright Grand-Duchess, always a bright, high and noble creature in his eyes: 'Authorised by your approval' (has politely inquired beforehand), 'I shall have the infinite satisfaction of paying my duties on December 3d' (four days hence), 'and of reiterating to you, Madam, my liveliest and sincerest assurances of esteem and friendship.' * * 'Some of my Commissariat people have been misbehaving? Strict inquiry shall be had,'[1]—and we soon find *was*. But the Visit is our first thing.

The Visit took place accordingly; Seidlitz, a man known in Gotha ever since his fine scenic-military procedures there in 1757, accompanied the King. Of the lucent individualities invited to meet him, all are now lost to me, except one Putter, a really learned Göttingen Professor (deep in *Reichs-History* and the like), whom the Duchess has summoned over. By the dim lucency of Putter, faint to most of us as a rush-light in the act of going out, the available part of our imagination must try to figure, in a kind of Obliterated-Rembrandt way, this glorious Evening; for there was but one,—December 3d-4th,—Friedrich having to leave early on the 4th. Here is Putter's record, given in the third person:

'During dinner, Putter, honourably present among the spectators of this high business, was beckoned by the Duchess to step near the King' (right hand or left, Putter does not say); but 'the King graciously turned round, and conversed with Putter.' The King said:

[1] To the Grand-Duchess, 'Meissen, 29th November' (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 199).

6th Dec. 1762]

King. "In German History much is still buried; many important Documents lie hidden in Monasteries." Putter answered '*schicklich*—fitly'; that is all we know of Putter's answer.

King (thereupon). "Of Books on Reichs-History I know only the *Père Barri.*"[1]

Putter. * * "Foreigners have for most part known only, in regard to our History, a Latin work written by Struve at Jena."[2]

King. "Struv, Struvius; him I don't know."

Putter. "It is a pity Barri had not known German."

King. "Barri was a Lorrainer; Barri must have known German!"—Then turning to the Duchess, on this hint about the German Language, he told her, 'in a ringing merry tone, How, at Leipzig once, he had talked with Gottsched' (talk known to us) 'on that subject, and had said to him, That the French had many advantages; among others, that a word could often be used in a complex signification, for which you had in German to scrape together several different expressions. Upon which Gottsched had said, "We will have that mended (*Das wollen wir noch machen*)!" These words the King repeated twice or thrice, with such a tone that you could well see how the man's conceit had struck him';—and in short, as we know already, what a gigantic entity, consisting of wind mainly, he took this elevated Gottsched to be.

Upon which, Putter retires into the honorary ranks again; silent, at least to us, and invisible; as the rest of this Royal Evening at Gotha is.[3] Here, however, is the Letter following on it two days after:

Friedrich to the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha

'Leipzig, 6th December 1762.

'MADAM,—I should never have done, my adorable Duchess, if I rendered you account of all the impressions which the friendship you lavished on me has made on my heart. I could wish to answer it by entering into everything that can be agreeable to you' (conduct of my Recruiters or Commissariat people first of all). 'I take the liberty of

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[1] *Barri de Beaumarchais*, 10 voll. 4to, Paris, 1748: I believe, an extremely feeble Pillar of Will-o'-Wisps by Night;—as I can expressly testify Pfeffel to be (Pfeffel, *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Allemagne*, 2 voll. 4to, Paris, 1776), who has succeeded Barri as Patent Guide through that vast *Sylva Sylvarum* and its pathless intricacies, for the inquiring French and English.

[2] Burkhard Gotthelf Struve, *Syntagma Historiæ Germanicæ* (1730, 2 voll folio).

[3] 'Putter's *Selbstbiographie* (Autobiography), p. 406': cited in Preuss, ii. 277 *n*.

[24th Nov. 1762

forwarding the *Answers* which have come in to the Two *Mémoires* you sent me. I am mortified, Madam, if I have not been able to fulfil completely your desires: but if you knew the situation I am in, I flatter myself you would have some consideration for it.

'I have found myself here' (in Leipzig, as elsewhere) 'overwhelmed with business, and even to a degree I had not expected. Meanwhile, if I ever can manage again to run over and pay you in person the homage of a heart which is more attached to you than that of your near relations, assuredly I will not neglect the first opportunity that shall present itself.

'Messieurs the English' (Bute, Bedford and Company, with their Preliminaries signed, and all my Westphalian Provinces left in a condition we shall hear of) 'continue to betray. Poor M. Mitchell has had a stroke of apoplexy on hearing it. It is a hideous thing (*chose affreuse*); but I will speak of it no more. May you, Madam, enjoy all the prosperities that I wish for you, and not forget a Friend, who will be till his death, with sentiments of the highest esteem and the most perfect consideration,—Madam, your Highness's most faithful Cousin and Servant,— FRIEDRICH.'[1]

For a fortnight past, Friedrich has had no doubt that general Peace is now actually at hand. November 25th, ten days before this visit, a Saxon Privy-Councillor, Baron von Fritsch, who, by Order from his Court, had privately been at Vienna on the errand, came privately next, with all speed, to Friedrich (Meissen, November 25th):[2] 'Austria willing for Treaty; is your Majesty willing?' 'Thrice-willing, I; my terms well known!' Friedrich would answer,—gladdest of mankind to see general Pacification coming to this vexed Earth again. The Dance of the Furies, waltzing itself off, *home* out of this upper sunlight: the mad Bellona steeds plunging down, down, towards their Abysses again, for a season!—

This was a result which Friedrich had foreseen as nearly certain ever since the French and English signed their Preliminaries. And there was only one thing which gave him anxiety; that of his Rhine Provinces and Strong Places, especially Wesel, which have been in French hands for six years past, ever since Spring 1757. Bute stipulates That

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 201. [2] Rödenbeck, ii. 193.

24th Nov. 1762]
those places and countries shall be evacuated by his Choiseul, as soon as weather and possibility permit; but Bute, astonishing to say, has not made the least stipulation as to whom they are to be delivered to,—allies or enemies, it is all one to Bute. Truly rather a shameful omission, Pitt might indignantly think,—and call the whole business steadily, as he persisted to do, 'a shameful Peace,' had there been no other article in it but this;—as Friedrich, with at least equal emphasis, thought and felt. And, in fact, it had thrown him into very great embarrassment, on the first emergence of it.

For her Imperial Majesty began straightway to draw troops into those neighbourhoods: '*We* will take delivery, our Allies playing into our hand!' And Friedrich, who had no disposable troops, had to devise some rapid expedient; and did. Set his Free-Corps agents and recruiters in motion: 'Enlist me those Light people of Duke Ferdinand's, who are all getting discharged; especially that *Britannic Legion* so-called. All to be discharged; reënlist them, you; Ferdinand will keep them till you do it. Be swift!' And it is done; —a small bit of actual enlistment among the many prospective that were going on, as we noticed above. Precise date of it not given; must have been soon after November 3d. There were from 5 to 6,000 of them; and it was promptly done. Divided into various regiments; chief command of them given to a Colonel Bauer, under whom a Colonel Beck-with whose name we have heard: these, to the surprise of Imperial Majesty, and alarm of a pacific Versailles, suddenly appeared in the Cleve Countries, handy for Wesel, for Geldern; in such posts, and in such force and condition as intimated, 'It shall be we, under favour, that take delivery!' Snatch Wesel from them, some night, sword in hand: that had been Bauer's notion; but nothing of that kind was found necessary; mere demonstration proved sufficient. To the French Garrisons the one thing needful was to get away in peace; Bauer with his brows gloomy is a dangerous neighbour.

Perhaps the French Officers themselves rather favoured Friedrich than his enemies. Enough, a private agreement, or mutual understanding on word of honour, was come to: and, very publicly, at length, on the 11th and 12th days of March 1763 (Peace now settled everywhere), Wesel, in great gala, full of field-music, military salutations and mutual dining, saw the French all filing out, and Bauer and people filing in, to the joy of that poor Town.[1]

Soon after which, painful to relate, such the inexorable pressure of finance, Bauer and people were all paid off, flung loose again: ruthlessly paid off by a necessitous King! There were about 6,000 of those poor fellows,—specimens of the bastard heroic, under difficulties, from every country in the world; Beckwith and I know not what other English specimens of the lawless heroic; who were all cashiered, officer and man, on getting to Berlin. As were the earlier Free-Corps, and indeed the subsequent, all and sundry, 'except seven,' whose names will not be interesting to you. Paid off, with or without remorse, such the exhaustion of finance; Kleist, Icilius, Count Hordt and others vainly repugning and remonstrating; the King himself inexorable as Arithmetic. 'Can maintain 138,000 of regular, 12,000 of other sorts; not a man more!' Zealous Icilius applied for some consideration to his Officers: 'partial repayment of the money they have spent from their own pocket in enlistment of their people now discharged!' Not a doit. The King's answer is in autograph, still extant; not in good spelling, but with sense clear as light: '*Seine Officiers haben wie die Raben gestollen Sie Krigen nichts*, Your Officers stole like ravens;—they get Nothing.'[2] Lessing's fine play of *Minna von Barnhelm* testifies to considerable public sympathy for these impoverished Ex-Military people. Pathetic truly, in a degree; but such things will happen. Irregular gentlemen, to whom the world's their oyster,—said oyster does suddenly snap-to on them, by a chance. And they have to

[1] Preuss, ii. 342.

[2] *Ibid.* ii. 320.

try it on the other side, and say little!—But we are forgetting the Peace-Treaty itself, which still demands a few words.

Kleist's raid into the Reich had a fine effect on the Potentates there; and Plotho's Offer was greedily complied with; the Kaiser, such his generosity, giving 'free permission.' We spoke of Privy-Councillor von Fritsch, and his private little word with Friedrich at Meissen, on November 25th. The Electoral-Prince of Saxony, it seems, was author of that fine stroke; the history of it this. Since November 3d, the French and English have had their preliminaries signed; and all Nations are longing for the like. 'Let us have a German Treaty for general Peace,' said the Kurprinz of Saxony, that amiable Heir-Apparent whom we have seen sometimes, who is rather crooked of back, but has a sprightly Wife. 'By all means,' answered Polish Majesty: 'and as I am in the distance, do you in every way further it, my Son!' Whereupon despatch of Fritsch to Vienna, and thence to Meissen; with 'Yes' to him from both parties. Plenipotentiaries are named: 'Fritsch shall be ours: they shall have my Schloss of Hubertsburg for Place of Congress,' said the Prince. And on Thursday December 30th, 1762, the Three Dignitaries met at Hubertsburg, and began business.

This is the Schloss in Torgau Country which Quintus Icilius's people, Saldern having refused the job, willingly undertook spoiling; and, as is well known, did it, January 22d, 1761; a thing Quintus never heard the end of. What the amount of profit, or the degree of spoil and mischief, Quintus's people made of it, I could not learn; but infer from this new event that the wreck had not been so considerable as the noise was; at any rate, that the Schloss had soon been restored to its pristine state of brilliancy. The Plenipotentiaries,—for Saxony, Fritsch; for Austria, a Von Collenbach, unknown to us; for Prussia, one Hertzberg, a man experienced beyond his years, who is of great name in

Prussian History subsequently,—sat here till February 15th, 1763, that is for six weeks and five days. Leaving their Protocols to better judges, who report them good, we will much prefer a word or two from Friedrich himself, while waiting the result they come to.

Friedrich to Prince Henri (home at Berlin)

'*Leipzig, 14th January* 1763. * * Am not surprised you find Berlin changed for the worse: such a train of calamities must, in the end, make itself felt in a poor and naturally barren Country, where continual industry is needed to second its fecundity and keep up production. However, I will do what I can to remedy this dearth (*la disette*), at least as far as my small means permit.' * *

'No fear of Geldern and Wesel: all that has been cared for by Bauer and the new Free-Corps. By the end of February Peace will be signed; at the beginning of April everybody will find himself at home, as in 1756.

'The Circles are going to separate: indifferent to me, or nearly so; but it is good to be plucking-out tiresome burning sticks, stick after stick. I hope you amuse yourself at Berlin: at Leipzig nothing but balls and redoubts; my Nephews diverting themselves amazingly. Madam Friedrich, lately Garden-maid at Seidlitz' (Village in the Neumark, with this Beauty plucking weeds in it,—little prescient of such a fortune), 'now Wife to an Officer of the Free Hussars, is the principal heroine of these Festivities.'[1]

Leipzig, 25th January 1763. 'Thanks for your care about my existence. I am becoming very old, dear Brother; in a little while I shall be useless to the world and a burden to myself: it is the lot of all creatures to wear-down with age,—but one is not, for all that, to abuse one's privilege of falling into dotage.

'You still speak without full confidence of our Negotiation business' (going on at Hubertsburg yonder). 'Mostly certainly the chapter of accidents is inexhaustible; and it is still certain there may happen quantities of things which the limited mind of man cannot foresee: but, judging by the ordinary course, and such degrees of probability as human creatures found their hopes on, I believe, before the month of February entirely end, our Peace will be completed. In a permanent Arrangement, many things need settling, which are easier to settle now

[1] Schöning, iii. 528.

15th Feb. 1763]
than they ever will be again. Patience; haste *without* speed is a thriftless method.'[1]

February 5th, the trio at Hubertsburg got their Preliminaries signed. On the tenth day thereafter, the Treaty itself was signed and sealed. All other Treaties on the same subject had been guided towards a contemporary finis: England and France, ready since the 3d of November last, signed and ended February 10th. February 11th, the Reich signed and ended; February 15th, Prussia, Austria, Saxony; and the *Third Silesian* or *Seven Years War* was completely finished.[2]

It had cost, in loss of human lives first of all, nobody can say what: according to Friedrich's computation, there had perished of actual fighters, on the various fields, of all the nations, 853,000; of which above the fifth part, or 180,000, is his own share; and, by misery and ravage, the general Population of Prussia finds itself 500,000 fewer; nearly the ninth man missing. This is the expenditure of Life. Other items are not worth enumerating, in comparison; if statistically given, you can find the most approved guesses at them by the same Head, who ought to be an authority.[3] It was a War distinguished by—Archenholtz will tell you, with melodious emphasis, what a distinguished, great and thrice-greatest War it was. There have since been other far bigger Wars,—if size were a measure of greatness; which it by no means is! I believe there was excellent Heroism shown in this War, by persons I could name; by one person, Heroism really to be called superior, or, in its kind, almost of the rank of supreme;—and that in regard to the Military Arts and Virtues, it has as yet, for faculty and for performance, had no rival; nor is likely soon to have. The Prussians, as we once mentioned, still use it

[1] Schöning, iii. 529.

[2] Copy of the Treaty in *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 624 et seq.: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 479-495; in *Rousset*, in *Wenck*, in &c. &c.

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 230-234; Preuss, iii. 349-351.

as their school-model in those respects. And we—Oh readers, do not at least you and I thank God to have now done with it!—

Of the Peace-Treaties at Hubertsburg, Paris and other places, it is not necessary that we say almost anything. They are to be found in innumerable Books, dreary to the mind; and of the 158 Articles to be counted there, not one could be interesting at present. The substance of the whole lies now in Three Points, not mentioned or contemplated at all in those Documents, though repeatedly alluded to and intimated by us here.

The issue, as between Austria and Prussia, strives to be, in all points, simply *As-you-were*; and, in all outward or tangible points, strictly is so. After such a tornado of strife as the civilised world had not witnessed since the Thirty-Years War. Tornado springing doubtless from the regions called Infernal; and darkening the upper world from south to north, and from east to west for Seven Years long;—issuing in general *As-you-were*! Yes truly, the tornado was Infernal; but Heaven too had silently its purposes in it. Nor is the mere expenditure of men's diabolic rages, in mutual clash as of opposite electricities, with reduction to equipoise, and restoration of zero and repose again after seven years, the one or the principal result arrived at. Inarticulately, little dreamt of at the time by any bystander, the results, on survey from this distance, are visible as Threefold. Let us name them one other time:

1°. There is no taking of Silesia from this man; no clipping of him down to the orthodox old limits; he and his Country have palpably outgrown these. Austria gives-up the Problem: 'We have lost Silesia!' Yes; and, what you hardly yet know,—and what, I perceive, Friedrich himself still less knows,—Teutschland has found Prussia. Prussia, it seems, cannot be conquered by the whole world trying to do it; Prussia has gone through its Fire-Baptism, to the satisfaction of gods and men; and is a Nation henceforth.

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In and of poor dislocated Teutschland, there is one of the Great Powers of the World henceforth; an actual Nation. And a Nation *not* grounding itself on extinct Traditions, Wiggeries, Papistries, Immaculate Conceptions; no, but on living Facts,—Facts of Arithmetic, Geometry, Gravitation, Martin Luther's Reformation, and what it really can believe in:—to the infinite advantage of said Nation and of poor Teutschland henceforth. To be a Nation; and to believe as you are convinced, instead of pretending to believe as you are bribed or bullied by the devils about you; what an advantage to parties concerned! If Prussia follow its star—As it really tries to do, in spite of stumbling! For the sake of Germany, one hopes always Prussia will; and that it may get through its various Child-Diseases, without death: though it has had sad plunges and crises,—and is perhaps just now in one of its worst Influenzas, the Parliamentary-Eloquence or Ballot-Box Influenza! One of the most dangerous Diseases of National Adolescence; extremely prevalent over the world at this time,—indeed unavoidable, for reasons obvious enough. '*Sic itur ad astra*'; all Nations certain that the way to Heaven is By voting, by eloquently wagging the tongue 'within those walls'! Diseases, real or imaginary, await Nations like individuals; and are not to be resisted, but must be submitted to, and got through the best you can. Measles and mumps; you cannot prevent them in Nations either. Nay, fashions even; fashion of Crinoline, for instance (how infinitely more, that of Ballot-Box and Fourth-Estate!), —are you able to prevent even that? You have to be patient under it, and keep hoping!

2°. In regard to England. Her *Jenkins's-Ear Controversy* is at last settled. Not only liberty of the Seas, but, if she were not wiser, dominion of them; guardianship of liberty for all others whatsoever: Dominion of the Seas for that wise object. America is to be English, not French; what a result is that, were there no other! Really a considerable Fact in the History of the World. Fact principally due to

Pitt, as I believe, according to my best conjecture, and comparison of probabilities and circumstances. For which, after all, is not everybody thankful, less or more? O my English brothers, O my Yankee half-brothers, how oblivious are we of those that have done us benefit!—

These are the results for England. And in the rear of these, had these and the other elements once ripened for her, the poor Country is to get into such merchandisings, colonisings, foreign-settlings, gold-nuggetings, as lay beyond the drunkenest dreams of Jenkins (supposing Jenkins addicted to liquor);—and, in fact, to enter on a universal uproar of Machineries, Eldorados, 'Unexampled Prosperities,' which make a great noise for themselves in the very days now come. Prosperities evidently not of a sublime type: which, in the mean while, seem to be covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud-blotches, soot-blotches, miscellaneous squalors and horrors; to be preaching into her amazed heart, which once knew better, the omnipotence of *shoddy*; filling her ears and soul with shriekery and metallic clangour, mad noises, mad hurries mostly nowhither; —and are awakening, I suppose, in such of her sons as still go into reflection at all, a deeper and more ominous set of Questions than have ever risen in England's History before. As in the foregoing case, we have to be patient and keep hoping.

3°. In regard to France. It appears, noble old Teutschland, with such pieties and unconquerable silent valours, such opulences human and divine, amid its wreck of new and old confusions, is not to be cut in Four, and made to dance to the piping of Versailles or another. Far the contrary! To Versailles itself there has gone forth, Versailles may read it or not, the writing on the wall: 'Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting' (at last even '*found* wanting')! France, beaten, stript, humiliated; sinful, unrepentant, governed by mere sinners and, at best, clever fools (*fous pleins d'esprit*),—collapses, like a creature whose limbs fail it;

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sinks into bankrupt quiescence, into nameless fermentation, generally into *dry-rot*. Rotting, none guesses whitherward; —rotting towards that thrice-extraordinary Spontaneous-Combustion, which blazed-out in 1789. And has kindled, over the whole world, gradually or by explosion, this unexpected Outburst of all the chained Devilries (among other chained things), this roaring Conflagration of the Anarchies; under which it is the lot of these poor generations to live,—for I know not what length of Centuries yet. 'Go into Combustion, my pretty child!' the Destinies had said to this *belle France*, who is always so fond of shining and outshining: 'Self-Combustion;—in that way, won't you shine, as none of them yet could?' Shine; yes, truly,—till you are got to *caput mortuum*, my pretty child (unless you gain new wisdom!) —But not to wander farther:

Wednesday March 16th, Friedrich, all Saxon things being now settled,—among the rest, 'eight Saxon Schoolmasters' to be a model in Prussia,—quitted Leipzig, with the Seven-Years War safe in his pocket, as it were. Drove to Moritzburg, to dinner with the amiable Kurprinz and still more amiable Wife: 'It was to your Highness that we owe this Treaty!' A dinner which readers may hear of again. At Moritzburg; where, with the Lacys, there was once such rattling and battling. After which, rapidly on to Silesia, and an eight days of adjusting and inspecting there.

Wednesday March 30th, Friedrich arrives in Frankfurt-on-Oder, on the way homeward from Silesia: 'takes view of the Field of Kunersdorf' (reflections to be fancied); early in the afternoon speeds forward again; at one of the stages (place called Tassdorf) has a Dialogue, which we shall hear of; and between 8 and 9 in the evening, *not* through the solemn receptions and crowded streets, drives to the Schloss of Berlin. 'Goes straight to the Queen's Apartment,' Queen, Princesses and Court all home triumphantly some time ago; sups there with the Queen's Majesty and these bright creatures,—beautiful supper, had it consisted only of cresses and salt;

and, behind it, sound sleep to us under our own roof-tree once more.[1] Next day, 'the King made gifts to,' as it were, to everybody; 'to the Queen about 5,000*l.*, to the Princess Amelia 1,000*l.*,' and so on; and saw true hearts all merry round him,—merrier, perhaps, than his own was.

[1] Rödenbeck, ii. 211, 212; Preuss, ii. 345, 346, etc. etc.

END OF VOL. VII.

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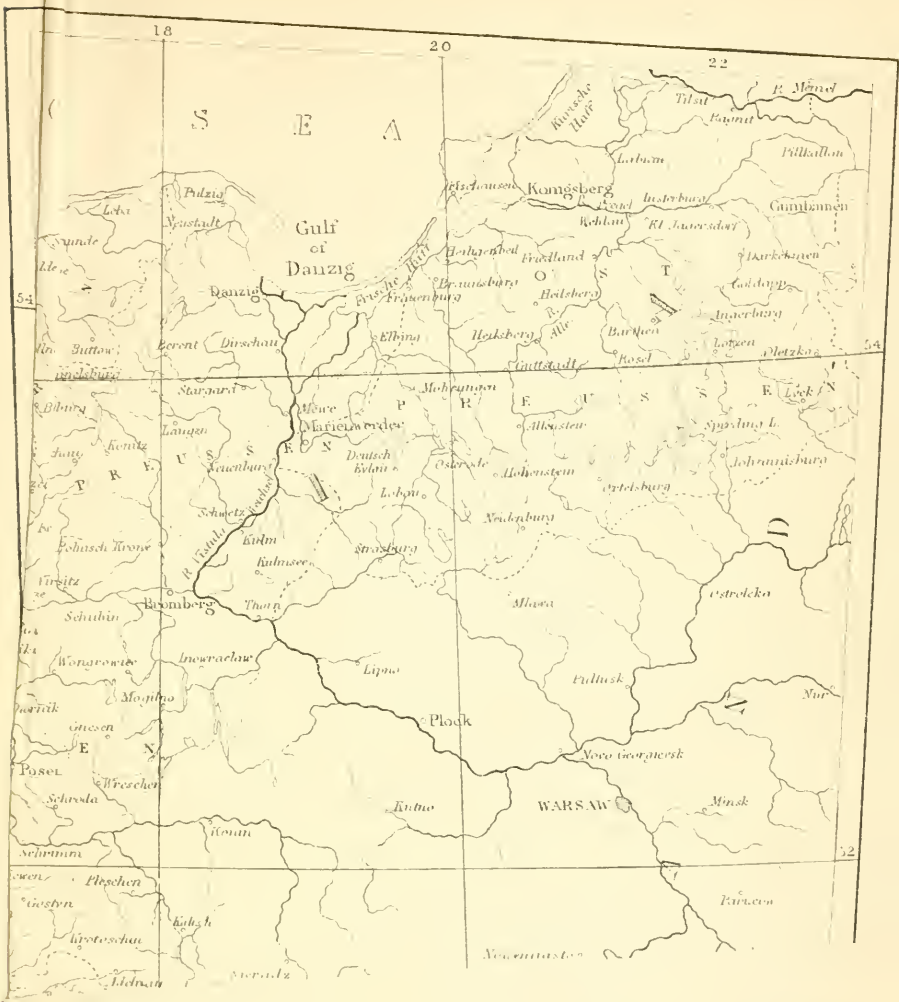

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